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ON THE ORIGIN OF HOWELLS' INTEREST IN ECONOMIC REFORM

WALTER FULLER TAYLOR

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I

EVEN THE casual student of Howells cannot fail to notice the singular group of novels concerned with the evils of the modern industrial order. These works are *Annie Kilburn* (1888), *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1889), *The Quality of Mercy* (1892), *The World of Chance* (1893), and *A Traveller from Altruria* (1894).¹ Taken together, they indicate a sudden broadening of Howells' ethical and social interests. It is customary, I believe, to attribute this development in Howells to the influence of Tolstoy,² with the reservation that after all Howells grew mainly from within.

Now this emphasis on the influence of Tolstoy is doubtless justified, but the question may well be raised, whether it tells the whole story. The object of this paper is to show that Howells' mind was molded, not only by Tolstoy's example, but also by Howells' association with certain contemporary American events and movements of thought; that the genesis of Howells' economic studies is to be at least partly attributed to these factors: first, the trial of the Chicago anarchists; second, the widespread industrial warfare of the late eighties; third, the single tax agitation; and fourth, the "Nationalist" movement inspired by Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*.

II

On May 1, 1886, a general strike was begun in Chicago, the object being to introduce an eight-hour day. On May 3 the police were forced to disperse a riot, and a meeting of workingmen was set for the next evening to protest against this use of violence. The meeting

¹ These novels have no real predecessors in Howells' work, and only one successor. But the Utopian *Through the Eye of the Needle* (1907) comes too late to be considered a member of the group under discussion.

² See, for example, the treatment by Carl Van Doren, *C H A L*, III, 80, and that by Fred Lewis Pattee, *American Literature Since 1870*, p. 211. Both these writers quote the famous tribute of Howells in *My Literary Passions*: "As much as one merely human being can help another, I believe he has helped me; he has not influenced me in esthetics only, but in ethics, too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him."

began so peaceably that Mayor Harrison left the scene. Afterwards, however, an incendiary speech by the English anarchist, Fielden, caused Police Captain Bonfield to order the meeting to disperse. Almost immediately a dynamite bomb, exploding in the midst of the police squadron, killed eight policemen and injured sixty-seven others.³ Not only Chicago, but the whole country, was shocked and terrified by the tragedy.⁴ Naturally enough, the nation demanded retribution. Eight men were tried and found guilty; and after a succession of appeals that finally reached the Supreme Court, four of the men were executed. Three others were imprisoned, and meanwhile one had committed suicide. Nevertheless, the man who had actually thrown the bomb had escaped. Twice he had been arrested, and twice released, apparently from lack of evidence.⁵ Concerning the other eight, nothing had been definitely proved except that two of them possessed dynamite and that all of them had verbally approved of obtaining anarchy by violence.⁶

Meanwhile Howells had been following the case with more than ordinary interest. The earliest recorded evidence of his deep concern is a letter which he wrote on September 25, 1887, to the anarchists' counsel, Judge Roger A. Pryor. "I am glad," Howells wrote, "you have taken the case of the Chicago anarchists, and that you see some hope for them before the Supreme Court, for I have never believed them guilty of murder, or of anything but their opinions, and I do not think they were justly convicted. I have no warrant in writing to you except my very strong feeling in the matter."⁷

³ James Ford Rhodes, *A History of the United States* from the compromise of 1850 to the end of the Roosevelt administration. In Nine Volumes. VIII (New York, 1928), 278-282. The account given by Mr. Rhodes reconciles slight discrepancies in Davis Rich Dewey, *National Problems* (New York, 1907), pp. 45-46, and Frederic L. Paxson, *Recent History of the United States* (Boston, 1924), pp. 128-129.

⁴ Dewey, *op. cit.*, pp. 45-46.

⁵ Rhodes, *op. cit.*, VIII, 281.

⁶ See summaries of the evidence by Dewey and Rhodes in the references given above; also the explanation attached by Governor Altgeld of Illinois to his pardon in 1893 of Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab. This document is quoted in full in *The Life in Letters of William Dean Howells*, edited by Mildred Howells (Garden City, New York, 1928). In two volumes. I, 395-397. The main point made by Governor Altgeld is that the defendants were not proved guilty of the crime charged in the indictment. He also charged that the trial judge was prejudiced and that the jury had been picked in order to secure a conviction.

⁷ *The Life in Letters of William Dean Howells*, I, 393.

Judge Pryor's reply requested Howells to issue a "temperate claim" to the public on behalf of the anarchists—namely, that there was grave doubt whether, in the whirlwind of local passion, they had had a fair trial.⁸ Evidently Howells declined the task, being unwilling to challenge public obloquy to no effect.⁹ But when the Supreme Court affirmed the legality of the forms of the Chicago trial, Judge Pryor urged Howells to appeal for executive clemency. After first attempting to get Whittier and George William Curtis to undertake the work,¹⁰ Howells himself wrote to the Governor of Illinois, and through *The New York Tribune* appealed to others to take the same course. Addressing this letter to the editor, Howells wrote:

Sir: I have petitioned the Governor of Illinois to commute the death-penalty of the Anarchists to imprisonment and have also personally written to him in their behalf; and I now ask your leave to express here the hope that those who are inclined to do either will not lose faith in themselves because the Supreme Court has denied the condemned a writ of error. That court simply affirmed the legality of the forms under which the Chicago court proceeded; it did not affirm the propriety of trying for murder men fairly indictable for conspiracy alone; and it by no means approved the principle of punishing them because of their frantic opinions, for a crime which they were not shown to have committed. . . .

But the worst is still for a very few days reparable; the men sentenced to death are still alive, and their lives may be finally saved through the clemency of the Governor, whose prerogative is now the supreme law in their case. I conjure all those who believe that it would be either injustice or impolicy to put them to death, to join in urging him by petition, by letter, through the press, and from the pulpit and the platform, to use his power, in the only direction where power can never be misused, for the mitigation of their punishment.¹¹

There can thus be no doubt that the same Howells who has been so often accused of timidity did for once definitely and courageously challenge public opinion. All accounts of the anarchist episode agree as to the violence of American public feeling regarding the condemned men. Furthermore, Howells himself mentioned at least

⁸ *Ibid.*, I, 394-395.

⁹ *Ibid.*, I, 397; a letter of November 1, 1887, from Judge Pryor to Howells.

¹⁰ According to the testimony of Brand Whitlock in *Forty Years of It*, quoted, *ibid.*, I, 399-401.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, I, 398-399.

twice the abuse heaped on him by certain journals because of his intervention. "Some of the papers abused me as heartily as if I had proclaimed myself a dynamiter."¹² The depth of the feeling that prompted such a challenge can be gauged by other utterances in Howells' private correspondence. His usual mildness forgotten, he denounced the execution as "forever damnable before God and abominable to civilized men," and summed up the matter as follows: "The historical perspective is that this free republic has killed five men for their opinions."¹³

The crisis through which Howells passed in deciding to befriend the anarchists immediately influenced his writing. In a letter dated November 18, 1887, occurs the first reference to the first of Howells' industrial studies, the work that was later named *Annie Kilburn*. Howells had undertaken a story in which the hero was to be a minister who preached the life rather than the doctrine of Christ. He was still feeling deeply about the executions, so deeply that he sometimes wished to abandon the usual luxuries and live, "very humbly and simply," somewhere where he could come into more sympathetic contact with the struggling poor. Significantly enough, in four successive sentences his letter mentions the fate of the anarchists, his new book, and the novels of Tolstoy.¹⁴

Annie, it's all been an atrocious piece of frenzy and cruelty, for which we must stand ashamed forever before history. But it's no use. I can't write about it. Some day I hope to do justice to these irreparably wronged men.

I'm busy with another story, which will deal rather with humanity than with love. I think I shall call it *The Upper and the Nether Millstone*, and the hero to be a minister who preaches the life rather than the doctrine of Christ. Have you read Tolstoi's heart-searching books? They're worth all the other novels ever written.

By January, Howells had progressed far enough to estimate his own development. To his young friend, Hamlin Garland, he wrote:

¹² *Ibid.*, I, 413; a letter of April 14, 1888, to Thomas S. Perry; also p. 402, a letter of November 13, 1887, to his father, William Cooper Howells.

¹³ The first quotation is taken from *The Life in Letters*, I, 401-402; a letter of November 11, 1887, to Francis A. Browne. This was the very day of the anarchists' execution. The second quotation is from the letter to Howells' father written on November 13.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, I, 404-405; to his sister, Mrs. Achille Fréchette. The editor's note states that *The Upper and the Nether Millstone* became *Annie Kilburn*.

"You'll easily believe that I did not bring myself to the point of openly befriending those men who were civically murdered in Chicago without thinking and feeling much, and my horizons have been infinitely widened by the process."¹⁵

It is evident, therefore, that Howells himself counted the intervention in behalf of the anarchists as an important factor in his development, and that the beginning of the first of his industrial studies coincided with that intervention.

III

More generally, the decade from 1885 to 1895 was a period of class struggles especially severe—struggles not only between capital and labor, but between opposing organizations in the ranks of labor itself. The Knights of Labor were but slowly decreasing in numbers before the steady advances of the American Federation.¹⁶ The decade was likewise a period of numerous strikes. In 1886, 10,057 commercial and manufacturing establishments were involved as against 2,284 for the preceding year; and the average of these years till 1894 was nearly six thousand.¹⁷ Of these strikes, Howells followed closely at least two: the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy engineers' strike in 1888 and the Homestead Strike of 1892.¹⁸ Furthermore, a letter to Edward Everett Hale of October 28, 1888, definitely connects *A Hazard of New Fortunes*—then being written—with Howells' continued interest in sociological questions.¹⁹

But a more specific parallel may be drawn, though with less certainty, between current events and certain passages in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. In view of the epidemic of strikes in 1886, President Cleveland sent Congress a special message on labor, the first on this subject since the foundation of the government, advocating the estab-

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 497-498; a letter of January 15, 1888, to Hamlin Garland.

¹⁶ See the descriptions of the two in Frank Tracy Carlton, *The History and Problems of Organized Labor* (New York, 1920), pp. 72-82. See also Dewey, *op. cit.*, p. 49. The fact that there was real danger in pleading the cause of the anarchists is indicated by Dewey's conclusion that the Knights of Labor forfeited public sympathy by appealing for mercy for the condemned men.

¹⁷ See the table in Frank J. Sullivan's chapter, "Twenty Years of Strikes and Lockouts," in *The Making of America*, edited by Robert Marion La Follette. In Nine Volumes. VIII (Chicago, 1906), 148-151.

¹⁸ *The Life in Letters*, I, 411; a letter of April 5, 1888, to Samuel L. Clemens. Also II, 26; a letter of June 14, 1892, to his father, William Cooper Howells.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, I, 419.

lishment of a federal board of arbitration.²⁰ Although Congress delayed action till 1888 and then limited its enactment to railway employees, four states took action in 1886 and 1887: Kansas, Iowa, Massachusetts, and New York.²¹ In no case, of course, was the board of arbitration given compulsory power. Now in 1886, just prior to the enactment of the New York law, in the very year in which Howells moved to New York, the city had experienced a serious traction strike. It lasted for months and was accompanied by violence; no car was driven without a police guard.²²

Both the traction strike and the board of voluntary arbitration figure in the second volume of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. Every reader of the book can recall at once both the strike and its tragic climax, the death of Conrad Dryfoos in a street riot. But meanwhile Howells had been having his own fun with the board of arbitration. The board—so Howells has it—arrives on the scene with a great flurry and has the strikers submit grievances; but, when the owners refuse to arbitrate, it has to declare itself powerless and ingloriously decamp.²³ It must be granted that the one link of objective evidence necessary to verify the connection between *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and the specific events mentioned, is lacking. But the parallel is far too immediate and striking to be overlooked.

IV

While the anarchist trial and the strike epidemic were going on, two agitations for economic reform were also occupying the American mind. In 1880 Henry George had published, in *Progress and Poverty*, not merely a proposal for the panacea of the single tax, but an overwhelming attack on certain theories of economists which had parried every demand for reform: the Malthusian theory of population, and the theory that wages are paid out of accumulated capital. Motivated by an intense sympathy with the submerged and suffering poor, solidly built with an apparently infallible logic, the book swept the reading world as completely as had *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.²⁴

²⁰ The message is printed in full in James D. Richardson, *Messages and Papers of the Presidents* (edition of 1903), VIII, 394-397.

²¹ Dewey, *op. cit.*, p. 48.

²² *Ibid.*, pp. 44-45.

²³ *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (New York, 1889), II, 212-213.

²⁴ In the introduction to the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition Henry George, Junior, estimates that upward of five million copies of the "Progress and Poverty Literature" (the book itself and succeeding pamphlets) had been given to the world.

George immediately followed up his success with a vigorous campaign of agitation. Continuously he wrote, spoke, toured, organized anti-poverty societies. Visiting the British Isles and attacking the Irish land question, he created a veritable sensation. Returning to the United States, he ran for Mayor of New York on a third-party ticket in 1886 and, though defeated, polled one-third of the total vote.²⁵ Though George's popularity was by this time passing its peak, yet for ten years longer he had to be reckoned with as a political and social force.

The link between George and Howells was forged by the young realist and propagandist, Hamlin Garland. Keenly conscious of the misery in both slums and farms, Garland had surrendered at once to the attractions of George's oratory and had become a leader in the Boston Anti-Poverty Society.²⁶ Within a few years, Garland's conversion had developed into a personal friendship.²⁷ Now, while still a disciple of George, Garland had become acquainted with Howells; and in his ardor for industrial reform he could not but try to convert his new literary master to George's land tenure program. "How I must have bored that sweet and gracious soul!" he writes. "If he moved to Belmont I pursued him. If he went to Nahant or Magnolia or Kittery I spent my money like water in order to follow him up and bother him about my work, or worry him into a public acceptance of the single tax."²⁸ Later, Howells himself came to know George, and was a visitor in George's home.²⁹

Whether or not converted by Garland's evangelism, Howells went a long way toward accepting George's proposals. The best expression of his attraction to the single tax idea occurs in a letter to Garland dated January 15, 1888:

I'm interested in what you say of the drama. . . . But I'm still more interested by what I will call your appeal to me. . . . Your land tenure idea is one of the good things which we must hope for and strive for by all the good means at our hands. But I don't know that it's the first step

²⁵ The complete story of George's campaign of propaganda is given in Henry George, Junior, *The Life of Henry George* (Toronto, 1900), p. 335 to the end of the book.

²⁶ Hamlin Garland, *A Son of the Middle Border* (Modern Readers Series Edition), pp. 313-314, 363, 377-378.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 431.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 389.

²⁹ *The Life in Letters*, II, 21. A letter of January 20, 1892, to William Cooper Howells, relates such a visit.

to be taken; and I can't yet bring myself to look upon confiscation in any direction as a good thing. The new commonwealth must be founded in justice even to the unjust, in generosity to the unjust rather than anything less than justice. Besides, the land idea arrays against progress the vast farmer class who might favor national control of telegraphs, railways, and mines, postal savings-bank-and-life-insurance, a national labor bureau for bringing work and workmen together without cost to the workman, and other schemes by which it is hoped to lessen the sum of wrong in the world, and insure to every man the food and shelter which the gift of life implies the right to. Understand, I don't argue against you; I don't know yet what is best; but I am reading and thinking about questions that carry me beyond myself and my miserable literary idolatries of the past; perhaps you'll find that I've been writing about them. I am still the slave of selfishness, but I am no longer content to be so. That's as far as I can honestly say I've got.²⁰

But in only two instances do Howells' novels lend any support to the doctrine of the single tax; and in both cases Howells avoids making any statement on his own responsibility. Rather he uses the statements of his characters, which the reader, unaware how closely they parallel the expressions in Howells' private correspondence, would hardly accept as the author's own convictions. In *Annie Kilburn* and *The Quality of Mercy* Howells attractively portrays one advocate of the single tax, the lawyer Putney. The other Georgite among Howells' characters is Mrs. Camp, in *A Traveller from Altruria*, who suggests, "Perhaps no one has a right to own any portion of the earth."²¹ It therefore appears that, although Howells was strongly attracted by the program of Henry George, his *direct* literary indebtedness to George is slight.

V

Even before the popularity of the single tax agitation had declined, however, another reform movement, which was to contribute far more to the substance of Howells' thought, had begun. In 1887 Edward Bellamy published, in *Looking Backward*, a description of an ideal commonwealth located in the United States of the future, in which a highly developed mechanic and inventive society

²⁰ *The Life in Letters*, I, 407-408.

²¹ *A Traveller from Altruria* (New York, 1894), edition of 1908, p. 124.

was organized as an intricate communism. Bellamy had begun writing with no further purpose than to construct a kind of cloud palace for an ideal humanity, and with little reading in economics to guide him.³² But the germ-idea of his book—the application to industry of the principle of the standing army—proved so fruitful that Bellamy became convinced of the immediate practicability of his social scheme and moved the date of his commonwealth from the year 3000 to 2000. What was originally conceived as pure fantasy became the platform of a very real and supposedly practical third-party movement, and little crops of Bellamy societies and units of the "Nationalist" party sprang up in many American cities.³³ Meanwhile *Looking Backward* maintained an enormous popularity; its publishers claim that within ten years it sold four hundred thousand copies in the United States alone. So conspicuous a movement could hardly have escaped Howells' notice. Its influence on him can be demonstrated by several striking parallels between the thought of the two men and by two verbal acknowledgments on Howells' part.

First, as to the correspondences in thought between the two:—Both writers use the Utopia as a means of turning a vigorous fire of criticism on the modern industrial order. Both attack chiefly the competitive basis of society. Bellamy, with cynical humor, exposes the chief weakness of competition just where it claims its greatest strength—in the production of wealth.³⁴ Howells speaks sarcastically of a polity in which the people live, not *for*, but *upon* each other.³⁵ In denouncing competition, though both speak out vigorously about the minor evil of the competitive metropolis,³⁶ both single out the element of chance as the chief point of attack. Bellamy, for instance, writes:

Do your work never so well . . . rob cunningly or serve faithfully, you shall never know security. Rich you may be now and still come to

³²Sylvester Baxter, "The Author of Looking Backward," in *The New England Magazine*, New Series, I, 92 ff.

³³For a study of this movement by an observer, see Nicholas P. Gilman, "Nationalism in the United States," in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, IV, 61 ff.

³⁴See the passage on the wastes of the competitive system, *Looking Backward* (Boston, 1887), pp. 317-336.

³⁵*A Traveller from Altruria* (New York, 1894). Edition of 1908, p. 186.

³⁶*Looking Backward*, pp. 455-458; *A Traveller from Altruria*, pp. 191-193. In this connection should be mentioned also the denunciation of the large city which Howells puts into the words of the seer, David Hughes, in *The World of Chance* (New York, 1893), p. 297.

poverty at last. Leave never so much wealth to your children, you cannot buy the assurance that your son will not be the servant of your servant, or that your daughter will not have to sell herself for bread.³⁷

Two years later, Howells writes:

What I object to is this economic chance-world in which we live, and which we men seem to have created. It ought to be law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason. But in our state of affairs no one can be sure of this. No one is sure of finding work; no one is sure of not losing it. I may have my work taken away from me at any moment by the caprice, the mood, the indigestion of a man who has not the qualification for knowing whether I do it well or ill. . . .³⁸

But Howells, in condemning the uncertainty of the competitive system, does not stop here. Half of *The World of Chance* is based on the underlying idea that not merely the publishing business, but business as a whole, is a game of mere accident and circumstance.³⁹ In Altruria, too, as well as in Bellamy's Utopia, one of the most highly prized results of economic reform has been the complete elimination of chance.⁴⁰ Furthermore, the parallel between Howells and Bellamy in their treatment of this subject is the more striking for the reason that, among the novelists of their time, this extreme emphasis on the tragic power of chance in economic life is apparently their exclusive possession.

Indeed, the very bases of the Utopias pictured by Bellamy and Howells are the same. Both writers describe a highly developed mechanical and inventive civilization.⁴¹ Both would discard money and

³⁷ *Looking Backward*, p. 453.

³⁸ *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, II, 252-253. These are the words of Basil March, who may be regarded, I believe, as the exponent of Howells' own philosophy. Such, at least, is the contention of Mr. Delmar Gross Cooke in his excellent work, *William Dean Howells, A Critical Study* (New York, 1922), p. 244. The similarity between the speeches of March and the expressions in Howells' personal letters gives abundant support to this view.

³⁹ See particularly pp. 22, 64-65, 71, 174, 260, 339, 346 ff., 374-375, in the edition of 1893. Most of these passages, though satirical, are quite easy and cheerful in tone. There is no hint in Howells of a pessimistic philosophy of chance similar to Hardy's.

⁴⁰ *A Traveller from Altruria*, p. 209.

⁴¹ E.g., *Looking Backward*, pp. 165-167; *A Traveller from Altruria*, p. 194.

adopt an elaborate system of equal division of goods.⁴² In both Altruria and America of the year 2000, industry is nationalized upon the foundation furnished by the former trusts.⁴³ And in both, the abolition of want has automatically swept away the great majority of crimes.⁴⁴

Despite the many original elements in *A Traveller from Altruria*, these parallels show that, in planning the Altrurian economy, Howells depended often on the previous thought of Bellamy; and this conclusion is supported by the specific evidence of Howells' own testimony. For in *A Traveller from Altruria* he includes Bellamy in a general acknowledgment of his indebtedness.⁴⁵ One might even venture the assertion that Bellamy's Utopia was more influential than any one of the others from which Howells drew his material. It is true that there is hardly enough internal evidence—that is, ideas common to Howells and Bellamy and not to be found in other writers of Utopias—to justify such a statement. But there *is* much; and, years later, when Howells wrote an informal summary of the influences that lay behind the production of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, it was Bellamy alone, among the writers of Utopias, whom he chose to name individually:

We had passed through a period of strong emotioning in the direction of the humaner economics, if I may phrase it so; the rich seemed not so much to despise the poor, the poor did not so hopelessly repine. The solution of the riddle of the painful earth through the dreams of Henry George, through the dreams of Edward Bellamy, through the dreams of all the generous visionaries of the past, seemed not impossibly far off.⁴⁶

Sympathetic as Howells was with the dreams of Henry George, he wrote more fully from the stimulus furnished him by the dreams of Edward Bellamy.

⁴² *Looking Backward*, pp. 127-131; *A Traveller from Altruria*, pp. 196-197.

⁴³ *Looking Backward*, pp. 75-77; *A Traveller from Altruria*, pp. 185, 200.

⁴⁴ *Looking Backward*, p. 277; *A Traveller from Altruria*, p. 208. With such passages should be compared the opinions of the character Hughes in *The World of Chance*; namely, that all industry should be nationalized; that not competition, but ideal monopoly, is the solution of business evils. See particularly pp. 118-120.

⁴⁵ Through the criticism passed by his character, the Professor, on the description of Altruria, Howells acknowledges at once his obligations to Plato, More, Bacon, Campanella, Bellamy, and Morris. See pp. 212-213.

⁴⁶ From the preface to the 1909 edition of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*; quoted in *C H A L*, III, 82.

VI

In the preceding discussion I have not, of course, aimed at any such ambitious goal as an exhaustive, quantitative study of "influences." Rather I have tried to point out what forces, besides the novels of Tolstoy, lay behind the development of Howells' thought on sociological problems. I have presented evidence to show these things:

First, Howells followed the trial of the Chicago anarchists with deep concern. He braved a hostile public opinion to intercede for them, and he counted this experience an important factor in his growth.

Second, the years of Howells' economic novels were years of especially numerous industrial struggles, and Howells was sufficiently conscious of these struggles to use incidents from them in his works.

Third, partially through the medium of Garland, Howells became well acquainted with the stirring propaganda of Henry George and accepted the single tax program as an ideal, though an insufficient one.

Fourth, Howells consciously made use of the material furnished him by the "Nationalist" program of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, and made acknowledgment of his obligations to Bellamy.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S FIRST STAY IN PARIS

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Of his first journey abroad¹ Washington Irving kept detailed records in informal "Travelling Notes," and in carefully finished diaries and journals,—except for the period of his visit to Paris, from May 24 to September 22,² 1805. Amid the gay living of these months, the diaries ceased abruptly. Pierre M. Irving found in his uncle's papers, when studying this interval in his life, merely some "brief and hasty memoranda."³ These he published,⁴ but with long and occasionally discreet omissions. These nine octavo sheets have just reappeared, and are herewith printed exactly as written, including Irving's characteristic misspellings in two languages, and deletions made apparently by another hand.⁵ These sheets are important, not only because they are, save three other items,⁶ the earliest records of this kind by Irving, but because they depict him at the age of twenty-two in the environment with which in mature life he was to be so intimately associated, the world of Parisian boulevards and theaters.

May 24th [1805].

Arrived in Paris this afternoon. Extortionate charge at Dilligence office for our Trunks ⁷ livres for bringing three small trunks from Basle. Clerk attempted to cheat us out of 18 livres—N.B. One old conductor had whispered to him "ils sont deux messieurs qui voyagent avec leur Domestique" this occasioned an immediate rise in the price, Cabell⁸ overheard the old rogue—Put up at Hotel de Richelieu Rue de la loi. After dinner rencontre Maxwell in the street

¹ May 19, 1804-March 24(?), 1806.

² The main portions of the manuscripts describing the first journey to Europe (in the New York Public Library) have been published in *Notes and Journal of Travel in Europe*, ed. W. P. Trent (New York, 1920, 1921).

³ *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, ed. P. M. Irving (New York, 1862-1864), I, 144.

⁴ *Idem.*, I, 144-147.

⁵ This manuscript is made available through the kindness of Mr. Gabriel Wells, of New York City.

⁶ In the New York Public library, and in private hands. The earliest known extant diary is dated 1802.

⁷ Blank in the manuscript.

⁸ Irving had met Joseph C. Cabell and Colonel John Mercer, of Virginia, in Naples, in March, of this year. Cabell had joined him as a travelling companion.

Was surprised to see him—he was very sociable & goodhumoured told me how he & Wells had come on from Naples in the Military Courier having left their old carriage at Naples—the old Machine cost them 80 crowns from Rome to Naples & I myself made the same journey for 12 crowns—They had been only 15 days coming from rome—eating in the carriage and travelling several nights successively

We walked together on the Boulevard—Full of company gaily dressed from thence we went to the Palais royal Met there Mr Wells & a Mr Gibbs an american gentleman of handsome property & a mineralogist.

The garden was thronged with the frail nymphs that wander about it. One of them joind us & we had a long walk & talk with her. A very pretty little girl with a peculiar archness of countenance her conversation was lively and even witty and her manners easy and exceedingly polite—What singular beings these french women are!

25. This morning called on Messrs Rougemont & Scherer my bankers—disappointed at finding no letters there from my friends. Rougemont a mighty busy important polite little fellow. Had a levee of Taylors—Shirt makers bootmakers &c to rig me out *a la mode de Paris*—John Josse Vandermoere⁹ prime Minister Mr. Wells & Mr Maxwell calld on me and left their cards this morning. Singular conduct of these young men. When in Rome they never returned a visit we made them and we never saw each other except in accidental rencontres in the street &c Mr Cabell & Col Mercer also calld—they are both lodged at M^r McClures. Col M. was obliged to perform a Quarantine of 30 days at Marseilles passing from Naples having been boarded by an english privateer. I had forwarned him at Naples of the necessity of performing quarantine at Marseilles.

Dined at a small Table dHote kept in the Hotel—its more like a family dinner My landlord sits down at table with his sister an old lady and his niece & cousin two pretty girls and very agreeable—

Old Lady has an old cat with a family of Kittens of whom she is extremely fond—kisses them and makes as much of them as if they were her children. French women remarkably fond of domestic animals

⁹ Irving's servant, a Belgian.

In the evening went to the Theatre Montansier in the Palais Royal. This is a little theatre much frequented by the frail fair ones—Acting humorous & rather gross—Scenery tolerable—house crowded. After theatre took a stroll in the garden of Palais Royal—accosted by a *fille de Joie* who begged me to purchase a boquet for her—I saw it was a mere scheme of the poor girls to get a few sous to buy herself some bread for the next day she having had no custom that night—it was evident she & the old woman who sold boquets acted in concert. I pitied her and paid double price for the boquet. The poor creature kissd me thankd me a dozen times & wanted me to go home with her

My head is as yet completely confused with the noise & bustle of paris—

28th M^r Cabell calld on me this morning. Accompanied him to M^r M^cClures to whom I was introduced—found there Col Mercer & was overjoyed to find a number of american newspapers. Mercer joked me about my going to Theatre Montansier before any of the other theatres—it being the most disreputable theatre in the city Told him I had caught paris by the Tail. M^r M^cClure lives in Rue des Brodeurs—the other side of the [*sic*] paris—cross the ¹⁰ bridge to go there superb view up & down the Seine from this bridge—iron bridge—pont neuf (or *new bridge* tho one of the *oldest* in paris) other remarkable places that I saw Palace of Tuileries Garden—of De ¹¹ Place concord Boulevards Louvre &c Dined at M^r M^cClure—observations at dinner—M^r M^cC said he had observed that there was as it were a line running from ¹² like the line of vine countries and that all to the south were generally catholic & to the north Protestants. M^r Cabell has no opinion of southern climates—thinks the further we go south the more abject & degraded we find the people—a remark that I have found true as far as my experience extends. The greatest improvements in arts & sciences originate in northern countries.

Selective gov^{ts} most calculated to render nation great—France owes her power [to?] years of elective government in which time the men of abilities rose to the top & managed affairs—It is the num-

¹⁰ Blank in the manuscript.

¹¹ Blank in the manuscript.

¹² Blank in the manuscript.

ber of those men that still remain in office that gives the french gov^t its present vigor. Crowned heads make a most contemptible appearance at present Bonaparte is the most brilliant and most intelligent—next to him is the Emperor of Prus[sia]¹³ who is assisted by able counsellors.

M M^cC thinks that wine will thrive in America—he even thinks that when labor becomes cheap and we direct our thots from grain we will even exceed Europe in the quality of our wines. The wine countries of Europe are in such a state of ignorance & superstition that they are not capable of improving the qualities of their vines by experiments as would be the case in the enlightened enterprising country of America. Thinks that if our Fox grape had the french grape ingrafted on it it would do very well we have a winter grape likewise small and full of seed—A mode might be observed with it as is made use of in wine countries. The peasant cuts the vine close leaving but three or four sprouts all the juice consequently which would go to invigorate the profusion of stem and branches is carried into the bunches of grapes and increases their size. In the evening I went to the Opera (in imperial Academy of Musick) opera Alceste—ballet Acis & Galatea. Musick superb dancing exquisitely fine—One beautiful dancer in whirling round whisked up her thin petticoat very high—two old frenchmen in front of me seemed to take fire & be in an extacy at it—One kissing his finger (*ala francaise*) exclaimed Ah est belle est charmante.

29. Got my protection from the Police—In the evening to the Theatre Francaise—Tragedy of the Templars—Talma-La Fond & Mademoiselle Georges—Talma fine figure—great powers I do not admire french style of acting.¹⁴

30 Rec^d letters from my friends Took a bath this morning at bathing house erected in a boat on the seine—luxuriant baths—french very fond of the bath—french women very attentive to the cleanliness of their persons—

printed comentaries on English manners—of so[me?] point—french power[?] for caricatures.

¹³ Manuscript torn.

¹⁴ Irving had seen both Talma and La Fon in Bordeaux. His intimate knowledge of the French theater is revealed in his *Journal, 1823-1824* (to be published in May, 1930, by the Harvard University Press). Pierre La Fon died in Bordeaux in 1846. François Joseph Talma (1763-1826) Irving knew well in Paris in the year 1824. Marguerite Georges was now only nineteen years old. She later became a pupil of Talma's.

31. Tended lectures on botany¹⁵ evening Opera. ¹⁶ Music sublime costume & scenery fine & appropriate

June 1. Dined at Grevins with Maxwell—elegant restaurateur 200 Dishes. Went to theatre Monsansier full of girls of pleasure Vaudeville little bourgeoisie—saw Mercer there

2 Walking in the Garden of the Tuilleries encountered young french officer with whom I had travelled in dilligence last summer from Bordeaux to Toulouse. He had passed all the winter at his mothers in Languedoc & had come to Paris in hopes of getting a commission to *go over to England* in the flotilla. Warm in praise of the emperor—said the army universally loved him & would carry him even in their hands. In the evening to the opera. Ballet Cupid & Psyche very fine tho not very superior to that at Marseilles—except some of the Dancers finer.

4. Left Hotel de Richelieu and took room the other side of the seine Hotel d'Angleterre rue du Colombier Fauxbourg S^t Martin at 60 livres pr month room pleasantly situated on ground floor well furnishd with a cabinet &c looks out on a handsome little garden. Hotel genteel & Extensive—In the neighborhood of Vanderlyn.¹⁷

5. Stroled to palais Royal to dine—took the first restaurateur that offered—(Les deux freres—two brothers) give dinners wine & for 40 sous a head—P.S. the meats are what are left from grand restaurateurs & servd up again.

6. Dined with Vanderlyn at a Swiss restaurateur in Louvre—cheap in evening went to little theatre of Jeunes Artistes—garden des Capuchins boys acting plays—sing the fine airs that are produced at the great theatres.

7. Dined with Carter at restaurateur 3 livres 5 sous

8. Went with Vanderlyn to theatre of Port S^t Martin—built in 30 days in time of revolution intended for an opera superb theatre.

9 Theatre Vaudeville—pretty little theatre.

10 Theatre de Gaiety—acted an oriental piece called the Pied de Nez—(nose a foot long)—Good scenery & machinery

11 Theatre Vaudeville

¹⁵ The study of botany was Irving's only ostensible occupation in Paris. The notes on these lectures are in the New York Public Library.

¹⁶ One word is illegible.

¹⁷ John Vanderlyn (1776-1852), the American painter. He now painted Irving's portrait.

13. Went to a 15 sous ball in Palais Royal with Vanderlyn—
Crowded with filles de joies.

14 Dined at Beauvillours for about 10 livres. Superb restaurateur
—In evening went to Opera saw Oedipe and Achille

15 Theatre Montansier

16 Theatre Jeunes Comediens—garden des Capuchins

17. Theatre Montansier

18 Theatre de la emperatrice

19 Theatre des jeunes artists—Boulevard good scenery and ma-
chinery

A POSSIBLE ANCESTOR OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

MIRIAM R. SMALL
Wells College

IT IS generally conceded that a part of the charm of Diedrich Knickerbocker's *A History of New York* lies in the mellow richness of literary allusion. More than this, it is possible to see that here Irving borrowed directly in spirit, style, or plan from Cervantes, Sterne, and Swift. Especially in the elaborateness of the hoax by which Seth Handaside's complaint is made convincing are we reminded of Swift and his love of fooling the public. A possible influence, which has not, I think, been mentioned before, is that "the small brisk looking old gentleman" himself may have been suggested by the opening of Richard Graves' *The Spiritual Quixote*.¹ This was one of the best of the numerous "Quixote" novels which had been appearing in London since *Joseph Andrews*, "written in imitation of the Manner of Cervantes, author of Don Quixote," had set the example of the type, and Charlotte Lennox's *The Female Quixote* (1752) had established a precedent for the title. Written by an Anglican clergyman, the rector of Claverton, *The Spiritual Quixote* ridicules the vagaries of Methodism. It met with sufficient approval to be known, as it passed to a second edition in 1774 and was republished in 1783. Some copies may easily have strayed across the Atlantic: and with Irving's fondness for Cervantes it is not at all unlikely that he read this imitation.²

The path to the actual text of *The Spiritual Quixote* is as devious as that to *A Tale of a Tub*. The opening is of five parts: "a Prefatory Anecdote by the Editor"; "the Apology, or A Word to the Wise," with a "Postscript"; an "Advertisement"; "the Author's Dedication to Monsieur Patten, Pastry-cook to his most sacred Majesty King

¹ *The Spiritual Quixote; or, The Summer's Ramble of Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose. A Comic Romance*. London: Pr. for J. Dodsley. M DCC LXXIV. (The dedication in this copy, dated Oct. 12, 1773, calls it the 2nd edition. It was reviewed in *The Monthly Review* for May, 1773, series I, XLVIII, 384). My quotations are from the 2nd edition.

² Neither *A catalogue of the Books . . . in the Library of The New York Historical Society* (1813) nor the *Catalogue of the New York Society Library* (N. Y., 1850) contains *The Spiritual Quixote*. Although this fact lessens the probability of Irving's easy access to it, it does not mean that he might not have read the book.

George II," signed with a cipher; and finally the "Introduction." It is in the "Prefatory Anecdote," a part of the "Apology," and the "Advertisement" that Graves makes us think at once of Diedrich Knickerbocker and the genial spirit, half ironic, half affectionate, which lingers about him. Since *The Spiritual Quixote* is comparatively rare today, I shall quote the passages which may have caught Irving's attention as a pleasant device worthy of imitation and development.

A Prefatory Anecdote by the Editor.

Going lately into the shop of a little Upholsterer, not far from the celebrated haunt of the Muses, called Grub-street, I observed him with a bunch of small keys in his hand; with one of which he had just opened a black leather port-folio, or travelling letter-case. The poor man shaking his head with an air of disappointment, I inquired into the cause of his chagrin; upon which he gave me the following account:

'Some years ago,' says he, 'a jolly plump Gentleman, with a very serious countenance, came to lodge at my house, and rented an apartment up three pair of stairs backwards. It is not usual,' continues he, 'to give any long credit to lodgers of that kind. But the gentleman in question looked like a very honest man. (By his dress, indeed, I should have taken him for a Country Clergyman; but that he never drank ale or smoked tobacco.) I was unwilling, therefore, after the first time, to give him the trouble of a weekly payment; so he had let his rent run on for near six weeks: at which time, one Friday morning, before anyone was stirring, he suddenly decamped; leaving nothing behind him, but an old Bible, an old pair of shoes, and an old grizzled periwig. I did not think it worthwhile to advertise my lodger. I made enquiries after him at the Coffee-house however which he frequented, and at the Chop-house where he dined; but have heard nothing of him to this day.'

The Upholsterer, it seems, was in hopes, that this Letter-case (which, upon removing the bedstead, he had found thrust over the tester) might have contained a bank-bill, or something else of value. But, to his utter confusion, he found nothing in it, except the manuscript of the following History; which he considered as waste paper, and, prophetically of its fate, perhaps, said 'it was good for nothing, but to line trunks and band-boxes.'

Upon casting my eyes, however, over two or three different papers, I thought it might suit the taste of the present age; in which also the subject appeared by no means unseasonable. I therefore offered the honest

man an equivalent for his six weeks rent and, after drinking half a pint of mountain together, we finished our contract.

Upon examining my purchase, I found the following roughdraft of the Author's Preface, which, notwithstanding the sagacious upholsterer's argument to the contrary, makes it probable that the history was written by a Clergyman.³

This preface is given in the "Apology" immediately following, and the editor adds:

Now, what became of the Author of this History; (whether he was picked up by those foes to indigent merit, the Bum-bailiffs; or those friends to bashful courage, a Press-gang;) it is impossible, in this particular, to gratify the Reader's curiosity. But, from his Landlord's account, it seems probable, that, having some scruples about publishing this work, he left it, as the ostrich does her eggs, to take its chance or, perhaps made use of this innocent stratagem; that if ever, by any accident, his piece should see the light, he might engage the attention of the Publick to a subject which he thought of importance; and, by his mysterious and sudden departure, would insinuate that he had put a voluntary period to his own life. For, I cannot but think that, instead of an Editor's informing the world, that a work was produced, either amidst a hurry of business, or in retirement; in a fit of sickness, or on a journey; by a youth under twenty, or by a lady; or the like uninteresting circumstances; it would be more likely to rouse the curiosity of mankind, to assure them, that it was written by a man that had either hanged or drowned himself.

³Professor Hubbell has kindly called to my attention another variant of this formula for presenting a manuscript to the public, in *The British Spy: or, Letters, to a Member of the British Parliament During a Tour of the United States* by a young Englishman of rank. Newburyport, pr. at the repertory office. 1804. These *Letters* were by William Wirt and were first published in *The Virginia Argus* in 1803. As they were very popular, having run to the tenth edition by 1832, it is not unlikely that Irving had seen them by 1808. The similarity is found in the address to the printer, which preceded the first letter:

"Mr. Pleasants,

The Manuscript from which the following letters are extracted, was found in the bed-chamber of a boarding house in a seaport town of Virginia. The gentleman who had previously occupied that chamber, is represented by the mistress of the House, to have been a meek and harmless young man, who meddled very little with the affairs of others, and concerning whom no one appeared sufficiently interested to make any inquiry. As it seems, from the manuscript, that the name by which he passed was not his real name, and as, moreover, she knew nothing of his residence, so that she was totally ignorant to whom and whither to direct it, she considered the manuscript as lawful prize, and made a present of it to me. It seems to be a copy of letters, written by a young Englishman of rank. . . . The letters are prettily written. . . . For the present, I select a few which were written from this place, and by way of distinction, will give them to you under the title of the *British Spy*."

Advertisement.

Since the Preface was printed off, happening to mention this adventure with the Upholsterer, as also the Cypher at the end of the following Dedication, to a Gloucestershire Squire, he lifted up his hands; and, in a strain of alliteration, cried out, 'Cot's life! my old friend and crony! that comical cur, Christopher Collop!—commonly called, the comely Curate of Cotswold! He was always scribbling; and, I remember, about ten years ago, took a walk to London (as he always walked to keep down the *fat*), with an intent to publish something, as his friends imagined; but he would never discover the event of that journey.

'What is remarkable, however,' added the Squire, 'if Kit were really the author of a thing of this kind, is, that although he did not approve of the Methodists rambling about the country, as many of them do; yet he was suspected to *favour* them in his heart, and continued so to do to the day of his death.'

I include the "Advertisement" because it is like Irving in spirit rather than in content. This resemblance of spirit in the treatment of the two characters I consider the most important, and I have quoted thus fully to emphasize it. One feels the same gentle sympathy and amusement with the editor's "jolly plump Gentleman, with a very serious countenance" as with Seth Handaside's "worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways." To one who has long cherished Diedrich Knickerbocker, the genuine kinship of the two is obvious; and to dwell at length upon such similarities as the manner of coming and leaving, the unpaid rent, the discovered manuscript, and the solicitous landlord is supererogatory. If in 1809 Irving was filling in Graves' outline, he unquestionably enlarged and enriched it. With the invention of the librarian and the landlord's wife, who in her shrewishness adumbrates Mrs. Rip Van Winkle, he presented a fuller picture of the old gentleman with his decided political views and his pride in an exalted family tree. The essential features of his character, however, remain so unaltered that it is not difficult to believe that Irving's easy acquisitiveness lighted happily upon this congenial creation by the rector of Claverton.

MARK TWAIN JUVENILIA

MINNIE M. BRASHEAR

The University of Missouri

I

NOT MUCH has been known of the life of Sam Clemens, the youth. In his *Boys' Life of Mark Twain*, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine tells the usual story of his leaving school after his father's death and being apprenticed to Joseph P. Ament of the *Hannibal Courier*; of his becoming general assistant to Orion Clemens when the latter bought the weekly *Hannibal Journal*; of his once editing the paper in his brother's absence; and of his becoming dissatisfied with his brother's treatment of him and leaving Hannibal with the purpose of going East. Not many more facts have been available concerning the period of his life from 1847 to 1853. Mr. Paine speaks of the pioneer conditions in the midst of which he grew up, and Mr. Van Wyck Brooks speaks of him as a "frontier child." Mark Twain, in his own writings—either because he liked the literary effect of representing himself as sprung from the soil, or because in later life the hardships of his early years were emphasized in his memory—encouraged the idea that conditions in Hannibal, Missouri, when he was growing up, were almost primitive.

A good deal of light is thrown upon the Hannibal of this period, and upon Sam Clemens's youthful experience as a journalist, in files of newspapers published in Hannibal from 1848 to 1853. These were recently presented to the State Historical Society Library at Columbia, Missouri. The inference to be drawn from reading these papers is that Hannibal was a place of greater importance in the late forties and early fifties than it has commonly been thought to have been, and that, before he left Hannibal at the age of seventeen, the boy had tried his hand in several departments of journalism.

The material that can be ascribed to Sam Clemens, with greater or less degree of certainty, may be grouped under four heads. The first group involves an altercation with a rival editor in Hannibal, who seems to have drawn down upon himself the young humorist's shafts of ridicule. The second represents a more ambitious exercise.

Under the *nom de plume*, W. Epaminondas Adrastus Blab, Sam Clemens appears to have experimented with feature story writing. The third group of youthful writing centers around the famous "To Mary in H—I" poem. The fourth comprises three columns of miscellaneous squibs, each headed "Our Assistant's Column." Apparently Orion Clemens, because he realized that he could ill afford to lose his brother from the *Journal*, dignified him with the title of Assistant Editor. All but the second of these groups of writings can be identified by means of the story, "My First Literary Venture," which was written about the time *Innocents Abroad* was published—around 1870.¹

In this autobiographical sketch Mark Twain relates the events of what he calls his "week" as editor of *The Hannibal Journal*. As a matter of fact, those events extended over a period of nine months and were apparently the first expression of the youth's restless energy becoming conscious of itself and impelled inevitably to break out of the narrow limits of its small-town routine. Mr. Paine refers to this as his first writing. According to the story in Chapter Eighteen of the three-volume biography,² the *Journal* was so seriously in danger of failing that Orion Clemens made a trip to Tennessee to try to raise money on the great tract of land which his father had so confidently left to the family. He entrusted Sam with the office in his absence, and the only benefit that came from the journey was that it started the lad on a literary career. The Hannibal papers of the time that are available³ show that while many of the details were consciously modified to make a good story—and some, doubtless,

¹ The sketch was written sometime before April, 1871. The Merle Johnson *Bibliography of Mark Twain* shows that "My First Literary Venture" appeared in: *The Galaxy*, April, 1871; "Practical Jokes," 1872; *Sketches Old and New* (1875), pp. 93-95; *Sketches* (1880), pp. 138-141.

See also Mark Twain, "Editorial Wild Oats," Harper's, 1905 (3-11).

² Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain* (New York and London: Harper and Brothers, 1912), I, 89-93.

³ Somewhat imperfect files of *The Whig Messenger* (weekly), *The Tri Weekly Messenger*, *The Hannibal Courier*, *The Western Union*, *The Hannibal Journal* (weekly), and *The Hannibal Daily Journal*, 1848-1853—from the estate of William T. League, grandson of the editor of the *Messenger*, presented by Miss Nettie A. League of Hannibal, Missouri, 1926 and 1927. It was not thought, until these were rescued from Miss League's attic, that any papers of the period were extant. Mr. Paine (*op. cit.*, I, 91) says, "No contributions of this time have been preserved. High prices have been offered for copies of the Hannibal *Journal* containing them, but without success."

had suffered modification in the memory of Mark Twain after twenty years—they are, in the main, authentic. The first items in the chronological list of his work are:

1851

Edited the *Hannibal Journal* during the absence of the owner and editor, Orion Clemens.

Wrote local items for the *Hannibal Journal*.

Burlesque of a rival editor in the *Hannibal Journal*.

Wrote two sketches for the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia).

To Mary in H—I, *Hannibal Journal*.

1852-53

Jim Wolfe and the Fire—*Hannibal Journal*.

Burlesque of a rival editor in the *Hannibal Journal*.

1853

Wrote obituary poems—not published.

Wrote first letters home.

It will be seen that part of these dates can be corrected from data in the journals recently brought to light.

Orion Clemens evidently started *The Western Union*, a weekly Whig paper, immediately after his return to Hannibal from St. Louis in September, 1850. The Missouri State Historical Society has a thin bound volume, a fairly complete file of the newspaper from October 10, 1850, to August 28, 1851,—“O. Clemens, Editor and Publisher.” From the fact that his name appears on the papers we infer that he bought *The Hannibal Weekly Dollar Journal* and printed the paper as *The Hannibal Journal* “Devoted to Politics, Literature, Poetry, Miscellany, Arts, Sciences, Amusements, Commercial Affairs, News of the Day, Local Matters, &c.” Sam Clemens, who had finished his two-year apprenticeship to Joseph P. Ament, editor of the *Courier*, became his assistant. They continued the series of the old *Journal*—Vol. IX. The issues for February 7, April 25, May 9, May 16, and June 27, 1851, have on the inside pages the heading *Hannibal Weekly Dollar Journal*. All except these five issues are missing until the September 4, 1851, issue, which is *The Hannibal Journal and Western Union*, Vol. 2, No. 1, reverting to the series of *The Western Union*. Some time in February, 1852, the double name is abandoned. (This was apparently after the fire referred to in *Mark Twain*, I, 91. The edge of the January 20 copy in the file is burnt and water-marked, and there is an account of the fire on the editorial page!) The February 26 issue is *The Hannibal Journal*. Underneath the title are three lines in large print: “Terms: One Dollar, if paid in advance; if not paid in Six Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents; if not within Twelve Months, Two Dollars”; “Published by O. Clemens on Main, Between Hill and Bird Sts., over Stover and Storr’s Clothing Store”; “Vol. II—Hannibal, Mo., Thursday Morning, February 26, 1852—No. 26.”

The heading of the inside pages is *Hannibal Journal and Union*, until September, 1852, when the name *Union* is finally abandoned, and the paper then, with the beginning of the new volume, resumes the series of the original *Hannibal Journal*. From March 8 until September 21, 1853, Orion Clemens published *The Hannibal Daily Journal* in connection with the weekly. It is only with the recent acquisition of early files of Hannibal papers by the Missouri State Historical Society that these facts have become clear. There is no hint in the Paine biography that Orion edited anything but *The Hannibal Weekly Journal*.

II

The first of Sam Clemens's editorial ventures involved a joke he played upon the local editor of *The Tri-Weekly Messenger*, a rival Whig paper in Hannibal. The account of the escapade in "My First Literary Venture" is as follows:

I was a printer's "devil" and a progressive and aspiring one. My uncle had me on his paper, the *Weekly Hannibal Journal*, two dollars a year, in advance (five hundred subscribers, and they paid in cord-wood, cabbages, and unmarketable turnips), and on a lucky summer's day he left town to be gone a week, and asked me if I thought I could edit one issue of the paper judiciously. Ah! didn't I want to try! Higgins was the editor on a rival paper. He had lately been jilted, and one night a friend found an open note on the poor fellow's bed, in which he stated that he could no longer endure life and had drowned himself in Bear Creek. The friend ran down there and discovered Higgins wading back to shore. He had concluded he wouldn't. The village was full of it for several days, but Higgins did not suspect it. I thought this was a fine opportunity. I wrote an elaborately wretched account of the whole matter, and then illustrated it with villianous [*sic*] cuts engraved on the bottoms of wooden type with a jack knife—one of them a picture of Higgins wading out into the creek in his shirt, with a lantern, sounding the depth of the water with a walking stick. I thought it was desperately funny and was densely unconscious that there was any moral obliquity about such a publication.⁴

The author's introduction of himself as an employee of his "uncle" makes it apparent that he is consciously taking literary liberties with facts, but, so far as the story can be pieced out from the papers in the files, the publication of the woodcuts here referred to was the culmination of a journalistic scrimmage carried on through several issues by the city editors of *The Tri-Weekly Messenger* and *The Hannibal Journal*, which, in its origin, had nothing to do with Higgins's romance. It must have started somewhat as follows. In July, 1852, when a mad dog caused some disturbance in Hannibal, the city editor of the *Messenger*, a bachelor recently come from the rival town of Quincy, Illinois, published among his "Miscellaneous Matters," signed "Local," a warning that citizens take precautions

⁴ Mark Twain: *Sketches Old and New*, p. 93.

against the danger.⁵ In August he published a rather flippant note about the fate of dogs appearing on the streets without collars.⁶

There is no indication that the *Journal* took any notice of the first warning, but after the second squib, it must have published, as coming from a correspondent, some sort of mock-serious suggestion that all dogs should be exterminated—signed “A Dog-be-deviled Citizen.” This was apparently answered by some other paper in the town, possibly the *Courier*,⁷ defending dogs. The two furnished the *Messenger* “Local” a chance to exercise his editorial irony, for the August 24 *Messenger*, under the heading “Two Richmonds in the Field!—any chance for a Richard?” says:

In our cotemporaries [*sic*]⁸ of last week dogs are commented upon in a masterly manner both pro and con. “A Dog-be-deviled Citizen,” [he says] must be a man of nervous temperament. . . . The faithful dogs . . . defend the property of citizens; then surely, if music be their humor, they may be permitted to engage in vocal concerts, leaving it to the option of nervous gentlemen to place cotton in their ears ere they retire to their pillows.

The other answer had evidently been signed “Many Citizens,” and had protested against the cruel method of putting dogs to death. “Local” suggests a more humane method:

With how much more *eclat* would the doomed brutes make their exit from this terrestrial globe if they were gently led to the place of execution by the proper officials, decked in all the grandeur of a little “brief authority”—their dogships placed in a chair, the band put around the neck, a few prayers in *hog-Latin* mumbled over their future welfare, and then with a sudden twist of the screw, be launched into the breathless expanse of the future.⁹

The *Journal* must have printed an answer from its correspondent, the “Dog-be-deviled Citizen,” identifying the city editor of the

⁵ *The Tri-Weekly Messenger*, July 24, 1852, “Miscellaneous Matters by the ‘Local’.”

Mad Dogs:—On Thursday a calf, belonging to Mr. John Lacy, was bitten by a mad dog, and was afterwards killed to relieve it from misery. We make mention of this that citizens may be on their guard against this distressing malady, and that proper precautions may be used to prevent any serious consequences resulting from carelessness on the part of those who have dogs in their possession.

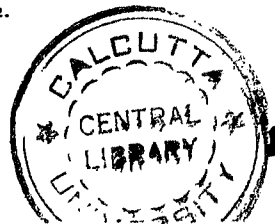
⁶ *Ibid.*, August 17, 1852:

The Dogs are beginning to suffer for their want of good manners in appearing on the streets without collars, and it is now a common occurrence to see their canine lordships humbled to the earth through the fact of their being minus a neck-band.

⁷ The two available issues of the *Courier* for August, 1852, contain no hint of the affair.

⁸ Spelling, grammar, capitals, and punctuation in the excerpts taken from the papers are reproduced just as they appear. “A Dog-be-deviled Citizen” is printed in different places with various methods of capitalization.

⁹ *The Tri-Weekly Messenger*, August 24, 1852.



Messenger with "the canine race," in his tendency to bite back. The August 26 issue of the *Messenger* contains further advice from "Local," hinting his suspicion that the correspondent of the *Journal* was a fellow-editor:

His hypochondric [*sic*] symptoms are obtaining so complete a mastery over him that even his fellow being seems "transformed into a beast"—dog, of course. . . . He prefaces his notice with "friend Local," which surely implies that he is sunk as deeply in the mire as ourself.¹⁰

The *Journal*, it seems, bided its time. In order to understand the provocation for the woodcut it is necessary, at this point, to finish out the story from the account in "My First Literary Venture." The rival editor, one gathers from the papers, was conspicuous in the town as a stranger and a bachelor—probably also for his florid style of writing. So that, when he threatened to kill himself because of a disappointment in love, and then lost courage for the deed, the secret interest in the matter throughout the town was a thing that could be reckoned upon. Orion Clemens had left Sam in charge of the week's issue of the *Journal*. The sixteen-year-old editor *pro tem.* saw his chance to make the paper "spicy," and retaliated upon his ambitious rival with the first of the woodcuts referred to in the sketch, and in Mr. Paine's biography.¹¹ In a very crude way "Local" is cartooned with the head of a dog, wading anxiously out into the stream with a lantern in one hand and a cane in the other. The reader is left to guess at his safety-first motive. The bottle referred to in the explanatory note is close at hand.¹²

"LOCAL" RESOLVES TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

'LOCAL,' disconsolate from receiving no further notice from 'A DOG-BE-DEVEILED CITIZEN,' contemplates Suicide. His 'pocket pistol' (i.e. the *bottle*.) failing in the patriotic work of ridding the country of a nuisance, he resolves to 'extinguish his chunk' by feeding his carcass to the fishes of Bear Creek, while friend and foe are wrapt in sleep. Fearing, however, that he may get out of his depth, he *sounds the stream with his walking-stick*.

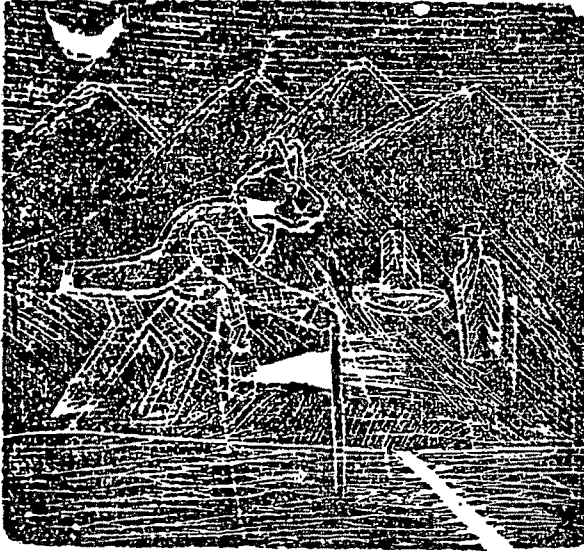
¹⁰ *Ibid.*, August 26, 1852.

¹¹ Mark Twain, *op. cit.*, I, 89-90.

The artist, you will perceive, Mr. Editor, caught the gentleman's countenance as correctly as the thing could have been done with the real *dog-gerytype* apparatus. Ain't he pretty and don't he step along through the mud with an air? 'Peace to his re-manes.'

'A DOG-BE-DEVEILED CITIZEN.'¹²

"LOCAL" RESOLVES TO COMMIT SUICIDE.



'LOCAL,' disconsolate from receiving no further notice from 'A DOG-BE-DEVEILED CITIZEN,' contemplates Suicide. His 'pocket-pistol' (i. e. the *bottle*,) failing in the patriotic work of ridding the country of a nuisance, he resolves to 'extinguish his chunk' by feeding his carcass to the fishes of Bear Creek, while friend and foe are wrapt in sleep. Fearing, however, that he may get out of his depth, he *sounds the stream with his walking-stick*.

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'A DOG-BE-DEVEILED CITIZEN.'

¹² *The Hannibal Journal*, September 16, 1852.

The *Messenger* "Local" commented upon the woodcut with great sarcasm, and the *Journal* a week later published two more woodcuts under the heading "Pictur Department"—with which the Dog-be-Develed Citizen announced his intention of drawing off:

"PICTUR" DEPARTMENT.

"LOCAL" discovers something interesting in the *Journal*, and becomes excited.

["LOCAL," determined upon the destruction of the great enemy of the canine race, charts an old swivel (a six pounder) and declares war. *Lead* being scarce, he loads his cannon with *Tri-Weekly Messengers*.]

"LOCAL" is somewhat astonished at the effect of the discharge, and is under the impression that there was something the matter with the apparatus—thinks the hole must have been drilled in the wrong end of the artillery. He finds, however, that although he missed the "DOG-BE-DEVEILED CITIZEN,"* he nevertheless hit the man "who has not the decency of a gentleman nor the honor of a blackguard," and thinks it best to stop the controversy.

MR. EDITOR:

I have now dropped this farce, and all attempts to again call me forth will be useless.

A DOG-BE-DEVEILED CITIZEN.

*Who walks quietly away, in the distance, uninjured.¹³

The "Pictur Department" is in column 3 of the editorial page of the September 23 *Journal*. Opposite to it in column 2 is an editorial which appears to have been written by Orion Clemens upon his return.

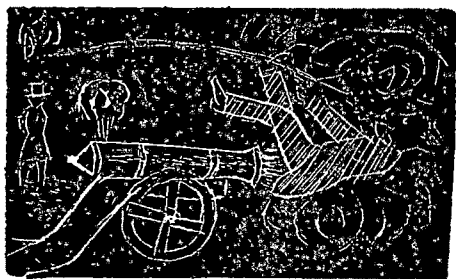
¹³ *Hannibal Journal*, September 23, 1852.

"PICTURE" DEPARTMENT.



"LOCAL" discovers something interesting in the *Journal*, and becomes excited.

[*"LOCAL,"* determined upon the destruction of the great enemy of the canine race, charts an old swivel (a six pounder) and declares war. *Lead* being scarce, he loads his cannon with *Tri-Weekly Messengers*.]



"LOCAL" is somewhat astonished at the effect of the discharge, and is under the impression that there was something the matter with the apparatus—thinks the hole must have been drilled in the wrong end of the artillery. He finds, however, that although he missed the "DOG-BE-DEVILED CITIZEN,"* he nevertheless hit the man "who has not the decency of a gentleman nor the honor of a blackguard," and thinks it best to stop the controversy.

MR. EDITOR:

I have now dropped this farce, and all attempts to again call me forth will be useless.

A DOG-BE-DEVILED CITIZEN.

THE DOG 'CONTROVERSY.

"In justice to the editor of the Journal, we would take this occasion to remark, that we believe him innocent of intentionally doing us an injury, and absolve him from all censure."

We find the above in the local column of the Tri-Weekly Messenger. The local editor of the Messenger is a young man, recently come amongst us, with a design of occupying a respectable position in society, by industry and by propriety and straight-forwardness of conduct; rightly estimating the value placed by good men upon these properties of character. . . . The jokes of our correspondent have been rather rough; but originating and perpetrated in a spirit of fun, and without a serious thought, no attention was expected to be paid to them, beyond a smile at the local editor's expense.

There can be no doubt that the woodcuts are those referred to in "My First Literary Venture." Whether Mark Twain's literary imagination, two decades later, invented the story of the jilting, does not become clear, but "Local" commented upon the "Dog-be-Deviled Citizen," after the first engraving appeared, as "a writer who has not the decency of a gentleman nor the honor of a black-guard." This must have had some deeper provocation than a mere editorial fencing bout. In his final comment upon the "gross and insipid personalities" of the "picture gallery furnished in the Journal this morning," he dismisses them as "the feeble emanations [*sic*] of a puppy's brain." The file of the *Journal* contains no "elaborately wretched account of the whole matter," but a lingering memory of "Local's" thrust at his youth doubtless suggested to Mark Twain the *dénouement* of the episode:

Higgins dropped in with a double-barrelled shotgun early in the forenoon. When he found that it was an infant (as he called me) that had done him the damage, he simply pulled my ears and went away; but he threw up his situation that night and left town for good.¹⁴

III

The second section of what seem to have been the first experiments of Sam Clemens in the field of journalism comprises four

¹⁴Paine, *op cit.*, p. 95.

"feature stories." Three of them appear in the same paper with the first of the woodcuts described above. If the September 16, 1852, issue of the *Journal* was the trial sheet of the young editor, these seem to have been the main part of his attempt to prove that he was equal to the task of filling it up. It is to be remembered that he had not yet reached his seventeenth birthday when he strove in this way to reach up to the stature of editor; that he had served two years' apprenticeship under Joseph P. Ament on *The Hannibal Courier*, where he had charge of the circulation, was printer's devil, and even served as local editor in an emergency; that when Orion Clemens bought the *Journal*, he "felt that together they could carry on the paper and win success."¹⁵ The first woodcut appears halfway down on the second column of the page. Occupying almost all of the third column and half the fourth is the first of the stories. It is entitled "A Historical Exhibition" and is introduced by a note that was probably written by Orion Clemens when the lad at some time or other offered him the sketch for publication. The editor absolves himself from responsibility if the effort of his "young friend" should fall rather flat with his patrons. The second is entitled "Editorial Agility." It also has an introductory note in which the contributor is referred to as a "youngster." These notes seem to identify the two stories with those referred to in *The Boy's Life of Mark Twain*. "He liked the taste of print," the author says, and tells of two anecdotes that were accepted by *The Saturday Evening Post*. "When they appeared he walked on air. This was in 1851." Then, "Orion printed two of his sketches in the *Journal*, which was the extent of his efforts at this time. None of his early work has been preserved."¹⁶ Both stories are signed W. Epaminondas Adrastus Blab. They are rather lame attempts to make newspaper stories out of jokes on a youngster who is apparently to be identified with Jim Wolfe of "Jim Wolfe and the Cats" fame.¹⁷ The first is headed: "For the *Journal*—A No. 1 Ruse" and is about fifteen hundred words long; the second is seven hundred words long. The September 9 issue of the *Journal* contains the story of a drunken brawl on "Holliday's Hill," signed

¹⁵ Albert Bigelow Paine, *The Boy's Life of Mark Twain*, pp. 43-47; and *Mark Twain*, I, chapters XV and XVII.

¹⁶ *Boys' Life of Mark Twain*, p. 47.

¹⁷ *Mark Twain*, I, 86-88.

W. Epaminondas Adrastus Perkins. It must be taken with the later experiments as conscious attempts to lose nothing of the story in the telling. But the last of the W. Epaminondas Adrastus Blab stories is a different kind of fun-making, in places distinctly suggestive of the Mark Twain vein. It is possible that the first two were earlier experiments that had been laid aside by Orion Clemens until they should be needed to fill out an issue of the paper. The last accounts for the change from the name Perkins, signed to the sketch of the previous week, to the name Blab:

BLABBING GOVERNMENT SECRETS.

The people generally seem to think that the present extra session of the State Legislature was convened for the purpose of transacting this Railroad business, and I hasten from a sense of duty to my fellow-citizens, to correct this wrong impression; their ignorance on this subject shows that they have paid very little attention to the proceedings of the Legislature.—Now this is just the way of it: I didn't like my surname; as for the handles to it,—they did *very* well; I wouldn't care if I had twenty more like 'em; but the surname didn't suit; and although the Legislature is not, I believe accustomed to change people's surnames, I nevertheless wrote to Gov. King, who is a particular friend of mine, requesting him to call the session and make the wished-for alteration, and leaving the selection of the new name to his own refined taste and judgment. Well, the request was granted: the Legislature was convened; my title was altered, shortened, and greatly beautified—and all at a cost of *only a few thousands of dollars to the State!*—These Democratic Legislators work cheap, don't they, Editor?

This new cognomen suits me, and I hope it meets with favor in the eyes of the inhabitants of this great Union; and if Congress takes the matter up and changes it back the way it was, the villainous President that signs the documents and makes it a law will never get *my* support—No, sir! not if he's NEVER elected again! As for Queen Victoria and Lord Derby, they may cut up as much as they like—it's none of their business.

Blab—Blab—sounds pretty—makes good jingle—it's just the thing—the Blab's were ancestors of mine, anyhow. The first Blab lived in Adam's time, and had a little falling out with that distinguished gentleman about a tin cup, . . . but Adam was no more respectable than Blab—he never had a mother! at least people said so, and folks of that character don't

stand very high nowadays. However, if it hadn't been for that little difficulty, a Blab would have been President instead of John Quincy Adams! Despite all these things, the Blabs have been somewhat distinguished, anyhow; honorable mention was made of one of them in a book that was never published, and another one was hung last week for his rascality, and I'm glad of it; for he was a Democrat and ought to have been hung long ago. I go in for hanging all the Whigs and Democrats, and then the only Blab that ever went unhung would stand a chance—a slim one, too. I reckon, for then that great military hero you mentioned sometime since—I believe you call him Ensign Jehiel Stebbings—would step in. It's no go.

W. E. A. B.

"The first Blab lived in Adam's time" brings to mind the sentence from the *Autobiography* of Mark Twain: "Back of the Virginian Clemenses is a dim procession of ancestors stretching back to Noah's time."¹⁸ "Queen Victoria and Lord Derby, they may cut up as much as they like" has a Mark Twain flavor. The reminder that Adam "never had a mother" and that "folks of that character don't stand very high nowadays" might have come from the *Burlesque Biography* written in 1881. The reference to one of the Blabs that was "hung last week for rascality" makes one think of the account of one of the Twains who went to "one of those fine old English places of resort called Newgate. . . . While there he died suddenly."¹⁹

A note underneath the *Pictur Department* in the September 23 *Journal* seems to be the boy's bow to the public after this first adventure as editor-in-chief.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

Mr. Editor:

I believe it is customary, nowadays, for a man, as soon as he gets his name up, to take a "furrin" tour, for the benefit of his health; or, if his health is good, he goes without any excuse at all. Now, I think my health was sufficiently injured by last week's efforts, to justify me in starting on my tour; and, ere your hebdomadal is published, I shall be on my way to another country—yes, Mr. Editor, I have retired from public life to the shades of Glascock's Island!—and I shall gratify such of your readers as have never been so far from home, with an account of this great island, and my voyage thither.

W. EPAMINONDAS ADRASTUS BLAB.

¹⁸ *Autobiography*, I, 82.

¹⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 254.

IV

The third group of writings which the recent recovery of *The Hannibal Journal* has brought to light grew out of the publication of the verses "To Mary in H—I." For many years these verses have been looked upon as the chief product of Mark Twain's youthful pen. Mr. Paine's account of their writing is very brief:

The embryo Mark Twain also wrote a poem. It was addressed "To Mary in Hannibal," but the title was too long to be set in one column, so he left out all the letters in Hannibal, except the first and the last, and supplied their place with a dash, with a startling result . . . Orion returned, remonstrated, apologized. He reduced Sam to the ranks.²⁰

The incident is elaborated in "My First Literary Venture" with some differences:

Next I gently touched up the newest stranger—the lion of the day, the gorgeous journeyman tailor from Quincy. He was a simpering coxcomb of the first water, and the "loudest" dressed man in the State. He was an inveterate woman-killer. Every week he wrote lushy "poetry" for the *Journal* about his newest conquest. His rhymes for my week were headed, "To Mary in H—I," meaning to Mary in Hannibal, of course. But while setting up the piece I was suddenly riven from head to heel by what I regarded as a perfect thunderbolt of humor, and I compressed it into a snappy foot-note at the bottom—thus:

We will let this thing pass, just this once; but we wish Mr. J. Gordon Runnels to understand distinctly that we have a character to sustain, and from this time forth, when he wants to commune with his friends in h—I, he must select some other medium than the columns of this Journal!

The paper came out, and I never knew any little thing to attract so much attention as those playful trifles of mine. For once the *Hannibal Journal* was in demand—a novelty it had not experienced before . . . actually booked the unparalleled number of thirty new subscribers.²¹

The real facts of the publication of the poem seem to have involved a second attempt of Sam Clemens to fill the editor's chair in the absence of the editor, and to attract the interest of the public. There seems to be no doubt that the events related in "My First Literary Venture" cover two separate adventures, one on the weekly *Journal* and the other on *The Hannibal Daily Journal*, which was

²⁰ Mark Twain, I, 90. Also noted in III, 1674.

²¹ "My First Literary Venture," p. 92.

started by Orion, in connection with the weekly, March 8, 1853. The poem itself appears on the editorial page of the daily for May 6, 1853, with the note, "Written for the 'Daily Journal,'" and is reprinted in the *Weekly Journal*, May 12, 1853. It is signed "Rambler" and is in the most approved style of Hannibal newspaper verse of the day. Its title is "Love Concealed," its sub-title "To Miss Katie of H—l," not "Mary in H—l."²²

Written for the "Daily Journal."
LOVE CONCEALED.

TO MISS KATIE OF H——L.

Oh, thou wilt never know how fond a love
This heart could have felt for thee ;
Or ever dream how love and friendship strove,
Through long, long hours for mastery ;
How passion often urged, but pride restrained,
Or how thy coldness grieved, but kindness pained.

How hours have soothed the feelings, then that were
The torture of my lonely life —
But ever yet will often fall a tear,
O'er wildest hopes and thoughts then rise ;
Where'er recalled by passing word or tone,
Fond memory mirrors all those visions flown.

For much I fear he has won thy heart,
And thou art but a friend to me ;
I feel that in thy love I have no part,
I know how much he worships thee ;
Yet still often will there rise a gleam of hope,
Wherewith but only time and pride can cope.

Hannibal, May 4th, 1853. **RAMBLER.**

²² *Mark Twain's Letters*, I, 28. A letter written from Philadelphia October 26, 1853, to his brother Orion ends, "Tell me all that is going on in H—l." Mr. Paine adds the note: "H—l . . . he had first used in the title of a poem which he had published a few years

LOVE CONCEALED.

TO MISS KATIE OF H—L

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 This heart could have felt for thee;
 Or ever dream how love and friendship strove,
 Through long, long hours for mastery;
 How passion often urged, but pride restrained,
 Or how thy coldness grieved, but kindness pained.

How hours have soothed the feelings, then that were
 The torture of my lonely life—
 But ever yet will often fall a tear,
 O'er wildest hopes and thoughts then rife;
 Where'er recalled by passing word or tone,
 Fond memory mirrors all those visions flown.

For much I fear he has won thy heart,
 And thou art but a friend to me;
 I feel that in thy love I have no part,
 I know how much he worships thee!
 Yet still often will there rise a gleam of hope,
 Wherewith but only time and pride can cope.
 Hannibal, May 4th, 1853. RAMBLER.

On the same page is the note in the Editor's column:

The editor left yesterday for St. Louis. This must be our excuse if the paper is lacking in interest.

It may be taken as the seventeen-year-old²³ editor's bid for the attention of the patrons of the paper.

In the editorial column of the next issue of the paper, May 7, is printed what purports to be the letter of a correspondent:

Mr. Editor:

In your yesterday's paper I see a piece of poetry addressed "To Katie before, during one of Orion's absences. . . . The poem had no great merit, but under the abbreviated title it could hardly fail to invite notice. It was one of several things he did to liven up circulation during the brief period of his authority."

²³ Sam Clemens's birthday was November 30.

in "H—l" (hell).—Now, I've often seen pieces to "Mary in Heaven," or "Lucy in Heaven," or something of that sort, but "Katie in Hell," is carrying the matter too far.

*Grumbler.*²⁴

The May 8 issue is lacking from the file in the Missouri State Historical Society Library, but the May 9 *Journal* contains the following in the editor's column:

FOR THE DAILY JOURNAL.

Poor Grumbler! are you so ignorant as not to be able to distinguish "of" from "in"? Read again—see if it is not "of" H—l (Hannibal), instead of "in" Hell. Now, did you suppose that there was another such idiot as yourself in the city of Hannibal, one who, like yourself, would as soon address a person in "hell" as upon earth, you are widely mistaken. Poor fellow, I much fear that some Lunatic Asylum will have to mourn the absence of a fit subject until you are placed in a straight jacket and sent there.—From the remotest depths of my heart I pity you, nor will I condescend to notice you, for it ill becomes a rational man to engage in a controversy with one who has placed upon his shoulders a head without eyes, brains, or sense. Now, Grumbler, one word of advice (and I leave you to the torture of your ignorance)—don't, for the sake of your friends, (if any you have) expose yourself any further. I am done with you, so I wish you a safe arrival at that place for which only you are a fit subject—the Lunatic Asylum.

Rambler.

The May 10 issue replies with another letter:

For the Daily Journal.

TO RAMBLER.

Must apologize. I merely glanced at your doggerel, and naturally supposing that you had friends in "H—l" (or Hannibal, as you are pleased to interpret it,) I just thought you seemed to need someone to take care of and give you advice, and considered it my duty, in a friendly way, to tell you that you are going too far. However, you turned it off into Hannibal, very well, and I give you credit for your ingenuity.

²⁴ Quoted in the May 12, 1853, *Weekly Journal*.

You "will not again condescend to notice me," you say. Cruel "Rambler!" thus to annihilate me, because I cannot appreciate your poetry!

Resp'y
Your Friend
and Admirer
Grumbler.

In *The Hannibal Daily Journal*, May 12, a new correspondent comes upon the scene:

For the Daily Journal.

Mr. Editor:

Several articles have recently appeared in the *Daily Journal*, over the signature of "Rambler" (truly appropriate).

It is really amusing to every intelligent and intellectual mind, to see how consequential some coxcombs are. The parlor is too remote a place, and not conspicuous enough to reveal the overflowing affections of the H-e-a-r-t. So the obscure (yes too obscure) columns of the public press are resorted to, by the venerable writer, as being in keeping with, and a more appropriate way of infusing the sentiments of an all loving h-e-a-r-t into the mind of one of the misses of the city of Hannibal. . . . It is desired, that the world should awake from its slumbers, and learn that there is one loving heart extant. "Vanity of Vanities!" such may be the custom from whence he hails, but I can assure Mr. "Rambler," that the above course will never win the affections and admiration of the young misses in this latitude; such a course is not congenial to their nature.

Peter Pencilcase's Son,
Hannibal, May 12, 1853. John Snooks.

In the May 13 issue Rambler answers this attack:

For the Daily Journal.

Mr. Editor:

In your paper of yesterday I find that I have attracted the notice of a —— fool. I had fondly hoped that I would not again be troubled with that class of individuals. But alas for me! I was doomed to be disappointed. Here, now, comes poor pitiful "Snooks," charging upon me. I am wholly unable to comprehend his "pitiful" article. It has been subjected to criticisms of several and none have been able to make "sense" of anything he has said. He calls me a "Cox-Comb." I will not say that he belongs to that long-eared race of animals that have more head and

ears than brains. It is the custom from whence I hailed for a man to act just as I have, without having every "puny puppy" that runs the streets, whining at his heels.—His piece is couched in exceedingly bad taste.

Rambler.

The May 13 *Journal* contains also an editorial note which may be the departing bow of the editor *pro tem.*, or it may be Orion Clemens's note that he has returned and is taking over the editor's chair:

Rambler and his enemies must stop their "stuff." It is a great bore to us, and doubtless to the public generally.

If we accept the statement of the biography that Sam Clemens wrote "To Mary in H—I" and take Mark Twain's word for it that he wrote the "snappy foot-note" to it, we must infer that the altercation was staged by the boy to revive interest in the paper. It appears from the evidence in the bound volumes of the papers that the editors of the *Messenger* were more progressive than Orion Clemens. They published a business directory of their advertisers, and were more enterprising in securing locals. It must have been disturbing to Sam that the other Whig paper, which they regarded somewhat as an interloper, should be outstripping them. Mr. Paine's emphasis upon the down-hill condition of the *Journal* indicates that the humiliation of it stayed in Mark Twain's memory.²⁵ Furthermore the boy was restive probably because he was having to expend his energies in hard routine work.²⁶ Now he had a chance again to try his hand at amusing the public. His former effort had been successful, perhaps, from his point of view, so he may have invented a second battle of words. He himself, one can imagine, was both "Rambler" and "Grumbler," as well as "John Snooks," whom he seems to have intended to be identified with himself. In a column which his brother allowed him to edit a week or so later is a squib signed "Rambler." "Peter Pencilcase's Son, John Snooks" belongs in a class with his other experiments with pen names.

The fiction of "Rambler" as a "gorgeous journeyman tailor," a "simpering coxcomb," if fiction it was, may have been invented first by Sam Clemens to cover over the fact that he was dabbling in poetry, and may have lingered in the memory of Mark Twain after

²⁵ *Mark Twain*, I, 89.

²⁶ *Mark Twain*, I, 85.

a lapse of seventeen years. In the John Snooks letter the phrase "Venerable writer" may have been inserted to avert suspicion that he was writing poetry. "Puny Puppy" in "Rambler's" answer to the letter seems to hark back to his battle with "Local" and to be the boy's way of assuming to himself a part in the fiction. There is the alternative, of course, of taking "Rambler" as a real correspondent of the *Journal* and a real journeyman tailor from Quincy, and the rest as the young editor's joke at his expense. But if Mark Twain's statement in "My First Literary Venture" that he was the critic of the poem—"Grumbler"—and Mr. Paine's statement that he wrote it—that he was "Rambler"—can both be accepted without literary discount, it would almost justify the conclusion that Mark Twain had an adolescent verse-writing period in the spring, a year or more after he was awakened by the page out of the "Life of Joan of Arc." If so, he did not think enough of it to have it recorded in his biography further than to acknowledge satirically three attempts. Two other poems and some feature stories signed "Rambler" are of interest from this point of view.²⁷ It is impossible to identify the "obituary poems" referred to on page 4.

If May 6-13 was Sam Clemens's second week as editor of the *Daily Journal*—it is in the May 13 issue that the last reply of "Rambler" appears, along with the note calling off the controversy—it seems safe to assign to the youngster another contribution on his last editorial page. In the first column is this note:

All our red headed friends should read the article over the signature "A Son of Adam." We like the racy humor of his style of writing, and invite him to continue his correspondence for this paper.

For the Journal.

In the next column is printed the following:

"Oh, She has a Red Head"

Turn up your nose at red heads!²⁸ What ignorance! I pity your lack of taste.

²⁷ This material is to be reprinted in the April issue of the *Missouri Historical Review*, 1930.

²⁸ Mark Twain, I, 77, The color of Mark Twain's hair in early life has been variously referred to as red, black, and brown. It was, in fact, as stated by McMurtry, "Sandy," deepening to that rich mahogany tone known as auburn.

Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, *Crowding Memories* (p. 151): "Mr. Clemens was at this time thirty-one or two years old . . . head covered with thick, shaggy, red-colored hair."

What gives to the bright flowers of the field—those tinted by nature's own hand—the power to charm the eye and purify the mind of man, and his thoughts to heaven, but the softening touches of the all-admired red!

Unless the delicate blushes of the rose mingled upon the cheek of youth—though the features be perfect in form and proportion, and the eye beam with celestial sweetness, no one will pronounce their possessor beautiful.

And the flag under which the proud sons of American sires find protection in every nation under heaven, is rendered more conspicuous and beautiful by red which mingles in its sacred "stars and stripes."

The Falls of Niagara are never seen to advantage, unless embellished with the rainbow's hues.

The midnight storm may howl, and the thunder loud may roar; but how are its grandeur and beauty heightened but by the lightning's vivid flash?

Most animals are fond of red—and *all children*, before their tastes are corrupted, and their judgments perverted, are fond of red.

The Romans anciently regarded red hair as necessary to a beautiful lady!

Thomas Jefferson's hair was red—and Jesus Christ, our Savior—"The chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," is said to have had auburn hair—and, although it is not stated in so many words, I have but little doubt that Adam's hair was red—for he was made of "red earth" (as his name indicates); and as the name Adam was given to him *after* he was made, it is pretty clear he must have had red hair! And the great probability is that Eve's hair was red also, she being made of a 'rib' from Adam, who was made of a lump of "red earth."

Now Adam and Eve before they sinned, are generally supposed to have been the most lovely and beautiful of creation, and they, in all probability were both "red headed."

But you, O ye deteriorated black-headed descendants of an illustrious stock! have no more taste than to glory in the evidence of your departure from original beauty! I'm ashamed of you; I don't know but you'll repudiate your ancestry, and deny you are descended from Adam next.

A Son of Adam.²⁹

V

Mr. Paine says that Orion afterwards accused himself because he did not see that if he had allowed Sam a freer hand on the *Jour-*

²⁹ Cf. the "Blabbing Government Secrets" sketch, *supra*.

nal, the youth might have made the paper successful.³⁰ It appears that after his return from St. Louis he did encourage the boy to continue editorial work. The note recommending the writer of the apology for red heads may have been written by Orion Clemens in pursuance of this policy. Whether the "unparalleled number of thirty new subscribers" motivated the innovation, or whether he became convinced that he was on the eve of losing the boy if he did not give him more recognition, he introduced a new feature into the *Daily Journal* for May, 1853—"Our Assistant's Column." In it, seemingly, Sam Clemens makes his début as columnist. Into it the young editor puts squibs about rival editors, a defense of his favorite river boat, comments on local happenings, especially when they offer him the chance for a pun, and "selected material," containing, usually, some matters of useful information. The "Assistant" appears in only three issues of the paper. It seems that the lad had become so restless that he had to get away. The three columns form the fourth section of what seem to be genuine Mark Twain juvenilia.

The means of identifying the columns as Sam Clemens's work lies in "The Parody on the Burial of Sir John Moore," which appears at the end of the first column, and which, in "My First Literary Venture," Mark Twain says that he wrote. After the episode of the woodcuts, the author says:

Being satisfied with this effort, I looked around for other worlds to conquer, and it struck me that it would make good, interesting matter to charge the editor of a neighboring country paper with a piece of gratuitous rascality and "see him squirm."

I did it, putting the article into the form of a parody on the "Burial of Sir John More"—and a pretty crude parody it was too.

From the files of *The Hannibal Journal* it appears that the parody was not invented merely to satisfy the young editor's ambition to furnish his patrons with interesting reading; but that it was the outcome of a quarrel of several months' duration. The town of Bloomington in Macon County, Missouri, in 1850 the county seat, was a place of sufficient importance to aspire to secure the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad through its boundaries. Much political maneuvering seems to have preceded the location of those early lines, and

³⁰ Mark Twain, I, 90.

Bloomington had lost the fight. The newspapers of all the towns interested were active in the controversy. Bloomington had two newspapers, the *Journal* and the *Republican*. The editor of *The Bloomington Republican*, one Abner Gilstrap, who was something of a fire-eater, had charged certain Hannibal business men, responsible, as he thought for the success of Hannibal and the slight of Bloomington, with having bribed the railway authorities, by holding out to them a vision of immense profits to be realized from the sale of new town lots. Abner Gilstrap was a candidate for the Legislature, and his political opponents made the most of his quarrels. *The Bloomington Journal* reprinted with satisfaction attacks of other newspapers upon its rival. *The Hannibal Journal* was not more deeply implicated, apparently, than the other Hannibal papers, both Whig and Democrat; but the wit of the young editor had got his squibs quoted in other newspapers of northern Missouri, and Abner Gilstrap had thrust back in his May 11 issue with some sort of Dialogue between *The Bloomington Republican* and *The Hannibal Journal*, apparently in verse. The May 20 *Journal* contains three notices of the Dialogue. *The Bloomington Journal* is quoted:

The editor of the Republican has had a fit of "Ass-tericks" since he wrote that dialogue between the Hannibal Journal and himself, which lasted some time.

In a longer article the "circus-man who presides over the *Republican*" is quoted as objecting to the liberty that his rival papers have taken with his name:

The uncourteous, undignified course which the editor of the Chronicle and Hannibal Journal have pursued, of using the individual name of editors is adopted by the Bloomington Journal. "Our Friend Abner," "Poor innocent Abner." This is not tolerated by the *Rules Editorial*.

But he will defend himself "even to the kicking over of skunks." What *The Hannibal Journal* first attacked, he says, was "selected matter," inserted in the paper by the foreman. The editor knew nothing about it till the paper came out. The last of the three notices quotes the "devil" of the *Republican* as assuming responsibility for errors in the Dialogue:

Many errors occur in the reading matter, and particularly in the Dialogue between the Hannibal Journal and Bloomington Republican. Our devil says he done that on purpose, and pleads justification as follows:

And now at this day comes the Devil in propria persona; and, for plea, says, that he has been tampering with the mental and moral condition of the editor of the Hannibal Journal, and having a perfect right to do so, drawn from long and established usage, he avers, and so charges, that the Editor of the Bloomington Republican, had no right to interfere, nor in any way to expose his operations, wherefore he prays judgement, &c.

Devil.

The Hannibal *Journal* appends a comment:

We don't know which is the more incomprehensible, the absurd paragraphs indicted [*sic*] by Mr. Gilstrap, himself, or the mysterious ones of *The Devil*, his master, who, it seems, has at last come to the assistance of his faithful servant, the Editor of the Republican.

There is no way of proving that the altercation up to this point was conducted by Sam Clemens. Orion may have begun the quarrel, but three days later, in his column in the *Journal*, the young editor printed the parody. He was leaving Hannibal; so he would bury Abner Gilstrap. The "Iron Horse," of course, refers to the fact that the railway had been the neighboring editor's undoing. The note prefacing the lines is quoted with them:

We have pondered long and well over the Bloomington's Republican's mysterious rhymes in that paper of the 11th, but can't discover what the editor was driving at, or what he intended to mean, and don't suppose he knows himself. We could guess better at the meaning of Egyptian hieroglyphics than his verses.—However, will reply with a random shot of some sort:

The Burial of Sir Abner Gilstrap, Editor of the Bloomington
"Republican."

Parody on "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
—Burial of Sir John More.

Not a sound was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his carcass through town we hurried;
 Not e'en an obituary we wrote,
 In respect for the rascal we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night—
 The dirt with our pitchforks turning;
 By the moonbeams' grim and ghastly light,
 And our candles dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shirt we bound him;
 But he lay like an Editor taking his rest,
 With a Hannibal Journal round him.

Few and *very* short were the *prayers* we said,
 And we felt not a pang of sorrow;
 But we mused, as we gazed on the wretch now defunct—
Oh! where will he be tomorrow?

The "Iron Horse" will snort o'er his head,
 And the notes of its whistle upbraid him;
 But nothing he'll care if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where his nonsense hath laid him.

Slowly, but gladly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 To mark where we buried a tory.³¹

Less than a week after the last "Assistant's Column" appeared in the May 26 issue of the *Journal*, Sam Clemens left for St. Louis with the purpose of making money enough to buy a ticket for New York. At the top of the editor's column in the May 27 issue is the notice, "*Wanted! An Apprentice to the Printing Business. Apply soon.*"

Orion Clemens seems to have missed his assistant sorely. He failed to get out the *Daily* through most of June, and in August he

³¹ *The Hannibal Daily Journal*, May 23, 1853 (also in the May 26 *Weekly Journal*).

announced that a minister in the town would act as editor. Toward the last of September, 1853, he sold the *Journal* to William T. League.

A letter published in the September 10 issue belongs with these *Journal* relics of Sam Clemens.

New York, Aug. 31, 1853.

My dear Mother:

New York is at present overstocked with printers; and I suppose they are from the South, driven North by yellow fever. I got a permanent situation on Monday morning, in a book and job office, and went to work. The printers here are badly organized, and therefore have to work for various prices. These prices are 23, 25, 28, 30, 32, and 35 cents per 1,000 ems. The price I get is 23 cents; but I did very well to get a place at all, for there are thirty or forty—yes, fifty good printers in the city with no work at all; besides, my situation is permanent, and I shall keep it till I can get a better one. The office I work in is John A. Gray's, 97 Cliff street, and next to Harper's, is the most extensive in the city. In the room in which I work I have forty compositors for company. Taking compositors, press men, stereotypers, and all, there are about two hundred persons employed in the concern. The "Knickerbocker," "New York Recorder," "Choral Advocate," "Jewish Chronicle," "Littell's Living Age," "Irish ———," and half a dozen other papers and periodicals are printed here, besides an immense number of books. They are very particular about spacing, justification, proofs, etc., and even if I do not make much money, I will learn a great deal. I thought Ustick was particular enough, but acknowledge now that he was not old-maidish. Why, you must put exactly the same space between every two words, and *every line must be spaced alike*. They think it dreadful to space one line with three em spaces, and the next one with five ems. However, I expected this, and worked accordingly from the beginning; and out of all the proofs I saw, without boasting, I can say mine was by far the cleanest. In St. Louis, Mr. Baird said my proofs were the cleanest that were ever set in his office. The foreman of the *Anzeiger* told me the same—foreman of the *Watchman* the same; and with all this evidence, I believe I *do* set a clean proof.

My boarding house is more than a mile from the office; and I can hear the signal calling the hands to work before I start down; they use a steam whistle for that purpose. I work in the fifth story; and from one window I have a pretty good view of the city, while another commands a view of the shipping beyond the Battery; and the "forest of masts," with all sorts of flags flying, is no mean sight. You have everything in the shape of water craft, from a fishing smack to the steamships and men-of-

war; but packed so closely together for miles, that when close to them you can scarcely distinguish one from another.

Of all the commodities, manufactures—or whatever you please to call it—in New York, trundlebed trash—children I mean—take the lead. Why, from Cliff street, up Frankfort to Nassau street, six or seven squares,—my road to dinner—I think I could count two hundred brats. Niggers, mulattoes, quadroons, Chinese, and some the Lord no doubt originally intended to be white, but the dirt on whose faces leaves one uncertain as to that fact, block up the little, narrow street; and to wade through this mass of human vermin, would raise the ire of the most patient person that ever lived. In going to and from my meals, I go by the way of Broadway—and to *cross* Broadway is the rub—but once across, it is *the* rub for two or three squares. My plan—and how could I choose another, when there is no other—is to get into the crowd; and when I get in, I am borne, and rubbed, and crowded along, and need scarcely trouble myself about using my own legs; and when I get out, it seems like I had been pulled to pieces and very badly put together again.

Last night I was in what is known as one of *the* finest fruit saloons in the world. The whole length of the huge, glittering hall is filled with beautiful ornamented marble slab tables, covered with the finest fruit I ever saw in my life. I suppose the fruit could not be mentioned with which they could not supply you. It is a perfect palace. The gas lamps hang in clusters of half a dozen together—representing grapes, I suppose,—all over the hall.

P.S. The printers have two libraries in town, entirely free to the craft; and in these I can spend my evenings most pleasantly. If books are not good company, where will I find it?

The letter is unsigned, but any student of Mark Twain will recognize it as once belonging with the two earliest letters published by Mr. Paine.⁸²

⁸² *Mark Twain's Letters*, I, 21, 23.

The earliest letter of Mark Twain's published in the two-volume collection is the fragment to his sister Pamela "written during the summer of 1853." It describes the Crystal Palace in New York. "The next existing letter," the editor says—also to his sister Pamela—"was written in October." That published in *The Hannibal Journal* evidently belongs between the two letters to his sister. The first of these closes with the words:

"You ask me where I spend my evenings. Where would you suppose, with a free printer's library containing more than 4,000 volumes within a quarter of a mile of me, and nobody at home to talk to?"

These data are similar to those in the Postscript of the *Journal* letter. Mr. Paine says that in New York "he was working in the printing office of John A. Gray and Green on Cliff street," both of which facts are noted in the letter to his mother. The young printer refers,

VI

These early writings will not suggest the need of any new rating of Mark Twain. It is doubtful whether anything critical or original could be discovered that would much affect the judgment that Mr. Paine's biography and the twenty-five volumes of his writings in the Harper edition have put the world in the way of making.

When taken in their context in the *Journal*, these records do give the impression that Sam Clemens's town was somewhat more of a place in 1850-53 than it has heretofore been credited with being. It had a first and a second Presbyterian church, besides churches of half a dozen other denominations. It manufactured carriages, omnibuses, and flour, and built river boats. It had building restrictions: within a certain area buildings must be of brick. It was as much interested in the building of plank roads to surrounding towns as it now is in the building of hard roads. It has been seen that it had five newspapers. Orion Clemens was one of the stockholders in the Hannibal Library Institute. There was the Marion Female Seminary in the basement of the Christian church, and the Reverend Daniel Emerson started an English and Classical School in the basement of the Presbyterian church. Besides, there was Miss McDonald's School, the Hannibal Female Academy; and Miss Horr, who had been selected as Sam's first teacher, was honored with an editorial note of approval still. The "cotillion parties in the city hall" were conducted with considerable formality. The place, of greater importance than its 3,000 population would indicate, was pleased to speak of itself as the "second city in the state."

If one accepts Mr. Paine's suggestion that it was a scrap from a *Life of Joan of Arc* that started Sam Clemens on a serious career, it is logical to assume that it was that adolescent experience, a year or two before his first ventures as editor, that aroused his ambition to write, that may, in fact, have started him to writing verse. As "editorial wild oats," the pieces that can be proved to have been written by Sam Clemens show that he was alert enough to see his brother failing with the *Journal*, and to make an energetic effort to give it

furthermore, to his experience on a St. Louis paper. In the first letter to his sister he says that four times a day he walks "a little over a mile," and in the *Journal* letter he tells his mother that his boarding house is "more than a mile from the office."

the interest which he believed that it lacked. Whether it was Orion's disapproval of his genius for drawing down upon the *Journal* adverse comment from rival editors, or the impossibility for the temperamental chap to see, in the editorial level of northern Missouri in 1853, a career that could satisfy him, does not become clear. So far as he was conscious of his aim it was, probably, that the mere urge to see the world started him off. He had had experience, however meager, as columnist, cartoonist, feature-story writer, editor, and poet. His character appears to have been of a piece with that of Mark Twain. His vanity was "large," if not, as he characterized that of Mrs. Orion Clemens, "inconvenient." He was "progressive and aspiring," he was a careful workman, he was tender-hearted toward the weak, and he was vigorous enough to find the world in which he lived both interesting and amusing.

NEW ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT IN FICTION

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I

S. A. DRAKE, writing of Salem Witchcraft in 1884, declared that until the appearance of Longfellow's *New England Tragedies*¹ "there had been no serious attempt to make use of this sinister chapter for any other purpose than that of impartial history."² This is a statement which research will scarcely justify. In fact, fictional accounts of the witchcraft delusion are much more numerous than the relative insignificance of the outbreak in New England would lead one to expect. These I propose to examine with a view to showing something of their character and perhaps of their extent. Contemporary accounts of witchcraft were written as defenses of advocates or as counterblasts.³ Fictional accounts, on the other hand, were the result of historical ambitions or *cacoethes scribendi*, and did not appear until the awakening of American literary aspirations following the War of 1812. With the advent of the Era of Good Feeling there came a critical insistence in America for literary productions, rivaling political outpourings, which would express native sentiment and celebrate American life.⁴ But not until Cooper's success in *The Spy*, in adapting the formula of the historical romance to American subject matter, was there received the sort of impetus needed. Young writers soon panted for such distinction as was coming to this able romancer. But where should they turn, what materials should they employ? While they were stirred with such queries, they found direction and encouragement from W. H. Gardiner, who in 1821 pointed out three periods of American history ready for the novelist's

¹ Boston, 1868.

² *New England Legends* (Boston, 1884), p. 194.

³ For these, turn to Burr's *Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases, 1648-1708* (New York, 1914).

⁴ Representative patriotic outbursts may be found in: Solyman Brown's *American Poetry* (New Haven, 1817). Introduction and notes; J. K. Paulding, "National Literature," in *Salmagundi Second Series*, August 19, 1820; William E. Channing, "Remarks on National Literature," apropos of an Oration delivered before the American Philosophical Society, Oct. 18, 1823, by C. J. Ingersoll. Printed in *Works* (Boston, 1880).

purpose.⁵ Fertilest of these were the colonial days of New England, and so optimistic was he as to the romantic possibilities of this period that in the decade following his utterance many phases of Puritan life were poured into fiction. Witchcraft, as one of the colorful though minor incidents of that life, was soon appropriated.⁶ Five volumes in the twenties were devoted to the theme, two of them full-length.

II

The turning to the witch theme for works of imagination began with Jonathan Scott's *The Sorceress* in 1817, a poem of superstition after the manner of *The Lady of the Lake*.⁷ The earliest prose tale I have encountered is *Salem, an Eastern Tale*,⁸ contributed in three instalments to *The New York Literary Journal and Belles-Lettres Repository* in the fall of 1820.⁹ It is a story of the strange wooing of Faithful Handy, and of jealous rage venting its spleen in charges of witchcraft against Patience Peabody. Release from the law came after external pressure brought about a recantation. Several of the surnames in this tale will look familiar to the student of Salem history, but only Abigail Williams, who as one of the accusers bore testimony in many trials, can be pronounced authentic in character. Other names were loosely handled. Deliverance Hobbes, committed for witchcraft in 1692, appeared in the narrative as an abettor of charges. To induce belief in the background of superstition, the author assigned conversations on witchcraft to Increase and Cotton Mather¹⁰ and represented them in joint attendance at the examination of the accused. The Mathers, because of their tomes on strange providences,

⁵ *The North American Review*, XV, 250.

⁶ Optimism about witchcraft as a theme for imaginative works was voiced by Whittier in the Preface to his *Legends of New England* (Hartford, 1831) and in his Introduction to the *Remains* of J. H. C. Brainard (Boston, 1832). This sentiment was not universal. Witness the protest in *The Atlantic Magazine* (May 1824) I, 21: "The belief in witchcraft . . . was but local and temporary, and with its best appliances, would furnish but a poor substitute for the widely-spread submission of the soul of man to the empire of judicial astrology." For lingering optimism, see the introduction to *Delusion* (Boston, 1840).

⁷ The use of the compact with infernal powers, which constituted so basic an idea in New England witchcraft, was popularized through other traditions. See Byron's *Deformed Transformed* or its American imitation in Sands' *Bridal of Vaumond* (1817).

⁸ This tale was offered under the sort of fictional device popularized by Irving. The only initials affixed are R. N. T., which may point to either the author or the editor.

⁹ III, 329 ff. Instalments ran from September to November, 1820.

¹⁰ Specific reference was made in appended notes to *The Wonders of the Invisible World*.

were undoubtedly figures of importance in the witching times; and they frequently appeared in witchcraft novel, often in contradiction, as in *Salem*, to the known facts of their biographies.

The second fictional treatment was by James McHenry, an Irishman who came to Baltimore in 1818 only to launch two years later upon a novelistic career. His second purely American production was *The Spectre of the Forest*,¹¹ titled after Goffe the regicide, a Scott-like novel copiously supplied with the American ingredients then so zealously sought for. The action took place in the region of the Housatonic River, Connecticut, and the time was somewhere between 1723 and 1725. In the second volume the author introduced the trial of a reputed witch, the mother of Amos Settle, who through malice and superstition was committed and brought to trial. Condemnation having been pronounced, the stage was set for the execution. An attempted rescue by Goffe was thwarted; but there was last minute aid through the young hero, who had just returned from England as the King's special emissary, and was instrumental as his agent in the suppression of the persecution. The author found, he acknowledged, no evidence of the hanging of witches in Connecticut,¹² but fabricated his tale from a hint given in Trumbull¹³ and from his own belief that records may have wilfully been destroyed.

The *Witch of New England*,¹⁴ which appeared the next year, was based on a similar set of facts. This novel was doubtless the product of a double interest, the unusual vogue of the Waverleys and the reissue, in 1823, of Calef's *More Wonders*. The novel itself I have

¹¹ In two volumes. New York: Bliss and White, 1823.

¹² For the study of Connecticut cases see Charles H. Levermore, "Witchcraft in Connecticut," in *The New England Magazine*, new series, VI (1892), 636-644. The first case in Connecticut unidentified by early writers was that of Achsah Young, "one of Windsor," executed in 1647. See H. R. Stiles, *The History and Genealogies of Ancient Windsor* (Hartford, 1891), I, 147 (quoted by Wertenbaker).

¹³ *History of Connecticut* (2 vols. Hartford, 1797). Trumbull wrote in his Preface: "It may possibly be thought a great neglect, or matter of partiality, that no account is given of witchcraft in Connecticut. The only reason is, that after the most careful researches, no indictment of any person for that crime, nor any process relative to that affair can be found. The minute in Goffe's Journals, published by Governor Hutchinson, relative to the execution of Anne Coles, and an obscure tradition that one or two persons were executed at Stratford, is all the information to be found relative to that unhappy affair."

¹⁴ Philadelphia: Carey and Lea, 1824. 12 mo.

not seen, but *The Christian Spectator* pronounced the author humorously ignorant of the scenery and manners he sought to describe.¹⁵ Jared Sparks, who scored its violations of good sense, was equally severe in advancing charges of plagiarism:

The principal character in the story is an old woman who pretends to witchcraft, commits certain horrid crimes and is executed accordingly. The other characters are few and the time occupied is short. . . . The author has not meddled much with history, except in his introduction, and the interweaving with his narrative a number of facts which he has collected and used without ceremony, borrowing occasionally the very language of the works from which his selections are made.¹⁶

If the author of *The Witch of New England* had difficulty in supplying authentic New England characters, no such embarrassment was felt by Lydia Maria Child in her *The Rebels; or Boston Before the Revolution*,¹⁷ which not only abounds in political figures—Otis, Warren, Adams, Hutchinson, Byles—but is liberally supplied with romantic ingredients: an incognito heiress, a halted bridal, buried treasure. Not the least of these is the conception of Molly Bradstreet, witch, a Meg Merrilies creature with powers of clairvoyance. Molly, who learned her lore from a Scotch woman, was versed in the art of getting money left in the grip of Satan, but her real power was only that wielded by a strong mind over the vulgar and the superstitious. She is so conventionally drawn, however, as to impart little added interest to the novel.

John Neal's *Rachel Dyer* (1828) makes a definite attempt to describe the Salem excitement in 1692, and opens with fifty pages of history and apologetics. And though Neal did not freight his novel with passages from old records, yet he relied firmly on fact as in the description of the trials and in the biographical sketch of his central character, George Burroughs, Harvard graduate of the class of 1670.¹⁸ Burroughs, the most important of all the Salem victims, became in Neal's hands, as he was in life, a kind yet intrepid spirit who boldly opposed himself to deluded authorities.

The chief inspiration of the novel seems to have been Neal's two-fold objection to the court procedure of the time. First, it allowed the accused no trained defense. Thus the fate of old ladies like Sarah

¹⁵ *Monthly Christian Spectator*, VII, 79.

¹⁶ *North American Review*, XXV, 84.

¹⁷ Boston: Cummings, Hilliard and Company, 1825.

¹⁸ Sibley, *Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Harvard University*, II, 323-334.

Good, enfeebled, scarcely aware of the crime imputed, was almost immediately sealed. Second, it admitted spectral testimony as valid in determining guilt.¹⁹ Neal was particularly impressed with the mockery of the trials, declaring of the Court: "None but a witch could escape your toils." Of this spirit of protest George Burroughs became the author's mouthpiece: he harangued the judges for hours on end, he met the accusers face to face and ridiculed their beliefs, and in strained rhetoric condemned the perjurious testimony permitted at the trials. The terror he struck in court and his reproof of superstitious belief eventually proved his own undoing, for such was the popular frenzy that marked disbelief in witchcraft was cause for prosecution.

Rachel Dyer is important in the tradition not only because of its moderation and restraint but as the sole unrelieved tragedy among the tales examined. From the standpoint of the twenties it is also significant as calling attention to what was distinctive in the early history of New England. In his "Unpublished Preface"²⁰ Neal avowed among other motives that of showing to native novelists "that there are abundant and hidden sources of fertility in their own beautiful earth, waiting only to be broken up. . . ." In its treatment of witchcraft *Rachel Dyer* is thus a protest against the neglect of native materials.

III

Neal's optimism about American materials was seconded by Whittier, though the latter turned chiefly to the poetical possibilities of the witchcraft theme.²¹ His sole prose treatment is a brief legend called "The Haunted House."²² The tale, which belongs to the *poltergeist* tradition, was founded on the incidents of a diabolical possession at the house of William Morse of Newbury, which led his wife

¹⁹ Such *prima facie* evidence had been inveighed against by Samuel Willard, but his words were tardily received. See his spirited dialogue, published anonymously: *Some Miscellaneous Observations on Our Present Debates Respecting Witchcrafts in a Dialogue Between S. and B. by P. E. and J. A.* (Philadelphia, 1692). Ascribed authorship and place of publication were fictitious. See also the *Congregational Quarterly*, XI, 400 ff. On spectral testimony, turn to Increase Mather's *Cases of Conscience Concerning Evil Spirits Personating Men* (Boston, 1693).

²⁰ Written for the projected *Blackwood's* series in 1825 but unprinted until *Rachel Dyer* in 1828 when it appeared with the new preface.

²¹ Whittier's poems on this theme are: "The Weird Gathering," "Moll Pitcher," "Mabel Martin," "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall," "The Witch of Wenham," and "Calef in Boston."

²² This and the tale which follows, "The Pow-waw," formed a part of his *Legends of New England* (Hartford, 1831).

and Caleb Powell to be accused of witchcraft.²³ Briefly, it is the story of an alleged witch who, because her son was rejected by the fair Mary McOrne (recoiling from the infernal reputation of her prospective mother-in-law), haunted her dwelling by a succession of strange sounds, preternatural visitations, and unseemly visions. As a story of witchcraft, it is particularly interesting as demonstrating how fully a belief in witchcraft was dependent upon neighborhood gossip, and how, in a credulous age, witchcraft provided a ready interpretation for every strange and unintelligible occurrence. Alice Knight may almost stand representative of the race of witches: an ancient beldame, sharp-tongued, pretending to extraordinary powers, "her hand was against every man and every man's hand was against her."

Another of Whittier's tales, "The Pow-waw," might be mentioned in this connection. It is a story of incantations by a band of Indians and the activities of a New York clergyman who exorcised the pow-waw by a polyglot Bible. As far as the Puritans of New England were concerned, the Indian wizards were cousins germane to the witches, for both indulged in fiendish practices. Devil-worshipping Indians were thus readily suspected of witchcraft, as in C. M. Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie* (1827),²⁴ in which an old Indian hag was sentenced to death for hellish incantations over a dominie suffering from a rattlesnake bite. And though the dominie speedily recovered, the wretch was saved, not by gratitude or a relaxation of discipline, but by midnight aid of the courageous heroine.

Occasionally in the thirties other old crones and sibyls were introduced without being charged with heinous sins. These are numerous,²⁵ but let *Blackbeard*²⁶ stand representative of the lot. One of

²³ Increase Mather, *An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences* (1684), Chap. V, printed in *Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases*, pp. 23-31; W. E. Woodward, *Records of Salem Witchcraft* (Boston, 1864), II, 251-261; S. G. Drake, *Annals of Witchcraft* (Boston, 1869), pp. 141-150. For another case of diabolical tricks, see Richard Chamberlain, *Lithobolia*, in *Narratives of Witchcraft Cases*, pp. 58-77.

²⁴ For another fictional treatment of an old Indian woman reputed to be a witch, see "Boyuca" by Robt. C. Sands, contributed to *Tales of the Glauber Spa* (N. Y., 1832).

²⁵ See, to name only a couple, [J. C. Hart's] *Miriam Coffin, or the Whale Fisherman, a Tale of Nantucket* (New York: Carvills, 1834); also, *The Swiss Heiress, or the Bride of Destiny, An American Novel* (N. Y., 1836). In *Miriam Coffin* one of the important characters is an old Indian sorceress of the order of Whittier's Moll Pitcher.

²⁶ In two volumes. New York: Harpers, 1835. Though the novel was published anonymously, the enthusiasm evinced for Philadelphia marks the author a native of that city. It may be safely ascribed to Lemuel Sawyer, reputed author of *Printz Hall* (1838) on the strength of a title-page reference of the later novel.

the minor characters was an old granny, who because she was sufficiently ugly was believed a witch, and because pirates, unknown to the populace, used her log-house for midnight celebrations, was thought to hold nocturnal resort for "witches out of Salem and other parts."

Two slender one-volume tales take up the theme in the late thirties. The first of these, *The Witches; a Tale of New England*,²⁷ describes the witchcraft excitement in Fairfield, Connecticut, thus recalling to mind that the craze of 1692 spread far beyond Salem. It is the story of two women committed by the authorities: Goodwife Clason, "a poor, decrepit woman bending under accumulated troubles," and the beautiful Mercy Disborough beloved by a dounce David and less truly by Deacon Goodspeed, whose unctuous addresses she rejected. During the excitement the hypocritical Deacon was most active in setting on foot the persecution, and it was his jealous rage, as Mercy charged, that brought her to the scaffold.²⁸

In *The Witches*²⁹ I find the sole fictional treatment of the water ordeal,³⁰ a test employed on the theory that the pure element of water would reject a satanist. Both victims were ducked as witches: the old lady was drowned, thus mutely vindicating her innocence.³¹ Mercy floated, and thus convicted was on her way to the scaffold when there was heard the warwhoop of savages. In the onset, under the leadership of the Mohegan Onico, Mercy was rescued, and the

²⁷ Bath, 1837. Noted in the list of new Publications in *The North American Review*.

²⁸ Portions of this tale rest definitely on history. Mercy Disborough and Goody Clausson were reputed witches tried in Fairfield in 1692, but the former, so far from being an unattached young lady, was the dutiful wife of one Thomas Disborough of Cambridge.

²⁹ It is true that both women were subjected to the water-test, in sixteenth-century fashion, as Judd explains: "Mercy Disborough and Elizabeth Clausson were bound, hand and foot, and put into the water. Witnesses testified that they 'swam like cork,' yet Elizabeth was acquitted and Mercy was not condemned." (*History of Hadley*, new edition [Springfield, 1905], p. 234.)

³⁰ I find this ordeal used but five times in America. See Increase Mather, *Remarkable Providences*, Chapter V, wherein he condemns the water test severely, but records that a man and a woman, probably Mr. and Mrs. Ayres, submitted to it in 1662. This action was illegal, and the couple soon fled from such excited neighbors. The second was the Fairfield case. The experiment was tried a third time at Hartford, Connecticut, in August, 1697. Mistress Benom, who was so tried, was subsequently acquitted at her trial. The fourth was Grace Sherwood, the *one* Virginia Witch, who was ducked at John Harper's plantation at Lynhaven Bay, Virginia. She began to swim despite her bonds, and was returned to jail and "held for future trial but seems to have eventually come off free" (J. E. Cooke, *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1884; Burr, *op. cit.*, pp. 438-442). Fifth, there was a reported New Jersey case noted by Kittredge, *Witchcraft Old and New* (Cambridge, 1929), Chapter XV, note 69.

³¹ For a brief history of the water test see H. C. Lea, *Superstition and Force* (4th Ed., Phila., 1892), p. 325 ff.

villainous Deacon tomahawked. The delusion slowly wore away and in time most of the so-called supernatural phenomena were explained, including the mystery of a haunted house, where the regicides, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, had been in hiding.³²

Delusion; or the Witch of New England,³³ which followed two years later, had no factual basis and was descriptive of scenes and characters wholly fictitious. The author did attempt, from a reading of Upham,³⁴ to impart the furor of the mental epidemic in 1692, though the tragic interest of that year was "considerably softened in the narrative." The story itself followed closely the general outlines of its predecessor. In both tales there is a pair of accused persons, the one young and fair, the other old and withered. In both there are heroines about to be sacrificed to the ignorance of the time yet steadfast in faith. Both have youthful lovers preferred to officious deacons. But there is a difference of stress. *Delusion* is, in fact, the *ordeal* of Ellen Grafton, as the author avows:

The object of the author has not been to write a tale of witchcraft, but to show how circumstances may unfold the inward strength of a timid woman, so that she may at last be willing to die rather than yield to the delusion that would have preserved her life.

Thus he subjected her to perjured charges, sent her before a host of accusers and finally before the jury where sat her quondam lover, who with the rest voted her guilty. Even so, reduced as she was, to the dreadful alternative of life or gallows, she went unflinchingly to prison with steadfast faith in heaven triumphing over the fear of death.

Two years later a third of the series in which a youthful heroine occupies the center of the stage appeared.³⁵ This was *The Salem Belle, a Tale of Love and Witchcraft in 1692* (1842),³⁶ a story beautifully told of Mary Lyford, granddaughter of General Goffe, who

³² Goffe and Whalley (joined in 1655 by Col. John Dixwell) lived for a while at Hadley, Connecticut, where they effectively eluded the King's officers. See Stiles' *History of the Three Judges* (Hartford, 1794).

³³ *Delusion, or the Witch of New England* (Boston, 1840). Entered 1839. 12 mo. pp. 160.

³⁴ See the Introduction, page xvi. The author may have consulted James Thacker's *Essay on Demonology* (Boston, 1831).

³⁵ In the Preface to *Delusion* it is stated: "If it is objected that the young and lovely are seldom accused of any witchcraft except that of bewitching hearts, we answer that of those that were actually accused, many were young; and those who maintained a firm integrity against the overwhelming power of the delusion of the period must have possessed an intellectual beauty which it would be vain to endeavor to portray."

³⁶ Boston, 1842. 12 mo. In neither the first nor second edition was there any hint of the authorship.

was condemned for witchcraft at Salem.³⁷ She escaped by ship through the aid of her lover, who confronted the superstitious jailor with an apparition of the Devil properly befriended with smoking mouth and cloven foot. Brief as it is, this story does contribute a fairly accurate picture of the public malady at Salem and the terrible engine of power, which the general belief in supernatural agencies put into the hands of "designing men to punish private wrongs." This last is illustrated in the plot of Trellison, the rejected suitor, who, "mistaking the bitter passion of revenge for zeal in the service," brought down with his own hand the threatened ruin upon the innocent victim. *The Salem Belle* was sufficiently popular to call for reissue in 1847.

Of similar pattern but more seriously historical in its major characters was *The Fair Puritan*³⁸ of W. H. Herbert. Though the novel under this title was not published until 1875,³⁹ the first eleven chapters, a mere fragment, were issued in paper-back form in 1845 under the title of *Ruth Whalley: or the Fair Puritan*, and thus may be considered at this point. Witchcraft, in *The Fair Puritan*, is a very minor theme, simply a trumped up charge against Ruth Whalley by the governor Edmund Andros, who held her prisoner in his own home as a hostage for the appearance of her rebellious father, Merciful. Effectively frustrated in shaping her will to his purpose, he attempted to bring fear of death as a witch upon her head. He was unsuccessful in consequence of her firm determination and the downfall of his government. The historical portions of the novel describe the activities of Merciful Whalley and his associates, revolutionary spirits who presented the first organized resistance to the authority of the crown

³⁷ There is no reason to believe that either the ascribed relationships or the action are historical.

³⁸ This was ready for the press in 1856 and was stereotyped at that time. Commercial disaster halted publication, however, and the plates were misplaced. The novel was not issued until after their rediscovery in 1875. (*Life and Writings of Frank Forester*, Edited by David W. Judd, London, n.d. [1884], p. 50.)

³⁹ If we can believe the assurance of Herbert's biographer, the completed novel in thirty chapters was published in periodical form in 1853 under the title of *The Puritans of New England; a Historical Romance of the Days of Witchcraft*. The later publisher was seemingly unaware of this prior venture, or at least of the issue by a Philadelphia house under the title of *The Puritan's Daughter* [1854?], "the publisher laboring under the impression that it was an original production from the fact of the purchase of the manuscript which Herbert had retained while correcting the proofs of the previous issue, a habit in which he indulged to a vexatious extent." (Judd, *op. cit.*, pp. 50, 86).

in the colonies and were successful, in 1688, in cashiering the tyrannous Andros.³⁹

Conventional plot situations reappeared in *The Puritan and His Daughter*,⁴⁰ the last and favorite novel of James Kirke Paulding. The novel, which diffusely records the antagonism of two bigoted fathers, shows their eventual inability to thwart the romance of young souls on sectarian or political grounds. Witchcraft climaxed in the final chapter was only one of a succession of barriers to matrimony—the last, in fact, after parental objections, physical separation, shipwreck, and Indian captivity have been hurdled. Paulding's account of the superstition prevalent in a nameless frontier village was drawn from Salem accounts. It sprang up by the removal from Naumkeag of a pastor and flock, devout believers, all, in witchcraft, "coming as they did from the very focus of witchendom." Thus Paulding was true to the spirit if not to the history of New England obsessions. The charge of witchcraft, as in *The Salem Belle*, was brought by a rejected suitor, and salvation came through a similar medium, the remorse of the depraved wretch forcing him to cry out in time to stay execution. In conformity to Paulding's contempt for the blood-putting romance, however, we are spared the highly melodramatic scenes with which other romances had been seasoned.

IV

Nathaniel Hawthorne is perhaps the most revered name that appears in our survey. In the subject of witchcraft, Salem-born as he

³⁹ In the discussion of the witchcraft theme in the forties, I cannot forego mention of *Naomi, or Two Hundred Years Ago* (1848), by Eliza B. Lee. Although this is primarily a novel of the Quaker intruders in New England, of Mary Dyer and Wenlock Christison and the Quaker-baiting divine, John Norton, the stern justice and the unrelenting spirit of persecution then abroad were equally illustrated in the witchcraft passages which the author offered to heighten her picture of Puritan life. *Naomi* is supplied with two kinds of witches (to employ the classification of Gaule): the fortune-telling witch, and the speculative, scintillating, or arted witch. Of the first class is Mother Bunyan, a quack reputed to know the secrets of futurity and described by the author as "the Mrs. Turner of New England, ready for any nefarious and dirty work." Of the second type is a nameless old lady, full of loneliness, who was banished to the forest wilderness for alleged witchcraft. At worst it appears she was nothing more than an irregular practitioner who, already under suspicion for the mystery of her circumstances, became known as a witch because of her intimate knowledge of winds and diseases and healing lore. Her story bulks three chapters, but may be summed up almost in the words of one burned for sorcery, Mareschale D'Ancre:

"I was tried and condemned as a witch, and was only saved from hanging, and condemned to banishment, by the clemency of the judge [*vide* the case of Katherine Harrison, of Westmoreland]. I was a witch, a declared witch by the highest tribunal of this land: I, whose only art was the gift of observation, whose only sorcery was a retentive memory."

⁴⁰ New York: Baker and Scribner, 1849.

was, he naturally became interested in the legendizing twenties, an interest he turned to fictional account as early as 1825 in his unpublished "Seven Tales of My Native Land."⁴¹ We cannot be certain, of course, of the contents of this projected volume but we are fairly sure there were tales of witchcraft and piracy.⁴² Hawthorne had shown the tales to his sister, Elizabeth, in the summer of 1825, and though her recollection of them was vague, she recalled the names of two, "Susan Grey" and "Alice Doane," the last "a tale of witchcraft."⁴³ These may have been the two tales which Hawthorne acknowledged were in "kinder custody" at the time he made a bonfire of his college series.⁴⁴

Of "Alice Doane" we are fairly certain. It appeared retailed in *Tales and Sketches* under the title, "Alice Doane's Appeal." The actual narrative is so meager as to be almost confusing, but it is set in a discursive framework of the historic memories of Gallows Hill. The author as cicerone read his story of witchcraft to two young ladies who with him had climbed the eminence, but who were more stirred by the thoughts of the past woes which the hill summoned to mind than they were by his Gothic tale.

The central character in the tale itself is an old wizard, probably "that conception," as Hawthorne says, in which he "endeavored to embody the character of a fiend, as represented in our traditions and the written records of witchcraft." The theme is stated in the author's own words which are summary themselves:

In the course of the tale, the reader had been permitted to discover that all the incidents were the results of the machinations of the wizard, who had cunningly devised that Walter Brome should tempt his unknown sister to guilt and shame, and himself perish by the hand of his twin brother. I described the glee of the fiends at this hideous conception, and their eagerness to know if it were consummated. The story concluded with the appeal of Alice to the spectre of Walter Brome; his reply absol-

⁴¹ For these he sought a bookseller in vain. Andrews, a Salem printer, saw merit in them but was forced to forego publication until he had ready money, and he delayed so long that Hawthorne again secured the copy. In a state of deep depression he burned the manuscript in his own fireplace. Out of its ashes there burst "The Devil in Manuscript" (pub. Dec. 1834) who symbolized the fiendish practices which the author had recorded.

⁴² James T. Fields spoke, in 1871, of an anonymous informant, an early and intimate friend of Hawthorne's who read the tales in manuscript and pronounced them striking, "particularly one or two witch stories." "Hawthorne," in *Yesterdays with Authors* (Boston, 1871), p. 65.

⁴³ Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* (Boston, 1874), p. 124; G. P. Lathrop, *A Study of Hawthorne* (Boston, 1876), p. 134.

⁴⁴ See the autobiographical paragraphs in his "Alice Doane's Appeal."

ing her from every stain; and the trembling awe with which ghost and devil fled, as from the sinless presence of an angel.

The story was supposed to have been enacted about one hundred and forty years before, which places the action in the period of the Salem mania.

A second tale, "The Hollow of the Three Hills," which appeared in *The Salem Gazette* in November, 1830, was possibly also one of the "Seven." Like "Alice Doane's Appeal," it is sketchy in character. The author chronicled the spectral revelations of a withered old crone to a lady who had come to consult her in the Hollow, a one-time witches' rendezvous. The Sibylline disclosures, audibly presented, were the revolting sins of the supplicant and the deep woes which she brought upon all who cherished her.

The most familiar of Hawthorne's tales of witchcraft is "Young Goodman Brown," of which the scene is laid in witch-haunted Salem. It is chiefly interesting as presenting a full-length description of a Witches' Sabbath.⁴⁵ The meeting depicted was a kind of cursed sacrament, an infernal service profaning that of the church, with diabolical hymns and orgiastic rites and blasphemous sermons by the Black Man. The witches were summoned to a night service by long blasts, and made their way on broomsticks or the magic rod of the devil. With the proselytes who had come to ratify the foul compact, there were assembled several of the reputed witches of 1692: Goody Clouse, who was cried out upon and condemned, but who was still awaiting execution when the Governor ended the proceedings in 1693; Goody Carrier, of whom Cotton Mather remarked, "this rampant hag was promised by the devil that she should be 'Queen of Hell'"; Indian pow-waws in damnable league with Satan; the devil, dressed in black, with his bloody seal for the initiates; and all of Salem village who had sold their souls to him, the deacons and many so-called good men of the town. The story is typical of Hawthorne's attitude toward witchcraft material. He accepted for fictional purposes the theological sin of witchcraft, of a signed compact whereby one transferred allegiance and worship from God to the Devil. He then elaborated his characters, real and imaginary, under this conception until they embodied all the reputed characteristics, drawing from the resulting fabric the threads of his allegory.

⁴⁵ Such meetings were frequently described in the records to which Hawthorne had access in the Essex County Court. See also C. W. Upham, *Lectures on Witchcraft* (Boston, 1831), pp. 46-48; Cotton Mather, *Wonders of the Invisible World*, Chapter I, Section i, "Trial of G. B." II: Hale, *A Modest Inquiry*, Chapter II, Sections vii-ix.

This is equally true of his treatment of the Governor's sister in *The Scarlet Letter*. She was put to death on a charge of witchcraft in 1655, as has been said, for her splenetic disposition and for "having more wit than her neighbors." While Mistress Hibbens's rank and final fate are hinted in the novel, she became in the author's hands a shadowy creation, a mere symbol. Dimmesdale, who wore his own invisible veil, was also representative. In him one beholds the secrecy and concealment of mankind, through its essential falsity finally resulting in disintegration of the moral sense. After the forest meeting with Hester, he became perplexed as to the real substance of his character, and only with difficulty restrained wicked impulses. Thus bewildered, he was confronted by Mistress Hibbens, who may be said to represent the power of guilt to penetrate the secret of fiend-haunted bosoms. She greeted him as one ready to sign a compact, and proffered her services in forwarding a midnight parley with the devil. As witch, open in her infernal dealings, she became a challenge to the minister's inconsistency, in yielding himself to "what he knew was deadly sin." Again, as in "Young Goodman Brown," it is the theological conception which dominates the incidental and the historical which is submerged.

In 1851 Hawthorne made slight use of witchcraft history in the construction of his *House of the Seven Gables*, in the first chapter of which he referred to Mathew Maule as one of the martyrs of the terrible delusion of 1692. The story is a legendary one and spans the time from the Salem Witchcraft, "now gray in the distance, down into our own broad daylight." The organic bond for such scattered characters of past and present is an inherited tragedy, first signalized by a scaffold malediction, which through many years taught the infallible lesson that "the wrong-doing of one generation lives into successive ones, and . . . becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief." This curse had its origin in the death of old wizard Maule, a victim of the rapaciousness of Colonel Pyncheon, an unprincipled fanatic too severely tempted by the pride of estate. Maule, who "declared himself hunted to death for his spoil" by the persecution of Pyncheon, did not hesitate to expose this personal enmity:

With the halter about his neck, and while Colonel Pyncheon sat on horseback, grimly gazing at the scene, Maule addressed him from the scaffold and uttered a prophecy of which history as well as fireside tradition has preserved the very words. "God," said the dying man, pointing his finger with a ghastly look at the undismayed countenance of his enemy—"God will give him blood to drink."

The same malediction,⁴⁶ though with variations, had been previously employed by Neal in *Rachel Dyer*, there offered as a transcript from the death scene of Sarah Good. He spared the unhappy elder, however, against whom the words were actually uttered, and had her curse fall on the head of Micajah Noyes, a character of the author's own making. Neal gave the prophecy an almost immediate fulfilment at the hands of the Mohawk Indians. Hawthorne, it will be remembered, sent his Colonel to death by a hemorrhage which stained his ruff and beard.

For the conception of an inherited curse, as his biographers suggest, Hawthorne had far more sources of inspiration in his own family history than in tradition or trial records. The fact that his great grandfather, John Hathorne, who was doubtless cursed a score of times, had committed sins in the name of justice and had zealously persecuted guiltless old crones and poor unfortunates with stern and unyielding severity, left its impress upon Hawthorne's sensitive nature. At last, in the preface of *The Scarlet Letter* he made the following vow: "I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed." Thus out of history and family tradition Hawthorne was led to give fictional treatment to the theme of generations damned by unrighted wrongs.

V

By far the fullest treatment of Salem witchcraft appeared in 1857 by John W. DeForest, an American realist of the Balzac school. *Witching Times*, the name of DeForest's historical romance, appeared serially in *Putnam's Magazine*,⁴⁷ and is the only fictional treatment which covers the entire period of the Salem distresses, and provides a comprehensible and psychological account of actors, scenes, and motives in that mad delusion. The narrative begins with September 1691, and continues down to the Spring of 1693 when the general reprieve was issued by Governor Phips.

⁴⁶ This malediction is preserved in Calef, *More Wonders*, Part V, under date of June 30, 1692. The words were directed by Sarah Good against the Rev. Mr. Noyes, the junior Elder at Salem town, who at the execution urged her to confess, denouncing her as a witch. See also Upham, *op. cit.*, p. 100.

⁴⁷ VIII, 570-594; IX, 11-28, 188-207, 297-317, 394-413, 515-524, 621-630; X, 62-74, 218-231, 393-404.

In its central episodes the story was a domestic one, chronicling the fortunes of Henry More, middle-aged, and Rachel, his daughter, who had just returned from England. They were received into the home of his married sister and her husband Bowson. During the mania, the Uncle, who was never tough-minded, became almost idiotic with superstitious terror and finally verged into mild insanity, believing himself befended. He was so obviously *non compos mentis* that he was not arraigned. More,⁴⁸ who was the leader of the opposition—what little became articulate,—disputed “boldly and obstinately” with the advocates of the Delusion. Finally, incurring the enmity of the authorities, he was denounced by the canting Rev. Samuel Parris as a Sadducee. To the end, however, he retained the friendship of Elder John Higginson, who preached the mild gospel of faith, hope and charity, but whose non-subscription to the fury of the time made him unpopular. More was in time brought to the scaffold. Rachel, through the jealous rage of Elder Noyes, a rejected suitor for her hand, was cried out upon and condemned at the January session, 1693. Mark Stanton, her young and daring husband, through the aid of a grateful Indian was successful in a jail delivery and escaped with her to Virginia. They returned in safety after the insane craze was over. Such are the central episodes of the story, but it is even more truly a history of the major events, the examinations, commitments, trials, and hangings which took place in Salem village. One finds included dramatic accounts of most of the victims who paid the penalty of the law, Bridget Bishop, Martha Carrier, Goody Nurse, George Burroughs, etc., not even excepting the revolting case of Giles Cory, pressed to death under rule of *peine forte et dure*.

It is easily established that there was historical warrant for most of the materials incorporated in the novel. If the reader of DeForest will turn first to Calef and Upham, he will see how closely the novelist followed them even in minor details. It is of interest, moreover, to note the use to which he put some of his sources. To his fictitious hero, Henry More, he transferred the reputation and indictments of George Burroughs, especially his reputed feats of strength.⁴⁹ To the

⁴⁸ The selection of the name of Henry More as the mouthpiece for the moderns is a strange one in the light of the Cambridge Platonist's publication (with additions) of Glanvill's *Sadducismus Triumphatus* (1681), a defense of the belief in witches and supernatural appearances.

⁴⁹ For the reputed deeds of George Burroughs, see Upham, *Salem Witchcraft*, II, 296-304; Cotton Mather, *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (Boston, 1693), Chapter I, Sec. I.

romantic story of Mark and Rachel is added the poignant trial scene from the records of Martha Cory; and the second charge to the jury, after a verdict of *not guilty* had been returned, had historical origin in the trial of Rebecca Nurse.⁵⁰ The episode which he related of a two-hour sermon of Parris' interrupted by comment occurred in reality to Rev. Lawton, back on a visit. In the midst of the discourse Miss Pope spoke up and said, "Come, now, enough of that."⁵¹ Other interruptions followed.

It is my opinion that the author sought to show in the character of More the effect of witchcraft upon the mind of a man with a broad, unprovincial education. He early counseled: "Let us be cautious how we peril our neighbors' necks, because there happen to be such things as . . . disturbed nerves and hysteria." He circulated, with warm sympathy, a petition to the Governor, praying him to check the persecutions. All to no avail. Henry More had resided in England for twenty-five years, but his neighbors in Salem meanwhile had been sinking into depression among the gloomy forests of New England, where savages lurked; and their conquest of nature afforded scant opportunity for broadening views. Their libraries, moreover, were limited and contained such volumes as would heighten credulity. In consequence, when the terror of the incredible witch descent upon Massachusetts broke out, they had not the mental vigor to withstand it; they lacked the background of a transatlantic outlook which the first generation and DeForest's hero possessed. Thus More's voice was unheeded and only drew opposition to himself. He was a nineteenth-century spirit (the author's own voice) swallowed up in the babble of seventeenth-century persecution.

VI

Thus I have examined the stories of witchcraft with a view to showing the use of the theme prior to Longfellow. I have not sought to bring the record down to the present, though I may strain my imposed limits long enough to mention Caroline Derby's *Salem* (1874),⁵² a novel indicative of the later interest in the fate of Rebecca Nurse,⁵³ who in this tale is paired with Goody Campbell, a fictional

"The Tryal of G. B."; see also W. E. Woodward for the transcript of the Essex Court Record in the case of G. B.

⁵⁰ See Calef, *More Wonders*, Part V, under date of June 30, 1692.

⁵¹ *Ibid.*, March 24, 1692.

⁵² Published under the pseudonym of D. R. Castleton. The full title is *Salem; a Tale of the Seventeenth Century* (New York, 1874).

⁵³ See the poems on her sad fate by David Foster and Rose Terry Cooke.

creation. Other phases of witchcraft were poured into fiction during the revival of romance in the late nineties, but though the last word has undoubtedly not been uttered, witchcraft has been frequently enough handled in fiction to render unlikely the appearance of new and uncharted treatment.⁵⁴

The theme was sometimes interestingly handled but most of the earlier attempts were very brief or tended to verge upon absurdity. Even in the work of abler literary men, Paulding, Hawthorne, and DeForest, the possibilities of the theme seem to have been rapidly exhausted. At best they could but rely upon the accounts of Calef, Mather, Hutchinson, Upham, and the Essex County Records. These were of themselves compounded of highly credulous materials, and where was the temerity to superadd imaginative construction? Then, too, each novelist was under the iron necessity of creating a picture of the delusion, if the obsessions of the actors were to be readily believed, and here history carefully drew the limits.

Almost all the longer tales were cast in the mould of the historical romance. The earliest attempts were naturally patterned after the Waverley novels, but no imitativeness can be charged against such

⁵⁴ Later novels of witchcraft, without reference to merit, are: Pauline B. Mackie, *Ye llytle Salem Maide: Story of Witchcraft* (Boston, 1898); Amelia E. Barr, *The Black Shilling* (N. Y., 1903); Marvin Dana, *A Puritan Witch* (N. Y., 1903); L. F. Madison, *Maid of Salem Towne* (Philadelphia, 1906); W. M. Martin, *Shoes of Iron* (Boston, 1907); Henry Peterson, *Dulcibel: a tale of old Salem* (N. Y., 1907); Herbert Gorman, *The Place Called Dagon* (N. Y., 1927); Esther Forbes, *Mirror for Witches* (Boston, 1928); Durward Grinstead, *Elva* (New York, 1929).

Elva is probably the best novel of Salem witchcraft that has appeared. It is more faithful to the real facts of the Delusion than any of the prior accounts, but it does not secure accuracy at the expense of fictional interest. There are no lengthy transcripts from trial records as in Neal or even in DeForest; the narrative is not buttressed with footnotes, and yet the touch of authenticity is always felt, whether in the description of individuals, of religious excitation, or of examinations, trials, and hangings. Historical materials, when introduced, are so skillfully blended with fictional elements that recognition comes as a surprise.

The whole book is skillfully composed. What can be done in the matter of supplying motives for the accusers and of tracing the stages in the fearful hysteria which upset the reason of Salem village, Grinstead has done. As a student of the mania of witchcraft there was danger that he might approach his material as a series of case studies, but he successfully blended the psychological phenomena, which he studies as a modern, with the theological conception of a compact with the Devil, which is seventeenth century in outlook. No other novel of the Salem witchcraft has provided this unity of outlook, this close-knit character of the events, this psychological insight and rationalistic interpretation.

The result is convincing. The outstanding historical figure, as in *Rachel Dyer*, is George Burroughs, and he is an impressive creation. Certain puzzling queries Grinstead grappled with: what brought the charges of witchcraft upon this minister, and why did he not escape the snares set for him? There is convincingly presented, in answer, the story of the old parish feud, the desire of the Circle girls for a victim of sufficient weight to interest Cotton Mather in their antics, and finally the perverted passion of the neurotic Elva Pope and the heated fancies of the epileptic Anne Putnam.

independent workmen as Neal and Paulding, or Hawthorne.⁵⁵ And yet all clung to romantic treatment. Even the *Witching Times* of DeForest, who was soon to write high realism, is a tale of other days with romance, satire, and realism well blended.

But this romantic glow was not easily attained. To anyone not familiar with the wearisome repetition of charges with which the afflicted assailed the accused, it might appear the simplest thing to construct out of the episodes of that time a romance neither harsh nor revolting to refined taste. But the motives of the actors and the sources of enmity were so thoroughly obscured, and the interrelation of accusations so befogged, that it was difficult indeed to weave them into a narrative. Thus beset with confusion, the novelist had to resort to fairly simple patterns of malice or jealousy, patterns which sooner or later suggested other tales, even when the authors were innocent of indebtedness. It was this inherent plot weakness that accounts for the constant recurrence of fair Puritans charged with witchcraft. The earliest victims of the witchcraft delusion were old and decrepit, women sunk in the economic and social scales, but the novelists preferred making their heroines young and beautiful, a practice which, though stimulative of interest in the novel, was scarcely one which imparted a correct historical view.

Witchcraft, it needs to be said in extenuation of the cumulative effect of the record, was not the sole fictional theme treated by the romantic novelists of the nineteenth century. Piracy, Revolutionary warfare, the waning Indian, the Regicides, Theological pietism, Western humor, the Frontier, Spanish American conquest,—all held a prominent place in romantic literature. And yet as a theme witchcraft was more frequently employed than has been hitherto suspected, more frequently, in fact, than its relative unimportance in the annals of America really warranted. It is true, as Kittredge maintains, that New England witchcraft was after all a “very small incident in the history of a terrible superstition.” But this is not the impression which would be conveyed by the quantity of the fiction examined. The necessity of finding a colorful subject for historical romance, and at the same time the relative poverty of America in the counterparts of European romance, served to heighten the interest in the Witch Invasion of New England.

⁵⁵ For Paulding's insistence upon native models, see note 4 above; as for Neal, he declared in his Preface to *Rachel Dyer* his intention of imitating no one, and indeed of resembling no other.

THE TAR-BABY STORY

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I

THE NATIVE land of the tar-baby still causes folk-lorists concern. Jacobs, Dähnhardt, Mrs. Parsons, and Brown have all worked on the subject with varying degrees of success.¹ Whereas Brown criticizes Mrs. Parsons and others for placing too much weight on the known antiquity of the story in India, Brown himself seems unduly impressed by the mere numbers of the story in Africa. All agree that America and the islands of the Atlantic should be left out of consideration, while the West Indies are eliminated by lack of any evidence pointing to them as the land of origin. With only India and Africa left as possible centers of dissemination, one should arrive at a satisfactory conclusion regarding the origin of the story by a detailed comparison of its versions.

The Tar-baby story consists of four fairly well defined parts. A clever animal, occasionally a person, is suspected of stealing; a sticky object, made so as to appeal to his amorous nature, is placed in his path; the thief strikes the object first with one hand, then with the other, and so on until he is caught by hands, feet, and mouth. The watcher then comes to kill the thief, who, nevertheless, by a clever ruse escapes. In India the creature caught is a monkey, a man, or a jackal. The jackal is one of the most frequently mentioned animals in Indian beast stories and for that reason is an easy and natural substitution for the monkey. In the Philippines also the thief is usually a monkey, but in Africa and America the rabbit is the most common

¹ For a bibliography of the Tar-baby story see Joseph Jacobs, *Indian Fairy Tales*, pp. 305 ff.; Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 26; E. C. Parsons, *Folk-Lore*, XXX, 227 ff.; W. N. Brown, *Scientific Monthly*, XV (1922), 228 ff.; Parsons, *JAmFl*, XXXV, 330. Add the following: Abendanon, *Tijdschrift voor indische taal-, land- en volkenkunde* (Batavia 1894), p. 36; *Bijdragen tot de taal Ned. Indië*, 7th Ser. VII, 117 ff.; 5th Ser. VIII, 373 ff.; 5th Ser. X, 112 ff.; Ed. Chavannes, *Cinq Cents Contes*, I (Paris 1910), 347, no. 89; J. deVries, *Volksverhalen uit Oost-Indië*, I (Zutphen 1925), 194 ff., no. 42; Fauset, *JAmFl*, XL, 228; Frobenius, *Atlantis*, VIII (1922), 105-6, no. 48, 106-7, no. 49; IX (1924), 364-6, no. 89; H. Overbeck, *Malaiische Erzählungen* (Jena 1925), p. 246; P. A. Talbot, *In the Shadow of the Bush* (London 1912), p. 397. I have not seen R. O. Winstedt, *Malay Literature*, II (Kuala Lumpur 1907), p. 45, but apparently Overbeck reproduces his version.

figure. The one essential part of any Tar-Baby story is the third division, the so-called "stick-fast" motif.

II

There are four Indian literary versions of the story, of which Brown points out the first, third, and fourth.² The first is included in the *Samyutta Nikāya* and must consequently be earlier than the Christian era. The second in order of antiquity, one translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by Seng-houei, is of the third century A.D. The third and fourth are respectively the *Pancayudha-Jataka* (ca. 500 A.D.) and one found in the medieval Jain text, the *Parisistaparvan*. All other Tar-baby stories of whatever country are folk tales of unknown age.

The stories above mentioned run respectively as follows:³ Hunters living in the Himalayas used to smear the paths with a sticky substance in order to catch the monkeys. The wise monkeys avoided the paths when they were so covered, but the greedy monkeys at once seized the substance and were caught first by one hand and, in an effort to get that one loose, by the other and so on until caught at the five points typifying the five senses. In the second and third stories a follower of Buddha and the Bodhisatta respectively have been substituted for the monkey (or monkeys) of the previous version. The second story is very much like the more widely known fifth century *Jataka* related below, except that the man of the story does not carry five weapons and is a follower of Buddha and not the Bodhisatta himself. The fifth century *Jataka* just referred to had to do with one of the rebirths of Buddha: the King of Benares sent his son, the Bodhisatta, away from home to be under the instruction of a famous teacher. When the young man's training was completed, the teacher gave him five weapons and sent him away. The young prince, on coming into a great forest, met the ogre Hairy-grip. He used all his five weapons against the monster but to no avail, for in every case the weapons stuck in the ogre's matted hair. In anger the prince promised the monster such a blow as would scatter him to dust. He struck with his right hand but could not then pull it loose; he struck with his left, which also stuck; and so on until hands, feet,

² *Scientific Monthly*, XV (1922), 229.

³ For the first and fourth stories I rely on Brown's summary (p. 231).

and mouth were all fast. But even when fast in the five-fold wise, the prince is still valiant. The ogre, amazed at this being who was still not afraid of him, let the young man loose. After teaching the monster the heinousness of the sin of devouring others and establishing him in the five commandments, the prince departed. The fourth story is the same as the first with the new moral: "Avoid women."

These four stories are logical and entirely in keeping with Indian peculiarities. Since the story is altered by substituting a man for the monkey in numbers two and three, I confine my attention for the present to numbers one and four. The first and fourth versions, in which the monkey is the actor, display characteristic monkey traits. In the first one there is a greedy animal, perhaps a little curious, getting stuck by his excessive eagerness to eat anything even looking like food. The fourth version, though it is a thousand or so years later than the first, is still the same story with the application transferred to lechery, again a characteristic entirely in keeping with the chief actor. In fact, I doubt whether there is any other animal associated in our minds with the attribute of sensuality or lechery so often as the ape. The traits of greed and lechery besides being characteristic of the monkey are two sins against which Buddha battles incessantly. But if anyone fail to see Buddhist emphasis here, he cannot avoid seeing the Indian symbolism of being caught at the five points and thus being engulfed in sin and brought to destruction.

III

I should like to go one step further and indicate a few probabilities; that the 'well or spring story' which is the basis of the narrative in twenty out of the fifty or sixty tar-baby stories that I have seen, is also Indian, and that the tar-baby itself was formerly a water sprite. The Indian story which furnishes a basis for this suggestion is *Jataka* 20:

In past times, we are told, there was in a certain spot a thick forest. And in the lake in that forest there dwelt a water-ogre, who used to devour everyone who went down into the water. At that time the Bodhisatta had come to life as the king of eighty thousand monkeys. One day when he was thirsty he examined carefully the lake and upon finding that the tracks about the water all led into it and none out, decided that it was the haunt of an ogre.

When the water-ogre, for a water-ogre did live in the lake, realized that the monkeys were not coming into the water, he assumed the shape of a horrible monster with a blue belly, bright red hands and a white face, and came forth and invited or rather commanded them to go down into the water. But the king of the monkeys, knowing that the ogre would then have them in his power, refused to go in saying, "Oh you think we shall have to go down into the water to drink; whereas we shall not enter the water at all, but the whole eighty thousand of us will take a cane each and drink therewith from your lake as easily as we could through the hollow stalk of a lotus. And so you will not be able to eat us."⁴ The water-ogre being able to get none of them went off to his habitation in a rage.

In a variant of the above story the water-ogre devours two of those who drink from his spring but spares the third, the Bodhisatta (a substitution for the monkey of the previous story), who then impresses upon him the great sin of devouring others and instructs him in the way of virtuous living.⁵

The situation in the tar-baby story is similar. An animal, usually a rabbit, steals water from a well, and a tar figure is set up to catch the thief. The thief is caught but escapes, in all but two of the twenty cases, by a clever ruse. In these stories there are in relation to the above *Jataka* several significant details. In the Kaffir tale,⁶ among such powerful animals as elephants and leopards who are attempting to dig a well, only a toad, which is here a water animal, is successful. Indeed, when the elephant compels the toad to come out of the water so that he may step in, the water dries up. In the same story only the tortoise is successful in catching the rabbit when he comes to steal from the well and to muddy the water. The toad here seems to be a sort of ogre or magic being, possibly a modification of the water sprite. In Antigua, British West Indies, the tar-baby is placed in the water, the place where water-ogres live. As in the case of the Indian story above, the tracks about the well are frequently examined, but with the new and pertinent purpose of discovering the thief. In an American Negro story the scene of the story is in a forest.⁷ Beyond these suggestions, we have the very significant fact that the rabbit, who has been hopping about in these stories like a

⁴ *Nalpana-Jataka* (*Jataka* 20), tr. Robert Chalmers (Cambridge, 1895).

⁵ *Devadhamma-Jataka* (*Jataka* 6).

⁶ Dudley Kidd, *Savage Childhood*, no. 9, p. 241.

⁷ *JAFI*, XL, 230.

monkey, carries a cane to the well,⁸ as the monkeys do in *Nalapana-Jataka* (*Jataka* 20). He could not possibly drink through the cane; in the second place, there is no point in his doing so if he could. On the other hand, the monkey could use the tube and in the water-ogre story had in using it the very definite purpose of not being caught by the guardian of the lake.

Furthermore the "stick-fast" motif might have easily been attached to the water-ogre of *Nalapana-Jataka*, for he has some definite associations with the ogre of the forest of *Pancavudha-Jataka*. In both cases the color of the hands and feet, though not the same, is distinctive, and the belly is blue or splotched with blue. Both ogres dwell in a forest. In the variant (*Jataka* 6) of the water-ogre story mentioned above not only does the Bodhisatta teach the water-ogre the same lesson as he teaches the ogre, Hairy-grip, but he teaches him in almost the same words. A story serving as a connecting link between the two can be found in *Devadhamma Jataka* (*Jataka* 6) in which the forest guardian seems to be a cross between a forest guardian and water guardian. Such suggestions as these may not commend themselves to all readers. I shall not find it necessary to employ them in my further argument.

IV

Once out of India, the story in many instances loses its consistency. In Wamkamba, Africa,⁹ and in several stories from Mexico¹⁰ the rabbit, for such the monkey has become, hops about in trees. Indeed, in two African stories the tar-baby itself is put into a tree to catch in one case a hare and a fox,¹¹ and in the other a hare and an ape.¹² In the Mexican stories the rabbit not only climbs trees but also tricks another animal, the coyote, in true monkey fashion by throwing in a tantalizing manner first ripe zapotes, and then a green one which sticks in the coyote's throat. Another bit of evidence that the original animal must have been a monkey is seen in the fact that in a number of cases the victim tempts, or is himself tempted with, honey or some other sweet food;¹³ the monkey is the only one of

⁸ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 39.

⁹ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 45.

¹⁰ Mechling, *JAF*, XXIX, 551.

¹¹ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 32.

¹² Dähnhardt, IV, 33; Natalie Curtis, *Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent*, p. 45.

¹³ *JAF*, XXXIV, 53; *PaAM*, XXIV, 74; Dudley Kidd, *Savage Childhood*, p. 241.

the various animals that would be particularly attracted by sweet foods. Another particularly interesting curiosity comes from a North American Indian story.¹⁴ Here the hare comes to the well with a cane tube and a vessel. A hare could not possibly drink through a cane. Ordinarily in these stories he was so dainty as to get his water off the dewy grass; but it seems a common idea, even a joke, in Indian animal society, that the monkey drinks water through a lotus stem.¹⁵ Beyond these reminiscences of the Indian ape story, I wish to mention one more. Even though the rabbit has not been conceived of as a lecherous animal, he is still caught by an appeal to his sensual nature,¹⁶ which calls to mind the monkey in the medieval Jain version.

V

The priority of the Indian literary versions, their logical nature along with their peculiarly Indian tone and philosophy, and, furthermore, the incongruity of the figure of the rabbit in the African and American tales offers strong evidence for India as the native land of the tar-baby. Beyond such considerations we have good evidence in the fact that the stick-fast motif in India has never so far been found associated with foreign matter.¹⁷ In Africa, America, and the Philippines, the story shows, moreover, frequent association with material that is either certainly Indian or strongly suspected to be such. But before mentioning material so associated, I should like to give an Indian 'fortunate escape ruse' not because it is attached to the tar-baby story but because of its striking similarity to the 'escape' in that story. Dähnhardt points out the fact that this ruse has spread from India to China and to Angola.¹⁸ The story is that of the king of Benares, who had a lotus pond made for his son. One day a tortoise got into the pond and could not find its way out. The son came in and told his father that he had found a demon (*yakṣa*) in the water. After the father had decided it must be killed, the people began dis-

¹⁴ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 39.

¹⁵ *Pañcatantram*, tr. R. Schmidt, p. 306.

¹⁶ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 33; Frobenius, *Atlantis*, VIII, 105; *MAFS*, III, 73; *MAFS*, XIII, 15.

¹⁷ In Santal (Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas*, p. 325) the tar-baby story is a part of a jackal and chicken stealing story; in the Indus Valley (*Indian Antiquary*, XXIX, 399) it is a part of a crocodile and jackal story; in Salsette (*Indian Antiquary*, XX, 29) it is attached to the "Puss in Boots" which Fansler thinks (*MAFS*, XII, 337) to be Indian.

¹⁸ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 43 ff.

cussing the manner in which its death should be accomplished. When a rushing stream was suggested, the tortoise showed great fear of it, but once cast in, he swam cheerfully away. In the typical escape situation of the tar-baby story, the rabbit shows great fear of the briar patch but after being thrown in, laughs and runs away. We see, therefore, that the typical tar-baby incident has an Indian parallel. There are several stories in the Sea Islands (South Carolina) which show connection with an old Indian greed story¹⁹ which is vaguely, but I think definitely, associated with a group of Indian stories²⁰ that appear in Africa as part of the tar-baby story.²¹ In the Indian story a man goes to the top of the house to eat and is forced by smoke to come down; in the South Carolina story the rabbit hides food²² in the loft in one story, and in another is forced from the loft by smoke.²³ Besides these glimpses of Indian matter, there are several Indian stories attached to the tar-baby story outside of India. In the Philippines the "Puss in the Boots" cycle which Fansler thinks came from India to the Philippines²⁴ is so attached. Mrs. Parsons has pointed out its connection in the Cape Verde Islands with the Rhampsinitus tale.²⁵ Just above I have indicated the attachment of a group of Indian greed stories to the story in Africa. In Congo²⁶ and South Carolina²⁷ it has entered into combination with the West European Top-Off, Half-Gone story.

Beyond the fact that the tar-baby story itself seems undoubtedly Indian, there is another difficulty in the way of considering Africa as its original home. This difficulty is that we know of no means by which stories might have gone from Africa to India before the Christian era. Not only do we know of no means of transmission, but also we know of no other stories so transmitted. On the other hand, India at this time and before was enriching many lands with tales.

¹⁹ *Harvard Oriental Series*, XXIX, 49.

²⁰ The tar-baby greed stories of Africa referred to above are not an exact development of any one Indian story, but they bear a definite relation to a group of such stories one of which (see above reference) is almost certainly Indian while the other stories, though modern, have every appearance of being native to India (H. Parker, *Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon*, III, no. 217, p. 161; Tawney, *Ocean of Story*, ed. N. M. Penzer, V, 165).

²¹ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 31.

²² *MAFS*, XVI, 60 ff.

²³ *FL*, XXX, 229; Tawney (*Ocean of Story*, ed. Penzer, V, 245) argues against its Indian origin, but admits that the theory has been well supported and that the story has Indian characteristics.

²⁴ Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, IV, 34.

²⁵ *MAFS*, XVI, 28.

²⁶ *MAFS*, XII, 337.

²⁷ *JAFI*, XXXIV, 3 ff.

NOTES AND QUERIES

A NOTE ON THE AUTHOR OF *THE TIMES*

KENNETH REDE

Baltimore, Maryland

Sabin (XIII, p. 523, 56713), with the note that the volume is "scarce and furious," introduces a picturesque bit of Revolutionary Americana in the prosaic language of bibliography thus:

Odell (Rev. Mr.). *THE TIMES*, A Satirical Poem written during the American Revolution, by the Rev. Mr. Odell. New-Jersey: Printed but not Published. (n.d.). 8vo. pp. 26.

And then, as though some might question the correctness of his epithet "furious," he appends a few lines drawn at random from page 7 to bear him witness. Lines which read:

Strike up Hell's music, roar infernal drums
Discharge the cannon—Lo! the warrior comes—
He comes not such as on Ohio's banks,
But rampant, at the head of ragged ranks,
Hunger and itch are with him, Gates and Wayne,
And all the lice of Egypt in his train.
Sure these are Falstaff's soldiers, poor and bare,
Or else the rotten regiment of Rag Fair.

And he says no more.

The bibliographers of the Library of Congress show more curiosity. In preparing their card for the entry they follow Sabin in attributing the volume to Jonathan Odell. They supply dates for him as 1737-1818. And the presumed date of publication as 178-? In addition, they note that the volume "appeared also under the title: *THE AMERICAN TIMES: A SATIRE . . .* by Camillo Querno (pseud.) . . . 1780." Still further they note that the work is "ascribed also to George Cockings," that in their copy there are "manuscript additions, 10p. at end," and a "note on title page: The author's real name was Smith, he was a reverend gentleman who resided some time in York, in Pennsylvania."

Evans has nothing to add to the subject.

Winthrop Sargent, in a note on p. 105 of *The Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell*, relating to the American Revolution, edited by himself, and published by Munsell at Albany in 1860, comments:

Of the history of Dr. Odell . . . I have very little to add to what is already given in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*, p. 199. That he was the writer of *The American Times* (under the pseudonym of Camillo Querno), . . . is a fact of which I have now no doubt, although it is not there so stated, and although it has been attributed to the Rev. Dr. Myles Cooper.

Mr. Sargent omits *The Times* from his collection, since it had previously been reprinted in *The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution*.

The Duyckincks suggest that there was an English edition of the work, and that it was, perhaps, written in England.

So the matter has stood concerning this curious bit of Americana, since it first appeared, some one hundred and fifty years ago.

But a copy of the volume recently discovered by the writer in the collection of Americana owned by John W. Garrett, at Evergreen House, Baltimore, seems to throw new light on the whole vexed matter.

This volume has been rebound in $\frac{3}{4}$ morocco and boards. On its first fly-leaf it bears the autograph of William Gwynn, of Baltimore, and from internal evidence is quite obviously either an author's copy, or a presentation copy, corrected and annotated by the author for gift purposes.

Beneath the title, on the title-page, in the faded ink of the period, is written *By Camillo Querno, Poet Laureat to the Congress*. And below this, the same hand has ruled out the name of Odell, leaving the reading *By the Rev.* and supplying *Daniel Batwell, of York, Pa.*

Such an ascription, of course, does not go far to prove a disputed authorship. But there seems to be some evidence in this case that makes it worth while to consider whether Batwell may not have been the author of the satire.

Sabin (3972) lists the following:

D. Batwell. A SERMON preached at York-Town, before Captain Morgan's and Captain Price's Companies of Riflemen, on Thursday, July 30,

- 1775. Being the Day recommended by the Honourable Continental Congress for a General Fast throughout the Twelve United Colonies of North America. By Daniel Batwell, M.A. Published by Request, Philadelphia: Printed by John Dunlap, MDCCLXXV. 8vo. pp. 20.

and locates a copy in the Library Company of Philadelphia. Hildeburn (II, 211-12, 3164) agrees in both title and location.

That Batwell was a minister of York, and a loyalist, at the time the satire was written we have ample evidence. Fothergill notes that "Daniel Batwill was shipped to his Majesty's dominions in America in 1773." Daniel Rupp, in his *History of York County from 1719 to the Present Time*, (Lancaster, 1845), under the head of the Episcopal Church in York, Pennsylvania, writes at some length (p. 699):

A number of divines of the Episcopal church visited the congregation at this place, among others of distinction was the Rev. John Andrews, one of the missionaries in York and Cumberland counties, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The first regular preacher whose name appears in the church records was the Rev. Daniel Batwell, a missionary from England; he arrived shortly before the commencement of the Revolution of '76. His opinion illly according with those imbibed by the Whigs, subjected him to some carceral inconveniences. He had leave given him to return to England. The church stood vacant. . . .

Fuller, and more to the point, is the comment of the Rev. S. F. Hotchkin in his *County Clergy of Pennsylvania* (pp. 293-94):

Rev. Daniel Batwell succeeded Dr. Andrews (at York) in 1774. In the Revolution, Dr. Batwell was a loyalist and prayed for King George. This caused resentment and he was therefore dragged from his horse and thrice plunged into Codorus Creek.

When Mr. Batwell returned to his home at Huntington, armed men from York brought him back and put him in prison on a charge of being concerned in a conspiracy to destroy the Continental Magazine in Pennsylvania. Dr. Batwell memorialized Congress at York on October 2, 1777, asking release. His physician, Dr. Jameson, stated that he was so emaciated by a complication of disorders, that his life would be endangered unless he was removed from the said jail. The matter was referred to the President and the Supreme Executive Council of the State. However, Mr. Batwell was released from jail, but still remained in custody. Soon, however, he

was freed even from this. Mr. Batwell returned to England where he was rewarded by the King with a good parish in which he served until his death.

Before one could say with certainty that Odell was not the author of *The Times*, or that Batwell was, some further study would be necessary. But I feel that the evidence here presented *does* lend a strong suggestion that Batwell *may* be the long disguised writer of the satire. The facts that his signature appears upon the title-page, that corrections and additions, presumably, in his hand appear on all but two pages of the text in the Garrett collection, that he was the author of other productions of the period, and a known loyalist; all these appear to lend weight to the suggestion. Here I leave the subject to others more competent than I to unravel it.

THE FACSIMILE TEXT SOCIETY

R. L. RUSK

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The plan of the Facsimile Text Society to include in its Literature and Language Series a generous number of American books seems to be a matter of special interest to scholars in this field. The number of such books to be included will naturally depend upon the demand from these scholars, and the choice of titles will likewise be influenced largely by their advice. The active interest of the Society in the field is evidenced by the fact that among the three books already being prepared for the Literature and Language Series one is an American title: *Poems on Several Occasions*, by "a Gentleman of Virginia," Williamsburg, 1736. This, according to an announcement of the Society, should be ready for distribution by March 15, at a probable list price of \$1.50 or a net price of \$1.00. And it is planned that a second American book shall be forthcoming in the near future. Meantime, the Society seeks further coöperation from scholars in American literature. The list of Americana published in the prospectus of the Society is meant to be merely suggestive of the kind of program it is desired to undertake. It has been further proposed that even such nineteenth century sources as the early editions of Poe and

Whitman, and even so bulky a work as *The Dial* of the Transcendentalists, might well be considered for reproduction. The suggestion, which has recently come from a scholar in England, that the Society should concentrate its efforts on groups of closely related sources might apply to the selection of American as well as English titles. The actual calendar of publications remains, then, to be determined, and the acting executive officer would, I am informed, be happy to receive advice on behalf of the Society.

The general scope and purpose of the Society, as well as the details of its organization, are set forth partly in the prospectus distributed at the Cleveland meeting of the Modern Language Association and partly through an announcement in a current number of the *Publications* of that association. But it may be worth while to repeat here that the Society exists simply for the purpose of making available, at a price convenient for both libraries and individual scholars, such significant source materials as are out of print or else to be had only in high-priced limited editions. It proposes to reproduce such texts by the offset process, which is based upon a photograph or photostat and so insures almost absolute fidelity even to the minute peculiarities of the type used in the original. The reproductions will be made on durable rag paper and will be simply bound. All members of the Society will receive books of their own choosing to the amount of the membership fee, which is five dollars. Books so chosen are to be rated at the list price, but members will have the right to purchase additional titles at the net price, which will be thirty-three and one-third per cent less. Membership is open to any individual, library, or association upon the payment of the annual fee. A prospectus and application blank will be mailed by the Society upon request. All communications should be addressed to the Facsimile Text Society, F. A. Patterson, Acting Executive Officer, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

RESEARCH IN PROGRESS

I. DISSERTATIONS ON INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS:

- Benjamin Franklin, Merchant of Ideas. A. T. Halsey. (New York University).
 Sinclair Lewis. Hugh Baker (Stanford).
 John R. Thompson, Poet and Editor. J. R. Miller, Jr. (Virginia).

II. DISSERTATIONS ON TOPICS OF A GENERAL NATURE:

- Chief Impersonators of the Yankee on the American Stage.
 S. J. D. Fendall (New York University).
 The Small Town in American Literature after 1850. Ima Heron (Duke).

III. DISSERTATIONS COMPLETED:

- American Drama prior to 1825. J. H. Meneely (New York University, 1911).
 Poems of H. H. Brownell, Selected and Annotated, with Introduction. G. V. Brown (New York University, 1926).
 Richard H. Dana the Elder, Critic. G. M. Weimar (New York University, 1920).
 Economic Unrest in American Fiction, 1880-1901. W. F. Taylor (North Carolina, 1929).
 The "Effingham" Libels on Cooper. Ethel Outland (Wisconsin, 1929).
 Emerson as a Critic of Literature. N. P. Benson (New York University, 1919).
 The Glorification of American Types in American Literature, 1775-1825. J. W. Harris (North Carolina, 1929).
 Richard Hovey. Henry Leffert (New York University, 1929).
 Music and Literature in the American Romantic Movement. A. W. Kelley. (North Carolina, 1929).
 The Oratory of the American Revolution. Harold Korn (New York University, 1914).
 Significance of the English and American Almanac of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. F. J. Perrine (New York University, 1917).
 The Swedish Language in the United States. W. W. Gustafson (New York University, 1929).

Tall Tales of the Southwest, or An Anthology of Southern and Southwestern Humorists, 1830-60. Scheduled for publication by Knopf on March 28 in Bernard DeVoto's series, "Americana Deserta." Franklin J. Meine.

Whittier's Poetical Apprenticeship. Frances Pray (Penn. State, 1929).

IV. OTHER RESEARCH IN PROGRESS:

Bliss Carman: a Bibliography. Nathan Van Patten (Stanford).
William Ellery Channing. Granville Hicks (Rensselaer).

The Northern Limit of Spanish Place Names. Edward E. Hale (Union).

Mink Fink, The Last of the Keelboatmen. Franklin J. Meine and Walter Blair (Chicago).

George W. Harris ("Sut Lovingood"): Complete Collection of Stories and Early Letters; also a Biography of Harris. Franklin J. Meine.

ERNEST E. LEISY, *Bibliographer*.

Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

February 18, 1930.

To the Editors of *American Literature*
Duke University Press
Durham, N. C.

Dear Sirs:

May I ask you to help me break a record of over thirty years in which I have never replied to a review of a publication of mine? Professor Cairns' review of *The Literature of America*, an anthology edited by Professor Baugh, Professor Howe, and myself, seems to make some comment necessary. His criticism of the relative amounts of space devoted to individual authors I shall leave unanswered, for anyone familiar with the difficulties faced by anthologists in dealing with certain well known publishers makes any defence here unnecessary. But when upon the basis of what he believes to be errors in the Notes (seven in all) he says, "Is it quite fair, because this is a text

book, for them [the editors] to foist on any of us who might wish to use it a set of notes as full of careless blunders as an undergraduate's term paper?" it seems only proper for me, as the editor who wrote the Notes, first, to relieve my colleagues Professor Baugh and Professor Howe of any responsibility for them, and, second, to refute the charge of carelessness in their preparation. Professor Cairns adds to the rather sweeping assertion quoted above, "The truth about any of them could be learned in a few moments in any reference library." That may be one method of writing Notes—it does not happen to be mine.

Taking his points in his own order, he attacks first, my statement that Hawthorne and Longfellow were classmates at Bowdoin College. Sufficient reply is contained in this statement:

Brunswick, Me.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Nathaniel Hawthorne were graduates of Bowdoin College in the class of 1825.

Yours sincerely,

CLARA D. HAYES
Secretary of the College.

See also Woodberry's *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, pp. 17-19, and Higginson's *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, p. 44.

I will throw up my hands at once upon the typographical error in the title of Lowell's first volume of poems and in my inability to record in detail the various mergers which changed the name of the last newspaper with which Eugene Field was connected. The one serious error of which I stand convicted is the mistake of following George Willis Cooke's *Poetry of Transcendentalism* in ascribing "The Dryad Song" to Margaret Fuller. My only defence here is the close parallelism of the feeling of that poem to that of her prose essays, for while it is a certain satisfaction to know that another very recent anthologist has made the same mistake, that is no defence at all. Professor Cairns, who has already called attention to this error in two consecutive numbers of *American Literature*, is certainly entitled to be called a specialist upon Margaret Fuller, for he has pounced upon the one bit of carelessness I acknowledge, which pushed forward by two years the term of her editorship of the *Dial*.

I must confess I am at a loss to understand Professor Cairns' next criticism: that of my statement concerning Whitman that "Becoming a clerk in the Indian Bureau in 1865 he was dismissed on account of certain passages in *Leaves of Grass*, but was immediately reappointed by the Attorney General." Professor Cairns solemnly calls attention to the fact, fairly apparent, that the Attorney General could have "nothing to do with the Indian Bureau." But I never said he had! That the Attorney General appointed people to his *own* department seemed unnecessary to mention.

Professor Cairns' last objection is to my statement that "Richard Watson Gilder became assistant editor of *Scribner's Monthly* in 1870 and editor in 1881, continuing as editor of the *Century* when the change was made." He states quite positively that "Gilder never was editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. Dr. Holland continued to hold that position until the magazine came to an end." Professor Cairns here was deceived by the fact that, while Holland was dead, his *name* continued on the title page of the magazine until November 1881. I had followed the facts as given in Miss Rosamund Gilder's *Letters of Richard Watson Gilder*, and, in reply to my recent inquiry, she says,

Your statement that my father became editor in 1881 is therefore absolutely correct. To be exact he was editor-in-chief of *Scribner's* from October 12th, 1881 to Nov. 1, 1881, when the name was changed. This is indisputable, as Dr. Holland was dead. More important than that, however, was the fact that for a long time he had been in actual fact editing the magazine—though Dr. Holland's name stood at the head of the list.

Of course anyone familiar with the history of American magazines, especially the large part Gilder played in encouraging Southern writers like Cable during the late seventies, would know that Gilder was the real editor for many years before he took the title.

I have gone into some detail because I believe the cause of scholarship is not advanced by the kind of criticism which, upon the basis of seven "errors"—three of which are not errors at all, and only one of which deals with a matter of any importance—condemns three colleagues in such unsparing and even contemptuous terms.

Yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN.

The University of Pennsylvania.

BOOK REVIEWS

HUMANISM AND AMERICA: *Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilisation*.
Edited by Norman Foerster. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1930.
\$3.50.

When I use a word, said Humpty-Dumpty, it means exactly what I choose it to mean—no more and no less. But even Humpty-Dumpty could not with the best intentions make it plain to the readers of this book whether the New Humanism is to be understood as antithetic or supplementary to the older and only legitimate use of the word. Still less could he define for them its precise relation to Mr. Schiller's brand of Pragmatic Humanism, or to the humanism of those forward-looking humanizers of knowledge who do not wish to let the conservative classicist devil keep all the good old words. I suppose that a name was needed for a New Movement, and as I do not believe that epoch-making new movements, tendencies, schools, systems, and isms arise every decade in art, literature, morals, philosophy, and criticism, I do not need to wrest words from their proper meanings in order to name them. A few pairs among the contributors to this book may be bracketed by friendship and community of studies, tastes, and ideals. They all may perhaps be regarded as a group of American writers united in opposition to recent radicalisms by some sort of faith in culture, discipline, and tradition. But, apart from this, they have not enough in common to justify the expenditure of ingenuity in plausible unifying generalizations about their tendencies and significance. I shall treat the book, then, as what it mainly is, a collection of thoughtful and interesting essays by various hands.

Professor Louis More's introductory paper with the challenging title, "The Pretensions of Science," is a brief restatement of some of the ideas of his two excellent, but often unfairly reviewed books, *The Limitations of Science*, and *The Dogma of Evolution*. It is a sketch of the history of the philosophy and science of nature from the Greeks to Einstein, accompanied by admonitions that thorough-going materialism is even in the field of the physical sciences a forever unverifiable and not always helpful hypothesis. The contribution of Professor More's essay to the credo of Humanism is the further proposition that dogmatic materialism, extended to psychology and all the mental and moral sciences supposed to be dependent on psychology, is a characteristic modernist confusion of both thought and values.

Professor Babbitt undertakes that exacter definition of Humanism which I have pronounced impossible and I will add "undesirable." I am

content to take the word in a loose, fluid, literary way and in the traditional Renaissance sense of devotion to the Greek and Latin classics and to the cultural and ethical ideals that naturally result from an education in which they hold a considerable place. But this broader historical conception from which Professor Babbitt also starts, is exposed to misunderstandings and misapplications, and Professor Babbitt wishes to deduce from it precisely his own ideals in religion, ethics, culture, philosophy, politics, and education. Humanism thus becomes the antithesis and antidote, not only of materialism and dogmatic naturalism, but of modernism, of sentimental humanitarian romanticism, of the pernicious influence of Rousseau, of the Philistines who would abolish classical studies, and of the pedantry that plays into their hands by substituting philology for the emollient influence of the literary and philosophic pursuit of liberal arts. This program is developed with Professor Babbitt's characteristic verve, subtlety of dialectic, and multifarious, if not always perfectly coördinated erudition. In his own language, "it should be one's ambition to develop so keen a Socratic dialectic, supported by such a wealth of historical illustration, that it will not be easy for the Walter Lippmanns of the future to propose some form of naturalism as the equivalent of 'humanism' and 'high religion'." Humanism is nothing too much, poise and proportion, and many other things that are tautologically more excellent. All of which, an opponent might say, require definition and the control of "nothing too much." But Professor Babbitt would be ready for them: "When first principles are involved the law of measure is no longer applicable. One should not be moderate in dealing with error." Personally I sympathize with most of Professor Babbitt's preferences and conclusions. I cordially concur with the banishment of Mr. Schiller and Mr. Walter Lippmann—though his latest book preaches pure Matthew Arnold—from the humanistic paradise. But the inclusion of Confucius and the exclusion of Walter Pater stagger me. And I used to think that Professor Babbitt exaggerated the opposition between philology and humanism in the graduate school, as I said in a review of his *Literature and the American College*, which the then editor of *The Nation*, Mr. Paul Elmer More, allowed to be printed with only slight omissions.

The fundamentals of the humanistic creed thus established, the remaining essays deal with applications, sometimes quite special, sometimes far-fetched, sometimes disputable, but all interesting. Under the title, "The Humility of Common Sense," Dr. Paul Elmer More reprints two chapters of his recent book, *The Demon of the Absolute*. The first is a vigorous assault on the exaggerations in practice of Croce's dogma that art is ex-

pression, and that the thing expressed and its moral or human values are irrelevant. The second returns to the attack on over-confident materialism, using Professor Whitehead's philosophy, partly as an ally, partly as "A farrago of insight and error."

G. R. Elliott's "Pride of Modernity" sustains the thesis that the modern world cannot understand the pride and the sin of pride that are at the heart of the literature and tragedy of the past, and that it is naïvely unaware that it has substituted the more dangerous pride in having got rid of pride and being too proud to fight. Mr. T. S. Eliot's short paper, "Religion Without Humanism" is, if I understand it, an indirect plea for taking refuge in the bosom of the church. Professor Mather's little essay on "The Plight of the Arts" dwells on the difficulty of creating a humanistic art "in the face of the American spectacle." . . . "in the face of the chicken- and lobster-eating motorist, the radio fan, the devotee of the talkies." He seems to find hope in Matthew Arnold's remnant, though he does not use the term. It would be unkind to ask him, and through him symbolically the other contributors to this volume, if he dislikes milk-fed chicken, disdains the use of a motor car, and can see no merit in such a talkie as Mr. Arliss's *Disraeli*. But it is perhaps pertinent to inquire how we are going to distinguish the sheep from the goats when humanists let themselves go in flights of Menckonian and Nathanian rhetoric, denunciatory of the harmless, necessary, if not always entirely admirable American citizen. Seriously, however, Mr. Mather's meaning and substance are as always worth meditating and taking to heart.

I have left myself no space for Mr. Alan Thompson's "Dilemma of Modern Tragedy," which results from our loss of the older sense of human dignity; for Professor Shafer's "An American Tragedy," virtually a review of one of Mr. Dreiser's novels; for Professor Clark's "Pandora's Box in American Fiction," a brilliant survey and criticism of American novels; for Professor Stanley Chase's "Dionysus in Dismay," dealing largely with obscurities and experiments in poetry with which I have not quite caught up; for Mr. Munson's "Our Critical Spokesmen," which may or may not be right in its conjectures as to the psychology of Sherman's deflection to the left in the neighborhood of—let us say New York City, but is certainly mistaken in its disparaging estimate of his style; for Mr. Bernard Bandler's "Behavior and Continuity"; for Mr. Richard Brown's "Courage and Education," an excellent college commencement paper by a graduate of '29; for Professor Sherlock Gass's "Well of Discipline," which is humanistic in that it pleads for other forms of discipline than those of the physical sciences. They are good bread, but I doubt if the Trades Union label of humanism had much to do with their baking.

To conclude and repeat, if this is a volume of essays like another, then, though I do not always concur, my only and slight criticism would be that I personally prefer more trenchancy, concreteness, and a greater wealth and range of illustration. If it is a manifesto of a movement, I doubt if the movement is clearly defined either by the content of the volume or by its inclusions and exclusions. The table of contents is to me almost as baffling as the Emersonian list in the editor's preface, which attempts to clarify the doctrine "by persons as various as Homer, Phidias, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe," and others. The general reader will be puzzled, and the journalistic reviewer will be driven to meaningless and tautological evasions. They would, I believe, be more likely to get some notion of what it is all about from this review than from the book.

PAUL SHOREY.

The University of Chicago.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF STUART P. SHERMAN. By Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. Two volumes. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. xiv + 880 pp.

At first glance this biography is impressive for its bulk. In number of words it must fall approximately in the class with Lockhart's Scott, and Trevelyan's Macaulay, and Pierre M. Irving's *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*; and in cubical contents its two volumes probably exceed some library editions of these works. Nor is it planned for topical reading. There is no analytical table of contents for each chapter, and Sherman's letters are not distinguished from the rest of the text, either by size of type, or by being put in an appendix. One must read the book page by page to be sure of gaining its message. Those who knew and admired Stuart P. Sherman will find this no hardship. In future generations the librarian confronted with the problem of book storage, and the student of American literary criticism trying to estimate Sherman's place among his contemporaries may wish for something more concise. It must, then, be recognized that the work has two aspects. It is a scholarly study of one of the significant figures of his generation, and it is a tribute and a monument to an admired friend. Professor Woodbridge was most intimately associated with Sherman in their student days, Professor Zeitlin during the period of service at Illinois, and they have planned their collaboration accordingly.

The career of Stuart Sherman was one that raised many questions, particularly in his later years, and called forth many interpretations.

How account for the apparent change from an aggressively conservative academic humanist to a catholic and not unsympathetic popular commentator on the more "advanced" and "daring" moderns? The authors of this biography have recognized the pertinency of this question, which was asked in Sherman's lifetime, and they have tried not so much to answer it as to give the reader the data from which to frame his own answer. Throughout, they have apparently shown scholarly frankness. If they have anywhere let acknowledged love for Sherman the man color the presentation of facts, they have concealed their iniquity well.

Careful reading of this life confirms the impression that the later Sherman was fully implicit in the earlier. His ancestry, the cramped family circumstances after the death of his father, the physical hardships and mental strain of his boyhood experiences in the Arizona mines, his career at Williams with homely employments about his mother's boarding-house and more exhilarating achievements as student editor and athlete, and finally his three graduate years at Harvard—all these had an effect in molding a boy who had in him the stuff to be molded. At Williams the instructor who influenced him most was the belated Transcendentalist John Bascom; at Harvard it was Professor Irving Babbitt. Both were strongly assertive, not to say dogmatic, in supporting views that they held with tenacity. Sherman had a strong personality—in the "New Mermaid" group of his graduate friends at Harvard, "Stuart was Ben Jonson, on account of his dogmatic and sometimes dictatorial method of argument." It is not strange that as a young critic he spoke for the ideas of the older men who had meant most to him, and that he presented them in his own vigorous way, especially as he soon found himself opposed to men, like H. L. Mencken, whose return thrusts were none too delicate. But while he was welcomed by the humanists as an effective ally, it is evident on close scrutiny that he was never wholly bound within the limitations imposed by Messrs. Babbitt and More. Except in the very excitement of conflict, he always recognized that there were other points of view, and that the wise man would try to understand them; and he usually came to the conclusion that there was something to be said for them even if he could not agree. No simple formula will explain his development; conflicting inner impulses, as well as ancestry, early training, and long experience in the democratic Middle West were all the time impelling him in different directions. But one can hardly read this account of his career without feeling that all his movements were both natural and genuine. The desire to express himself in literary forms more artistic than the critical essay, and to appeal to a wider audience, existed from the first, though it grew in his later years. Indeed, it became

so strong that while some of his later utterances suggest almost an hedonistic desire for testing experience, his transition from the Illinois prairies to the greater opportunities of New York was characterized by a still closer devotion to the study and the desk. But it is not for a reviewer to attempt to summarize, or even to characterize, so complex a personality; particularly when it is remembered that he was developing so rapidly, and that the end came at a time when it might well have been hoped and believed that his active work was not more than half done.

While Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have been faithful historians and biographers, they have by no means failed as friends, and the picture they have presented and allowed the subject and others to present through quoted letters is one of human interest and much charm. In recent generations there are, it is to be feared, few letters from father to son finer than those to John Sherman during the young man's few months at Harvard, and his long confinement in a Colorado sanitarium. A somewhat austere portrait serves as a frontispiece to the first volume, but less formal photographs seem more human and natural. To the present reviewer the Stuart Sherman that he knew appears most fully in the frontispiece to Volume Two. There are some other full-page illustrations of more or less relevant subjects, such as Grandfather Pratt's church at Dorset, and President James of Illinois. The volumes are well indexed, and the careful bibliography includes both Sherman's own writings, beginning with those of his college days, and criticisms on the man and his work.

W. B. CAIRNS.

The University of Wisconsin.

OUR SINGING STRENGTH: *An Outline of American Poetry, 1620-1930*. By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Coward McCann. 1929. pp. 643. \$5.00.

In spite of her best efforts Clio has never come off very successfully in writing about any of her sisters. However much she may know about their lives and appearances, she has not enough feeling to interpret them with sympathy. On the other hand, when Erato or Euterpe have undertaken autobiographies, they have proved quite unreliable as to the facts. Alfred Kreymborg's outline of American poetry is a case in point. It is a book about poetry by a poet, and it has the virtues and defects of its kind. The question to consider in evaluating it is not how it fails in measuring up to scholarly standards, but how it serves in estimating poetic values.

The only pertinent comment to make on the book in terms of history is, therefore, to express regret that Mr. Kreymborg allowed himself to be

distracted by it at all; that he did not satisfy himself in writing a series of critical appreciations, without reference to biographical data, literary anecdote—often irrelevant—or chronological detail. If he had exercised this self-restraint, the whole work would have been frankly lyric, he would not have contrasted the paucity of his knowledge of the earlier history with its wealth in the contemporary; he would not have fallen into all sorts of discrepancies of method, because he would have assumed the freedom of the poet from the methods of the historian. There are plenty of professional students to do the kind of thing that he was not equipped for; and there are extremely few who have anything like his degree of poetic feeling or insight.

The essential values of the book are therefore in the latter two-thirds which deal with the poets of the last half-century. And even here they are for the student and the seasoned rather than the casual reader. Any book of genuine criticism is a book to read and mark; none is a book to learn. Only the reader who has information and judgment enough to feel free to differ can read *Our Singing Strength* without being led off on various by-paths of dogmatism. In his discussion of the moderns Mr. Kreymborg writes always in the consciousness of certain controversies among the poets about poetic form, that the public has not even had to ignore, not being aware of them. In his desire for the achievement of an American art he harps a good deal on nationalism and modernism. Being forthright and honest, he could do no other. But the reader of *Our Singing Strength* needs to be quite as aware of Kreymborg as he does of the songsters Kreymborg is holding up to view. And if he is really aware, he will see that the saving virtue of this poet-critic is that he suspends all his dogmatic judgments in the face of a genuine poem. He takes this on its own terms just as he himself must be taken.

Our Singing Strength is a book for the student of contemporary American poetry. It supersedes Untermeyer's *New Era* and all the other late volumes in this field. It displays an enormous reach of reading and reveals without display a genuine love of poetry. And in its enthusiasm for what seems excellent to its author it fills the reader with the desire to reaffirm many old poetic acquaintanceships and to make a host of new ones.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

The University of Chicago.

EMERSON THE WISEST AMERICAN. By Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. 1929.

The second sentence of Mr. Russell's summary of Emerson's services to American thought reads: "In literature he was our only Olympian, and all criticisms of his precepts must appear somewhat niggardly in the light of his personal splendor." So, perhaps unconsciously, Mr. Russell defines his approach to his subject. "Emerson Personally" might well be the title of his book. From the inexhaustible treasure-house of the *Journals* and from the standard memoirs of Emerson's friends, he has created a picture of the external man, as he lived and talked in Concord, which may aid in that process of humanizing our philosopher-poet—a tendency which has gathered force since the publication of Professor Perry's *The Heart of Emerson's Journals*. It is difficult to recall an anecdote which Mr. Russell has not included; and it is equally difficult, it must be added, to point out the relation of these titbits to Mr. Russell's sub-title. All testify to Mr. Russell's interest not in the thought of Emerson, but in the man as he was visible to Alcott, to Margaret Fuller, to Lydian, or even to Lydia, the cook, who would not conform to his scheme for the equalization at table of servant and master.

These stories Mr. Russell has woven into the outline of Emerson's life with skill. He quotes lavishly, pausing to comment, or to summarize briefly the essential idea of a book. He is occasionally tempted into theorizing, as in allusions to the inner "integument" which the frail Emerson built up against the world, or in the reference, still more guarded, to the friendship with Martin Gay. In the main, however, the quotations carry on the story, leaving us with an impression that we have been listening to hours of talk from Emerson, and from those who knew him best.

Such vignettes of Emerson fashioned into an interesting narrative must have been Mr. Russell's aim, so that it seems ungracious to mention the gaping void in this volume in respect to Emerson's thought. For throughout the book Mr. Russell fails to grapple with one tough issue in Emerson's philosophy. He alludes to those devoted students of Emerson, Woodberry and Firkins. Yet he does not manifest the power of the former to clarify for the layman the tangled doctrines of the New England Transcendentalist; nor has he the stimulating *aperçus* of the latter, himself a metaphysician. All such questions, as well as the provocative crises of Emerson's life, Mr. Russell, except as pictures, quietly ignores. He dismisses the causative and seminal *Nature* in four paragraphs (pp. 127, 128); he is casual about the moot point of the exact nature of the debt of New England Transcendentalism to the Germans (p. 39); he says of the

terms "Reason" and "Understanding": "These terms he probably got from Coleridge," this and little more (pp. 115, 116); and he offers no thorough analysis of the influence on Emerson of Puritanism and Romanticism.

Instead there is the lovely picture of Emerson and Ellen Tucker, the most delicately imaginative, I think, which exists. There is this picture and there are also a score of others, all graceful and delightful—so many that the reviewer is apologetic for pointing out in the book lacks of which Mr. Russell himself must be sensible. For a mature student, a specialist, *Emerson the Wisest American* has little value, but if I wished to stimulate a young student, knowing nothing of Emerson, to an acquaintance with him, in the hope of challenging to further study, I think that I should refer him, with a word of warning, to Mr. Russell's book.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

Yale University.

THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF ROGER WILLIAMS. By James E. Ernst. (University of Washington Publications in Language and Literature.) Seattle: The University of Washington Press. 1929. 229 pp. \$2.00.

The Late Professor Parrington, in *Main Currents in American Thought*, mentioned a master's essay on Williams by one of his students. The present study is the work of that student.

Dr. Ernst affirms that "Williams's theory of state and sovereignty, contrary to all claims made heretofore, has its basis not in religion, but in his conception of the individual man in a civil state or society." The author hits shrewdly the "clerically minded biographers and historians" who have regarded Williams merely as an apostle of religious liberty. Ernst, however, in striving to right the balance, comes perilously near over-emphasis. He rightly regards Williams's reference to natural law and corporation law as significant, yet he finds scarcely enough documentary evidence to develop any detailed analysis of Williams's conception of the individual and the state. He makes it clear, however, that Williams did have such a theory and that it was a distinctly revolutionary theory. Ernst might have gone further in this direction by more research on Williams's influence in shaping the political institutions of his own colony.

Ernst divides his work into seven chapters. The first is a biographical sketch, containing much of the new material published by the Rhode Island Historical Society. The second is an excellent analysis of Williams's conception of the origin and nature of the state. The third section should challenge attention. Williams, in his general conception of sov-

ereignty, was remarkably akin to Bodin; and his popular sovereignty was not the crude arbitrary majority-will of Rousseau, but a power supreme "only in civil things" and inoperative as against the natural rights of man.

The fourth section, which expands scattered observations of Williams into a theory of international relations, brings out rather too much that was merely implicit. There are, however, suggestive points: Williams, for example, anticipated views of modern international lawyers as to the equality of states; and in his defense of Indian titles, came forward as the first American to advance the central arguments of the anti-imperialists of our own time.

The sections on the purpose and activities of the state are a bit thin, mainly because Williams never had occasion to write at any length on such topics. Ernst, in examining Williams's rôle in establishing the government of his own colony, is least successful. There is yet no adequate historical study of economic and political institutions in early Rhode Island. Ernst overlooks the fact that Williams did not at first approve of economic equality in Providence. Nor was citizenship freely granted to newcomers.

The author asserts that Williams should hold place beside Bodin, Milton, and Spinoza. Undoubtedly Ernst has demonstrated that Williams, even when contrasted with fellow liberals of the seventeenth century, stands out as profoundly revolutionary.

S. H. BROCKUNIER.

Harvard University.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: THE APOSTLE OF AMERICANISM. By Gilbert Chinard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1929. xvi + 548 pp.

It is safe to say that Professor Chinard's exposition of Jefferson's political philosophy will take its place as the most penetrating and exhaustive interpretation of the sage of Monticello that we possess. With astonishing diligence Professor Chinard has studied the hundreds of volumes of unpublished Jefferson manuscript in the archives of the Library of Congress and the Massachusetts Historical Society, which, as he says "constitute the richest treasure house of historical information ever left by a single man." In the abundant source material of letters, diaries, state papers, scrap books, and memoranda (some of which, like the Reflections on the Articles of Confederation, he has published for the first time), the author has not sought, like many of the biographers, to find support for any of the traditional interpretations of Jefferson as opportunist, pacifist, Jacobin, or atheist. The book is neither an attack, open or covert, nor an encomium upon Jefferson, but a profound and unprejudiced

analysis of Jefferson's political thought and of its consequences in his public acts. If the conclusions reached by Professor Chinard are almost uniformly favorable to the Jeffersonian policies, one feels that it is not because the author has misrepresented or ignored the arguments of Jefferson's contemporary opponents, like Marshall and Hamilton, or of his later critics, like Morse and Henry Adams; but rather that he has supplied from unimpeachable documentary evidence the bases for reasonable and cogent counter-arguments. He does not set out with, but rather arrives at the very strong judgment expressed in the preface (p. xiii) and in the subtitle of the book that "Thomas Jefferson did more than any other man of his generation to formulate the creed of Americanism."

Especially noteworthy features of the book are, in the first place, the author's skilful subordination of history to biography. He tells enough, and only enough, of the events of the forty years of Jefferson's public activity to enable the reader to understand how they furnished both the stimulus to the formulation and the source for the application of Jefferson's political and social philosophy. Again, Professor Chinard shows conclusively that Jefferson did not derive his ideas from Rousseau and the French *philosophes*. In lucid paragraphs, supported at every point by the evidence from Jefferson's Commonplace Book, political tracts, and voluminous correspondence with American and French thinkers, the author distinguishes Jefferson's fundamental ideas of the social contract and the status of property from the theories of the Physiocrats or the economists of the Adam Smith school, and demonstrates that the contact of the matured mind of Jefferson with the minds of his French friends resulted rather in his impression of his own philosophy upon them than of theirs upon him. A third striking feature of Professor Chinard's book is the light it throws upon Jefferson's great contributions to the origin and development of many a major American policy. The Monroe Doctrine, for example, was clearly divined and advocated by him a quarter of a century before it was enunciated in the presidential message of 1823, and his exposition of American neutrality left little new in thought or language for Woodrow Wilson to add in the twentieth century.

However, Professor Chinard's book is not altogether free from errors of fact and questionable judgments. He devotes a page (p. 60) to proving that, in the closing paragraphs of the Declaration on Taking up Arms (July 6, 1775), Jefferson was not influenced by Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," which "had taken the city by fire," forgetting that "Common Sense" was not published until six months after the aforesaid Declaration. He speaks of Gallatin as the leader of "an armed convention denouncing the law and defying the government on Braddock field" (p.

305) in 1794, whereas Gallatin's influence in that turbulent gathering was bravely exerted in exactly the opposite cause of submitting to the law and eschewing violence. He repeats the legend that John Adams, retiring from the presidency, "refused to welcome his successor" (p. 375), while the truth is that Adams was suddenly called away from Washington by the severe illness of his son, and wrote Jefferson a cordial note wishing him a successful administration. More than a score of misspellings, especially in foreign words, indicate some carelessness in proofreading. But in spite of these slips, Professor Chinard's book is by all odds the best biography of Jefferson that has ever been written.

DAVID S. MUZZEY.

Columbia University.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By Curt John Ducasse. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 1929. xiv + 314 pp.

This book has three principal merits. The title is *philosophy* of art, and the book is on that subject. The author has avoided the common confusion between æsthetics and art-criticism. He defines the philosopher as the general theorist of critical terms, or the one who evaluates the truth of judgments in which terms of value are not *used*, but *talked about* (p. 4). In the second place, though perhaps no reader would agree with all of Mr. Ducasse's judgments on other philosophies of art, his book contains more delicate and helpful analysis of such theory than any other recent book in English. He shows that Croce has invented an arbitrary language of his own and that people have on the whole subscribed to the Neapolitan's views the more, the less they have realized this; that Dewey has confused a single function of a thing with its whole concrete nature such as a comprehensive definition should give; that Lippsians in appreciating the nature of "empathy" have neglected the equally important "ecpathy," and that psychologists forget that their statistical laws about color-preferences never apply outside the laboratory. The third merit is the style. The plain analytical style which assists the reader's understanding is doubtless but another face of the witty and playful style which satirizes pretense in matters of art and gives the reader joy. The appendix is a sustained example of such ironical treatment directed at the solemnity of "significant form." But there are frequent flashes like: "Man is the animal that loves to 'pass the buck' to a rule" (p. 288); "It has been said that shams are the illegitimate offspring of idealism; but the illegitimacy belongs only to the shams that are not thorough enough. Man, it may be said, is the being for whom to be natural is to play a part" (p. 117).

Mr. Ducasse develops a view of his own as he pushes forward his relativistic analysis of the views of others. For him there is no essential connection between art and beauty, for art is the objectification of feeling and includes the ugly, and beauty is the pleasingness of a product of art. He also believes there is no objective standard by which the validity of æsthetic feeling may be measured, and this is the characteristic tenet of what he calls his "philosophical liberalism." His position is, I think, extreme, but could only not be fairly met by going far into metaphysical questions.

KATHERINE GILBERT.

Duke University.

WILLIAM BYRD'S HISTORIES OF THE DIVIDING LINE BETWIXT VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA. Edited by William K. Boyd. Raleigh, N. C.: The North Carolina Historical Commission. 1929. xxvii + 341 pp.

About three-fourths of the time between William Byrd's tenth and fiftieth birthdays was spent in England. And while his almost twenty years in America before 1744, where he died at seventy, were undoubtedly quite tolerable to him, they were tolerable largely because he had set up about him a small world remarkably suggestive of an older civilization. He had acquired nearly two hundred thousand acres of land, and built a fine mansion adorned with four thousand books and numerous portraits reminiscent of Europe and his own youth. Above all, he had written—so that Europe might not forget him any more than he, it—several books describing America in terms that the politest gentleman in London might well understand and chuckle over.

His writings were not published; financial worries consequent upon too imperial an ambition delayed their appearance till he was past worry about them or anything else. But as late as 1737 he was still contemplating publication. He composed for this purpose three manuscripts, all in the form of journals, one voluminous, the other two, scant: (1) *A History of the Dividing Line betwixt Virginia and North Carolina run in 1728*, (2) *A Progress to the Mines in the Year 1732*, and (3) *A Journey to the Land of Eden*—describing twenty-six thousand acres of land he saw and lusted for when he ran the dividing line, and later bought and named in jocular honor of John Eden, the Carolina governor.

The collected manuscripts were published in 1841, 1866, and 1901. They have become generally familiar through representation in anthologies, and in 1928, in the American Book Shelf series, under the editorship of Mr. Mark Van Doren, they became for the first time popularly available.

Byrd's daughter-in-law was a native of Philadelphia. In 1778 his library was sold in that place; and in 1851, public attention was called to the fact that the American Philosophical Society there was in possession of an unknown manuscript by Byrd called *The Secret History of the Dividing Line*. But no adequate notice was taken of the announcement from that time till 1929.

The volume which is the subject of this review presents the long familiar *History of the Dividing Line*, printed on pages bearing even numbers, with the new *Secret History*, nicely collated, printed on pages bearing old numbers. The index is excellent, and there are several pertinent illustrations. An introduction by Professor Boyd discusses the variations between the two versions, the historical background of the survey, and the character of Byrd.

The Secret History, about half as long as the other version, though not without the sharpness and occasional ornament usual with Byrd, was apparently composed chiefly as a private record, a memorandum for work to be done later, or, at most, as an account likely to interest only people familiar with the expedition it describes. It is curt in introduction and conclusion; it announces, if only by pseudonyms, the identity of the surveyors; it records with candor Byrd's preëminence among his men and his men's peremptoriness among such frontier people—especially frontier ladies—as came in their way.

But these disclosures—the fruit of a more intimate attitude than dominated the standard *History*—produce an effect likely to be more and more prized with the variation of custom. Though it rather confirms than alters, on the whole, what was already known, the secret version is a very useful and entertaining supplement to one's knowledge—a characterization which Byrd himself would probably have thought out and relished.

JOHN D. WADE.

Vanderbilt University.

THE BOOK OF POE: *Tales, Criticism, Poems*. Edited by Addison Hibbard.

General Introduction by Hervey Allen. Garden City: Doubleday Doran and Company. 1929. xvii + 519 pp. \$5.00.

In this attractive volume the editor has attempted to give a selection embracing those criticisms, poems, and tales of Poe which make most appeal to the reader of the present day. And whether the reader be thought of as an undergraduate wishing to make a limited study of a great writer, or an older person desirous of understanding the much discussed and supposedly mysterious Poe, Dean Hibbard has succeeded.

The introduction, by Hervey Allen, points out the need for just such a collection, and the editor's three introductions to the three sections of the book deal with the general aspects of Poe's chief modes of expression. Brief notes on the places of publication are added to each item, and a few items not named by Poe have been given titles—these last inoffensive, except "*On Nordics*," which, heading a note on persons affecting an over simple style, is inaccurate and an anachronism, although almost too minute a point to mention.

In choosing the criticisms, Dean Hibbard has gathered the cream, I think. And almost all the poems of course appear in the final versions—even *Tamerlane*, which unless given in the earliest version as a specimen of Poe's youthful powers, could hardly have been missed if omitted.

From the tales only twenty are selected, but in choosing them the editor has shown considerable acumen. The over-lengthy "Mystery of Marie Rogêt" is not forced upon us as in most anthologies, and the inclusion of the bitter and typical "Never Bet the Devil Your Head" was a wise and bold stroke. But his belief that "By nature Poe was analytical, intellectual, scientific" has seemingly led the editor to omit such important tales as "Metzengerstein," "The Island of the Fay," "The Landscape Garden," and "The Duc de l'Omelette." And somehow instead of such stuff—typical, but valueless—as "Loss of Breath" and "King Pest," which are included, one might like to see among "the best works of Poe," the grim "Hop-Frog" (which Poe called his best tale) and that most neglected of his masterpieces, the incomparably spirit-stirring tale of horror and magic, "Morella."

THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT.

Hunter College of the City of New York.

DIME NOVELS: *Or, Following an Old Trail in Popular Literature*. By Edmund Pearson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1929.

MALAESKA: *The Indian Wife of the White Hunter*. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. New York: The John Day Company. 1929.

The dime novel has never lacked its defenders, but in death it is decidedly the benefactor of the *nil nisi bonum* attitude. Only the aged can now remember the species in its heyday; to the rest it is merely a phrase that has been embalmed in tradition. In other times the dime novel was denounced from pulpit and platform; in secret, we understand, a scattered army of small boys gathered illicit satisfaction without end from between those salmon-colored backs. Mr. Tarkington has mirrored this phase of our history very delightfully in the pages of his *Penrod*. There, you may

recall, Penrod, urged by the auctorial impulse, ventured into the realms of dime novelship himself.

Recently there have been brought out almost simultaneously by different houses, a reprinted dime novel and a history of the dime novel. The latter volume is from the pen of Mr. Edmund Pearson, the well-known chronicler of crime. Mr. Pearson traces the progress of these books through their youth, when they were strongly tinged with Scott and, particularly, Fenimore Cooper; through the Wild West era, the Cap Collier series, Jack Harkaway, Deadwood Dick, and others; then through the decline in the days of Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell. In the end the dime thriller merged into the "nickel library" and the boy's weeklies. The dime novel proper began, so Mr. Pearson tells us, in 1860 with the series of books published by the New York house of Beadle, which for a long period held the ascendancy in this field; the decline set in in the nineties. The end of the century saw the end, virtually, of the dime novel. Though the species itself died out, its descendants live on, as no one need be reminded in view of the thousands of detective, Wild West, confession story, and other periodicals now existing. Wisely eschewing the ideal of completeness, Mr. Pearson nevertheless covers the subject in a very satisfactory way. One of the chief merits of his study is the extensive and judicious selections made from each of the more memorable series of dime novels. One feels that the author has probably skimmed the cream of this ephemeral literature. He appends a brief bibliography of pertinent articles and books.

Malaeska has the honor of being the first dime novel. Its author, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, was evidently by no means lacking in literary ambition. Her work, unlike that of the later hacks, shows signs of care in composition and construction. But the melodramatic thriller is obviously adumbrated in such passages as the following:

Sternly arose the white man's shout amid the blazing of guns and the whizzing of tomahawks, as they flashed through the air on their message of blood. Above all burst out the war-whoop of the savages, sometimes rising hoarse, and like the growling of a thousand bears; then, as the barking of as many wolves, and again, sharpening to the shrill, unearthly cry of a tribe of wildcats. Oh, it was fearful, that scene of slaughter. Heart to heart, and muzzle to muzzle, the white and red man battled in horrid strife. The trees above them drooped under a cloud of smoke, and their trunks were scarred with gashes, cut by the tomahawks which had missed their more deadly aim. The ground was burdened with the dead, and yet the strife raged fiercer and fiercer, till the going down of the sun.

In the midst of the fight was William Danforth. Many a dusky form bit the dust, and many a savage howl followed the discharge of his trusty gun.

The introduction to *Malaeska* was written by Dr. Frank P. O'Brien, who sketches the career of the author, Mrs. Stephens, and then proceeds

to an even more interesting subject, his own collection of dime novel material. In 1922 Dr. O'Brien gave a set of more than fourteen hundred Beadle and other novels to the New York Public Library. The writing of the one and the reprinting of the other of the books here reviewed was made possible by Dr. O'Brien's assiduity in bringing together these now exceedingly scarce works. For, though hounded and hunted in its day, the dime novel has now achieved a fair immortality as a collector's item.

LEWIS PATTON.

Duke University.

ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE. Edited, with an Introduction, by V. F. Calverton. New York: The Modern Library. 1929. xii + 535 pp.

Mr. Calverton's collection of writings by American negroes differs conspicuously from other collections in being better rounded, including as it does specimens of the drama, poetry, the short story, and the essay (historical, sociological, and literary) as well as chapters from seven novels and three autobiographies. In the choice of selections some attempt was made to show historical development, although the work is not strong in this particular. Only one poem by Phyllis Wheatley is included, and only one each by Albert A. Whitman, Frances E. Harper, and James Madison Bell; there is no line from William Wells Brown or Samuel R. Ward; Frederick Douglass speaks for the whole group of fugitive slaves who wrote narratives of their lives. Most of the authors represented, in fact, are strictly contemporary; and a number of them are young leaders: college teachers, journalists, agitators in the cause of social reform.

The excerpts are preceded by a vigorously written introduction, in which the editor maintains, among much else, that whereas the white man in this country has merely "continued, and in an inferior manner, a culture of European origin," the negro has developed a culture "distinctly and undeniably American." The contributions made by the negro, declares Mr. Calverton, "constitute America's chief claim to originality in its cultural history. In song, the Negro spirituals and to a less extent the Blues; in tradition, Negro folk-lore; and in music, Negro jazz—these three constitute the Negro's contribution to American culture." All this has undoubted point in the discussion of musical forces and influences in the United States, but bears but slightly on the writings collected in this volume. Except for the few samples of religious and popular songs, none of the selections may be called peculiarly "indigenous to our soil" or pronounced "striking and singular in substance and structure." Even the

well-known spirituals, or rather such part of them as can be transferred to the printed page, suggest but faintly the qualities which make them so impressive when rendered by singers. They belong primarily to the domain of music, and only incidentally to that of poetry; and the same is true of the labor songs and the "blues."

Least of all do contemporary negro authors offer suggestions of a peculiar racial element, except in the choice of themes. Quite naturally they choose to treat of the life and problems of the race; but their point of view, their reaction to social ostracism, differs little if at all from that to be expected of any human beings similarly situated, whatever their race. Moreover, like the negro poets and fiction-writers of the nineteenth century, present-day negro authors are fully in the swim of current literary fashions and traditions. Among the poets are followers of Housman and Lindsay; several of the writers of fiction suggest Sherwood Anderson or Dreiser; and at least one of the essayists has read Mencken with considerable relish. Between their work and the naïve folk-literature exists a gulf as wide as that between freedom and slavery.

Taken as a whole, the work of these younger writers shows a commendably high level of performance—which means, since the book is composed mainly of their work, that the level throughout is high. If there are no geniuses among them, at least there are several men of talent, particularly among the poets and scholars. The volume well carries out the editor's avowed purpose of illustrating what the negro has achieved in the various branches of literature up to the present. Incidentally, it will also serve the general reader as an adequate index to the social opinions and present state of mind of a number of negro leaders.

JOHN HERBERT NELSON.

The University of Kansas.

STUDIES ON SIX PLAYS OF EUGENE O'NEILL. By Alan D. Mickle. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. 166 pp. \$2.00.

Mr. Mickle describes his book as "testimony to the effect produced on a certain type of mind possessed by a certain wandering Australian by the reading of certain (for him) great plays written by a certain (for him) great American." He had in 1923 come to London hoping to see at least a few great plays. Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie were being given, but none satisfied him. Then he heard *Anna Christie*, proceeded to read *The Hairy Ape*, *The Great God Brown*, *The Fountain*, *Marco Millions*, and *Strange Interlude*, and now records in these short essays the thoughts, mainly philosophic, which the reading gave rise to.

Though by not seeing the plays he may have missed some of the tremendous force of *The Hairy Ape* and the poignant beauty of *Marco Millions*, he was spared hearing in *Strange Interlude* a competent actress gabble, as though bored stiff, page of asides many of which she could more effectively have expressed in acting, and the messy confusion of the masks in *The Great God Brown*. Had he seen, instead of read, these plays, Mr. Mickle might not have been so impressed by these technical devices. He *is* impressed: he says O'Neill "begins where Ibsen left off"; equals Swift as a satirist in *Gulliver's Travels*; surpasses Blake in insight; ranks in certain ways with Shakespeare. Such enthusiasm is in some ways attractive, but it is hardly infectious. It raises questions. So do Mr. Mickle's philosophic and literary generalizations and comparisons. The Hairy Ape, struggling to find his place in the world, is hardly a Prometheus. Not all great artists have tried to change their mediums; Shakespeare did express his dissatisfaction with his stage equipment for *Henry V*—his words apply as well to our own—but there is not the slightest evidence that he tried to modify it. To praise Shakespeare's simplicity of stage direction at the entrance of his characters, "Enter Iago," "Enter Macbeth," in comparison to the fuller description of modern writers, seems rather naïve. Why, too, must Mr. Mickle, like so many other writers today, think men and women are "normal" when they are allowing their passions and selfishness free play, but only "aping"—the word is Mr. Mickle's—their ideal man when they control themselves or are sympathetic with others? Moreover, one may suspect the insight of any critic who finds Barrie merely "pleasingly, comfortingly humorous." Has he never read *The Will* or *Dear Brutus*? Barrie, Shaw, and Galsworthy are superficial; they are, we are told, always clear, as if that were a fault in comparison with O'Neill's greater profundity. Or is this apparent profundity sometimes due to the muddiness of mixed thinking?

See the effect of extravagant praise! It drives one to the opposite extreme. Surely we may appreciate O'Neill's freshness and unquestionable power, be interested in his continued technical experiments even though they do not always come off, admire him for his courage in attacking great and vital themes, without going quite so far as Mr. Mickle. His book is generally well written (though he will use *like* for *as*) and is intellectually stimulating not only for the opposition it arouses—no mean service, I think—but also by the positive value of many of its ideas.

GEORGE F. REYNOLDS.

The University of Colorado.

ETHAN ALLEN. By John Pell. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929.

Ethan Allen, the Robin Hood of Vermont, offers a "modern" biographer the most attractive kind of subject, since his activities touch upon the dramatic and the romantic, anecdotes concerning his exploits abound, and comparatively little information about many periods of his life is to be obtained. Mr. John Pell's life of the border hero is a rare specimen of the *genre* "modern biography" in that it attempts to let the reader know when fact has given place to speculation. Moreover, it contains new material which has been discovered by the author himself. Although most of this consists of shreds of information derived for the most part from legal records, it supplies the best available account of Allen's life up to the moment when his shout at Ticonderoga awakened the echoes of fame.

Of special interest in connection with Ethan Allen's activities as an author is Mr. Pell's suggestion of the influence exerted by Thomas Young in prompting the radical ideas expressed in *Oracles of Reason*, and the explanation of the historical background from which came Allen's various political tracts.

There are a few points in regard to which Mr. Pell's work may be questioned. The propriety of speaking of Charles Blount's "staggering degree of scholarship" (p. 15) seems doubtful to anyone who has studied English literature and thought of the seventeenth century. Jonathan Edwards was not altogether the fanatical dispenser of a "morbid, hell-fire predestination" (p. 24) that he is made out to be. "A philosopher such as a Teufelsdorf" (p. 205) probably belongs to the same category as a "Puritan cosmography" (p. 227). Is there any ground for assigning the mock advertisement of "Deism Confessed" (*The Vermont Gazette* for September 19, 1785) to Lemuel Hopkins?

Although the notes at the end of Mr. Pell's book have not always thrown light upon such doubtful matters, his bibliography provides a list of documents pertaining to Ethan Allen which should prove useful to those interested in the career of the leader of the Green Mountain Boys.

CLARENCE GOHDES.

New York University.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Grant Overton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1929. \$1.00.

This is a disappointing book even for those who must take their culture "on the run." For such, the numerous dates of this "outline" must be disturbing, and the lack of content, distressing. For others, its dogmatism

and bad perspective must be annoying. The author appears to have turned the pages of Van Doran's *The American Novel* and set down whatever pleased his fancy, with here and there a comment. Thus he says, "In the generous rivalry of Cooper and Scott, it is Cooper who influenced the novel most." Tarkington is preferred to Howells; the more ephemeral novels of Edith Wharton receive much more attention than *The Scarlet Letter*; the novels of Hamlin Garland are omitted altogether. All this is unfortunate. We need a thorough-going account of the American novel badly, one that shall discuss its content and what went into its shaping—not one like Van Doren's too ingenious and cursory survey, and certainly not such a piece of arm-chair dictation as this.

E. E. LEISY.

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THE IDENTITY OF HARVEY BIRCH

TREMAINE McDOWELL
The University of Minnesota

WHEN JAMES Fenimore Cooper published *The Spy* late in the year 1821, there began a century of speculation. Was Harvey Birch, readers demanded, modeled after a secret agent of the Revolution? If such was his origin, who, they asked, was the model? In July, 1822, W. H. Gardiner brought the problem to the attention of the public by asserting in *The North American Review* that Birch was a character "not wholly without historical foundation,"¹ but he ventured to cite no name. Of the various individuals since presented as prototypes of Cooper's spy, a certain Enoch Crosby has been urged most persistently. Although it has been categorically denied that there can be any connection between the two men, the majority of those who have discussed the matter accept the identification. And yet there has never been a conclusive answer to the question, Who was Harvey Birch? The problem, therefore, is provocative.

Some years prior to 1821, Cooper had heard John Jay (once chief justice, minister to Spain, and governor of New York) recount on his piazza at Bedford, the story of a Revolutionary spy in Westchester, whose name Jay was careful not to mention and whose identity the novelist himself never established. In his second novel, Cooper in 1821 announced patriotism as his subject and this unnamed and rather tenuous individual is the model for Harvey Birch.² Enoch Crosby was first introduced to the public, it appears, late in 1827, when the dramatic version of *The Spy*³ was revived in New York City; and Crosby, it is said, was invited to be present as the prototype of Birch. At once seizing on the opportunity, H. L. Barnum published early in 1828 *The Spy Unmasked; or, Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch*.⁴ The author asserted that he had

¹ XV, 259 (July, 1822).

² These facts were first made public by Cooper in his introduction to the revised edition of *The Spy* (London, 1831), pp. vii-x. Jay, here described by the novelist as "Mr. ———," was repeatedly identified by Susan Cooper (see, e.g., "Small Family Memories," in *Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper*, New Haven, 1922, p. 43).

³ The novel was adapted to the stage soon after publication and was first presented in March, 1822 (T. R. Lounsbury, *James Fenimore Cooper*, Boston, 1910, p. 34).

⁴ This account is drawn from Barnum, *The Spy Unmasked* (revised edition, New York, 1831), a work which, as will be demonstrated below, is not to be accepted without cor-

taken down Crosby's story in the latter's own words, "from his own lips, in short-hand," and that the substance was here presented unaltered, although phrased in the language of the compiler. After a respectful dedication to Cooper, Barnum made this claim on the first page of his introduction: "Mr. Cooper has frequently assured our correspondent, that . . . ENOCH CROSBY was certainly the *original* which he had in his 'mind's eye'." The narrative of two hundred-sixteen pages which follows was designed to establish that contention.

The denials and asseverations which have been made in the past leave the issue clouded. Of Jay's secret agent, for example, Cooper is said by his daughter to have "declared in the family circle that, as far as he himself was concerned, the conversation with Governor Jay was the sole foundation for the character of Harvey Birch."⁵ On the other hand, since the same daughter records that Cooper gathered anecdotes of the Revolution from workmen who built his home at Angevine, from aged men and housewives, from his neighbors and friends,⁶ it is difficult to believe that these tales did not contribute in the least to the feats of Birch. Furthermore, it has been stated that, after a Yankee peddler had shown his wares before the Cooper family, the novelist determined that his spy should also be a peddler.⁷ Cooper's absolute identification of Jay's agent and Birch, therefore, should not be accepted without further confirmation. References to Enoch Crosby have likewise been contradictory. Cooper, on being shown a copy of *The Spy Unmasked*, flatly denied the assertion that he had named Crosby as the prototype of Birch and declared, "I know nothing of such a man as Enoch Crosby, never

roboration. A search has been made in files of the New York journals of that period, through the courtesy of Mr. H. M. Lydenberg, Assistant Director of the New York Public Library, Mr. L. H. Fox, Chief of the Newspaper Division of the same institution, and Mr. A. J. Wall, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, to whom I wish to express thanks for their kindly aid. The only substantiation of Barnum's narrative produced by this investigation is a formal note, purporting to have been dictated by Crosby and actually printed in *The Journal of Commerce* for December 21, 1827. Crosby here thanks the public for "their kind attention" and admits that "some of the incidents [of the play] resembled transactions in which he himself had been an actor." (The note is correctly reproduced by Barnum, *op. cit.*, pp. xi, xii.) Although it is possible that the entire episode was a fabrication of Barnum's as publicity for his volume, it is more probable that his account of Crosby's visit to New York is authentic.

⁵ Susan Cooper, "A Glance Backward," *Atlantic Monthly*, LIX, 204 (February, 1881).

⁶ *Idem*, LIX, 202, 203; *Correspondence*, pp. 42, 43.

⁷ Quoted by Mary Phillips, *James Fenimore Cooper* (New York, 1912), p. 81.

having heard his name, until I saw it coupled with the character of the Spy, after my return from Europe."⁸ Susan Cooper went even farther, asserting in a statement never publicly corroborated by her father, "He never for a moment believed Crosby was the man."⁹ And yet, the Cooper family could not intelligently and conclusively deny that Crosby may have been the agent of Jay, because they never learned the name of Jay's employee. In contrast to these denials is the unqualified acceptance of Crosby as the hero of *The Spy* by historians of Westchester: Joseph Barrett, J. T. Scharf, Frederick Shonnard, W. W. Spooner, and Robert Bolton.¹⁰ Since these gentlemen base their conclusions solely on the testimony of Barnum, they cannot be accepted as authoritative, unless and until the latter's narrative is corroborated. The problem, then, cannot be settled by an appeal to authority.

There remains only one approach to the question of Birch's identity, namely, a detailed reëxamination of the facts concerning each individual involved. Heretofore, no attempt has been made to check either Barnum's narrative or Cooper's novel with Revolutionary documents. By comparing these two books with the records of the Continental Congress, the recently published minutes of the Committee for Detecting Conspiracies in the State of New York, and an unpublished deposition of Enoch Crosby made in 1832, it is now possible to reconstruct the activities of these five characters or groups of characters: (I) John Jay's secret agent, (II) Westchester spies in general, (III) the authentic Enoch Crosby, (IV) the Crosby of Barnum's volume, (V) Harvey Birch. Through correlation of these facts, one may reach certain definite conclusions.

I. The Westchester spy employed by Jay, according to Cooper in his introduction of 1831, was "poor, ignorant, . . . but cool, shrewd and fearless." His duty was to learn where British officers

⁸ *Correspondence*, p. 684.

⁹ "Small Family Memories," in *Correspondence*, p. 42.

¹⁰ Barrett's address before the Westchester County Historical Society, January 21, 1879, was published in *The Tarrytown Argus*, February 1, 1879. In *History of Westchester County . . .* (Philadelphia, 1886), II, 517, Scharf states: "It has long been known that Harvey Birch . . . was a real personage, and that his true name was Enoch Crosby." Shonnard and Spooner state in their *History of Westchester County . . .* (New York, 1900), p. 420: "Cooper's hero . . . was a real personage, whose true name was Enoch Crosby." Bolton alludes in *History of . . . the County of Westchester . . .* (New York, 1905), I, 75, to "the career of Enoch Crosby, upon which our great novelist based his 'Harvey Birch, the spy of the neutral ground.'"

were recruiting Americans, to enlist himself, and eventually to reveal to his employers "the secrets of the enemy." Through his activities, he became known to uninitiated Rebels as "a bold and inveterate Tory," was several times seized by the former, was once condemned to death by his countrymen, and was saved only by private commands to his jailer. When Jay was appointed to a post "at an European court," he secured from Congress an appropriation for his agent, being careful not to mention the recipient's name. At the moment, the patriotic spy refused the reward, but he was later persuaded to accept it.¹¹ To this account of Jay's employee as supplied by Cooper, the published minutes of the Continental Congress add little, for Jay never failed to guard the anonymity of the republic's secret agents.¹² Elected in September, 1779, as minister to Spain, Jay was granted by Congress three thousand dollars for purposes not indicated in the printed record.¹³ From this fund, he may have offered a reward to his secret agent in Westchester, prior to sailing for Europe in October. This is, of course, conjecture; all that can be stated with assurance is that no known facts contradict Jay's narrative as recorded by Cooper.

II. Concerning Westchester spies in general, it has been impossible to find information in the printed records of the Continental Congress, or in the published correspondence of George Washington. A certain amount of evidence is supplied by the *Minutes of the Committee . . . for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies in the State of New York, Dec. 11, 1776-Sept. 23, 1778*.¹⁴ Ten men, in addition to Enoch Crosby, are mentioned as supplying secret reports to the Committee.¹⁵ The majority of these informers, however, were merely patriotic citizens who had picked up a few scraps of gossip

¹¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. vi-ix.

¹² E.g., Jay rebuked Governor Glascock of Georgia as follows: "Permit me to observe that the transactions of Persons who may undertake to act as spies for us ought to be kept as secret as possible, and not unnecessarily exposed to the risque of detection; your Letter upon this subject was rather too particular" (*Journals of the Continental Congress*, Washington, 1909, XIV, 1006, footnote).

¹³ *Idem*, XV, 1065.

¹⁴ New York, 1924, 1925 (in *Collections of the New York Historical Society*).

¹⁵ These are Egbert Benson (*idem*, p. 23), Maurice Pleas (*ibid.*), Joseph Bennet (pp. 297, 298, 300, 301), William Denny (pp. 242-4), Benjamin Pitcher (pp. 242, 248), George Smith (p. 219), Henry Wooden (p. 246), Elijah Frost (pp. 300, 323), Samuel Hopkins (pp. 374, 378, 457), Benjamin Pitcher (pp. 242, 248), and John Haines (pp. 34, 39, 74, 287, 288, 300, 323, 393, 396, 404).

or of fact; and only one individual, John Haines, devoted himself systematically to espionage. To him were made six (perhaps seven) payments for secret services; and his activities were relatively extensive.¹⁶ A second possible prototype of Birch proposed by certain historians is Luther Kinnicutt of Somers. He is described, perhaps apocryphally, as "a tall, straight, spare man, of dark complexion, keen, grey eyes, solemn visage, sharp-witted, and eccentric," who "used to frequent the British camp as a peddler of small notions."¹⁷ Although one authority describes Kinnicutt as "in the employ of the Committee of public safety,"¹⁸ the minutes of the organization directed by John Jay do not mention his name; it is possible, however, that at least on one occasion he operated near Bedford.¹⁹

Correlation of the facts presented in (I) and (II) reveals no conclusive resemblances between Jay's agent and these Westchester spies.

III. The military service of Enoch Crosby in the Revolution, according to his sworn statement submitted in 1832 in application for a Federal pension, covered four enlistments.²⁰ Born in Harwich, Massachusetts, in 1750, he enlisted at the age of twenty-five in the Continental Army at Danbury, Connecticut. During his first term of service (in 1775), he was moved from Danbury to New York City, to Albany, to St. Johns, and to Montreal. Only during his second enlistment, from August, 1776, to May, 1777, did Crosby operate as a secret agent. His narrative of these activities is so full, occupying more than seven pages of the deposition, that it can only be summarized here. Four episodes marked his work in 1776: the accidental inception of Crosby's career as a spy through his being mistaken for a Loyalist, his detection of two groups of Tory volunteers in West-

¹⁶ That Harvey Birch's eccentric housekeeper bore the name of Haynes is an interesting but not necessarily a significant, fact.

¹⁷ Quoted from C. E. Culver, "History of Somers," in Shonnard-Spooner, *op. cit.*, p. 424, and in Scharf, *op. cit.*, II, 476.

¹⁸ Bolton, *op. cit.*, II, 119.

¹⁹ Otto Hufeland, *Westchester County during the American Revolution* (Mount Vernon, 1926), p. 294.

²⁰ Unless otherwise indicated, all details in this account of Crosby's activities are drawn from his twelve-page deposition, made October 15, 1832, and preserved in the files of the Bureau of Pensions, Revolutionary War Section, Washington, D. C. I am obligated to the New York Historical Society for a photostatic reproduction of this document. The federal government, it should be observed, gave Crosby's deposition full credence and granted him a pension.

chester where he posed as a shoemaker, and a barren trip into Vermont. In 1777, he informed on a third group of Westchester volunteers and made a second, even more futile, journey northward.²¹ In addition to his regular pay as a soldier, Crosby was allowed expense moneys by the Committee of Safety, under whom he operated. In 1778 he was voted a sum of two hundred pounds by the Committee, at the recommendation of John Jay, chairman of the group and recipient of certain of Crosby's reports.²² Crosby was a sergeant in active service during his third and fourth enlistments. In 1779, he patrolled Westchester and, after the capture of Stony Point, aided in building a blockhouse there. In 1780, he served in Westchester, at West Point, and in New Jersey, ending his military career in November.

Comparison of the data presented in (I) and (III) demonstrates that the recorded deeds of Jay's spy and of Enoch Crosby correspond in the main. However, the former operated under the Continental Congress and the latter under the Westchester Committee, and Crosby apparently never refused or postponed remuneration. The first discrepancy may perhaps be removed by assuming that Crosby's reports went to both agencies; but the different attitudes shown by the two men toward their rewards, if accurately reported, are difficult to reconcile. Nevertheless, it is possible that Enoch Crosby was the individual described by Jay; he is, by all odds, the most suitable of the candidates proposed for that honor. No final identification can now be made, however, since only one man could solve the problem from first-hand knowledge; and Judge Jay held his peace.

IV. The career of Enoch Crosby as recounted in *The Spy Unmasked* follows, in its major events, the first-hand narrative of the spy himself. At a dozen points, however, Barnum introduces material to be found neither in the *Minutes* of the Committee nor in the deposition of Crosby. Careful examination shows that in a few cases, the author has so elaborated known events as to render them, in

²¹ Crosby's account of his espionage during 1776-1777 is substantiated by the *Minutes of the Committee . . . for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies*, pp. 27, 47, 48, 80, 93, 94, 163-5, 226, 406, 420, 422.

²² No mention of these payments is made by Crosby in his deposition; they are recorded in the *Minutes* of the Committee, pp. 47, 165, 406. The payment of £200 was reported on May 8, 1778.

effect, new incidents.²³ Elsewhere, he recounts in the fullest detail conversations which supposedly occurred a half century before.²⁴ Frequently, Barnum's additions lack even a partial basis in the original documents. Included in this new matter are such details as these: (1) Crosby's activities as a peddler, (2) his escape from Continental soldiers under a rain of bullets, (3) Captain Townsend's angry persecution of Crosby, (4) the latter's escape from one imprisonment through the aid of a female, (5) his display of a paper of authorization, (6) his savage beating and the burning of his home by Skinners, (7) his activity in the Neutral Ground as a spy in 1780.²⁵

The evidence presented in (III) and (IV) shows that Barnum so altered certain activities as to make of them new and fictitious events, invented details of conversations supposed to have occurred fifty years before, flatly contradicted Crosby in two instances,²⁶ and recounted brave deeds and severe hardships of which Crosby said nothing in his deposition. It is certain that this Revolutionary veteran, in preparing a detailed plea designed to win for himself sympathy and aid, would not have omitted these feats and sufferings, if he could have truthfully claimed them as his own. All the matter added by Barnum is open either to question or to complete refutation; no episode in *The Spy Unmasked*, therefore, should be accepted without substantiation.

V. The story of Harvey Birch is thus narrated by Cooper: (1) In November, 1780, Birch appears at The Locusts, Westchester, as a peddler—an ill-bred, mercenary Yankee and at the same time an

²³ Examples of Barnum's elaborations are as follows. Crosby stated that in 1775 he was discharged at Albany after an eight-months' enlistment; Barnum asserts that he was discharged at Montreal after six-months service and then made a dangerous and very painful journey to Albany (*op. cit.*, pp. 35, 36). Again, Crosby stated concerning his first appearance before Judge Jay: "The next morning the deponent in company with Esq. Young went to the White Plains and found the Committee there sitting;" Barnum declares that Crosby, although much fatigued, "promptly followed his hasty guide [Young] on his mid-night excursion. Fences, rocks, and trees were but slight impediments

"To hearts resolved, and limbs inured to toil,"

and, before two o'clock, they found themselves at the end of their journey, in the Village of White Plains, and in presence of the honorable John Jay" (*idem*, p. 50).

²⁴ E.g., see the colorful dialogues between the spy and a Dutchman who speaks eccentric English (*idem*, pp. 109, 110, 119, 120).

²⁵ *Idem*, pp. 53, 75, 92-101, 99, 105-8, 132-4, 136, 137.

²⁶ These contradictions occur in Barnum's account of Crosby's first discharge at Albany (*idem*, pp. 35, 36), and in his assertion that Crosby was in the Neutral Ground late in 1780 (*idem*, pp. 136, 137), when in reality he was in New Jersey.

idealist and a patriot. (2) He warns Dunwoodie, a Continental officer, of the approach of British troops. (3) Lawton, a second Continental officer, repeatedly attempts to capture the spy as a supposed Tory. (4) Exclaiming, "Hunted like a beast in the forest!" the latter escapes under fire. (5) At his father's deathbed, the spy is robbed of his hoarded gold by Skinners. (6) He devoutly buries his father. (7) Birch is again robbed by Skinners and sees them burn his home near the Locusts. (8) Captured by Continental sympathizers, the spy is condemned to die; (9) he barely restrains himself from showing a paper of identification as an American agent; and finally (10), he escapes in the clothing of a woman. (11) He again warns Dunwoodie in melodramatic fashion. (12) Birch spectacularly prevents a bigamous marriage. (13) Disguised as a Yankee parson, he saves Henry Wharton, Westchester Loyalist and British officer, from his American captors. (14) He mysteriously brings Henry to a hidden cabin frequented by George Washington. (15) Putting Henry on board a British ship in the Hudson, he carefully secretes his golden pay. (16) He escapes from a company of pro-British Cowboys, who hang his companion, a Skinner. (17) In September, 1781, he patriotically refuses Washington's proffered reward of gold. (18) During the War of 1812, the aged hero dies, clutching Washington's note of commendation.²⁷

Correlation of (I) and (V) makes obvious a fact hitherto ignored by critics of *The Spy*, namely, Cooper's failure to adhere to Jay's narrative. There is, in reality, only a vague parallelism between the deeds of the Judge's agent and the activities of Birch. It is true that items (3) and (8) in Birch's history resemble the difficulties encountered by the agent of Jay. But Birch acts under Washington, not Jay; he detects no recruiting; he is never saved by a secret message; he is offered a reward not in 1779 but in 1781; he does not finally accept remuneration. Furthermore, it is not recorded that the agent of Jay was a peddler, nor that he participated in the remainder of the deeds of Birch enumerated in (V). While it is possible to conceive of *The Spy* as recounting an interlude in the career of the unnamed secret agent, it is an interlude not included in the Judge's narrative. Cooper might more accurately have declared, not that his model was Jay's

²⁷ *The Spy* (London, 1831), pp. 24-35, 68, 108-11, 123-30, 167-77, 192-202, 209, 212, 214, 215, 225, 326-49, 360-4, 373-86, 398-403, 404-10.

spy, but that the life of the latter stimulated him to write the novel.

Comparison of (II) and (V) suggests that Cooper may have received suggestions for the story of Harvey Birch from traditions of various Westchester spies. However, only one such debt can be pointed out with assurance. This concerns item (2), which Cooper himself admitted was based on a tale circulated in Westchester.²⁸

Collation of (IV) and (V) indicates the source for the spurious passages in *The Spy Unmasked*. Each of the seven items presented by Barnum but omitted by Crosby resembles an episode or episodes in *The Spy*.²⁹ Furthermore, Barnum naively cites the parallels, in Cooper's novel, of several of these incidents.³⁰ Since no hint of these matters has thus far been found in published records of the Revolution or in Crosby's deposition, it appears that Barnum took them from Cooper, adapting some and transferring others intact. The apparent resemblance between Barnum's Crosby and Cooper's Birch is, therefore, fraudulent.

Finally, comparison of the career of the authentic Crosby as outlined in (III) with that of Birch, in (V), reveals few general and no specific parallels. Both were born in New England, acted as Rebel spies while posing as Loyalists, were captured by Continental troops, and faced execution at the hands of their countrymen. There the resemblances end. Crosby was a secret agent in 1776 and 1777, not in 1780 and 1781; he posed as a shoemaker, not as a peddler; he operated, in the main, to the northward of Birch's territory; he acted under Jay, not Washington; he never refused proffered rewards. It does not appear that Crosby maintained a home or supported a father in Westchester during the Revolution. Although he like Birch (see V, 3), was repeatedly captured, he recorded no escape under fire or in female apparel. In short, he recounted nothing resembling sixteen of the eighteen episodes which form the remainder of Birch's story.³¹ And yet, as in the case of the spurious episodes in *The Spy Unmasked*, there are here numerous feats which Crosby would certainly have included in his deposition had he actually achieved them.

²⁸ *Idem*, pp. 68, 69, footnote.

²⁹ Barnum's item (1) = Cooper's item (1); (2) = (3); (3) = (4); (5) resembles (9); (6) = (7); (7) is a necessary condition to the entire series of items in (V).

³⁰ Cooper's parallel to Barnum's item (1) is cited by the latter, *op. cit.*, p. 116; (2), p. 180; (5), p. 182; (6), p. 204.

³¹ These are items (1), (2), (4) to (7), and (9) to (18).

Cooper's Harvey Birch, then, is not to be identified with the Enoch Crosby of history.

It may be objected that any novelist is privileged to treat facts with a free hand and to embroider on history at will, and that Cooper dealt with an authentic spy in this imaginative fashion. Such a suggestion contains an element of truth. Cooper, as has been stated, was undoubtedly led to write of Birch because of Jay's narrative. Likewise, the novelist may have been and doubtless was indebted for a few scattered, minor details to Jay's agent and to other Westchester spies—among whom, perhaps, was Crosby. But none of these men can be termed the prototype of Birch. The character and the deeds of that hero are of Cooper's own creating—deeds invented to suit a fictitious plot and a character compounded from melodramatic supermen of early nineteenth century romance and vagrant Yankee peddlers. Birch's highly-colored exclamations, sudden appearances and hairbreadth escapes, his omniscience, which included alike the movements of both armies and of Colonel Wellmere's abandoned wife—all these reveal Cooper's debt to the "Lord Mortimer romances" which he had read to his wife and to the novels of Walter Scott and of his imitators.³² Birch's vulgar speech, his constant greed, the meanness of his appearance and bearing, and his general lack of good breeding—all these reveal Cooper's debt to the Yankee peddlers, who had visited his home.³³ (The novelist's antipathy to New Englanders is well known; these individuals were particularly obnoxious to him when they left their native regions and became itinerants—either "clearing" the land or selling "notions.") The resultant conflict between patriotism and avarice in Birch's soul continues throughout the novel; and only at the end of his service as a secret agent does honor triumph over greed. Birch, therefore, is not the spy of Jay, not Enoch Crosby, not another Westchester patriot, but he is, rather, the original creation of Cooper's imagination. Harvey Birch is unique.

³² Note particularly in (V), such items as (2), (4), (6), (9), (11) to (14), (16) to (18).

³³ Note particularly in (V), such items as (1), (5), (7), and (15).

CHURCHILL AND FRENEAU

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ANY ATTEMPT to trace the influence of Charles Churchill, the great English satirist, upon his contemporaries or successors is made difficult by the fact that he himself was so influenced by Dryden and Pope that it is sometimes almost impossible to know whether one is dealing with the influence of Churchill or with that of his great models. Yet when one has definite evidence that the friend of John Wilkes was known through his writings to Philip Freneau, it would seem worthwhile to try to ascertain the extent of his possible influence upon that great defender of American liberties. At least one may point out resemblances if not unmistakable borrowings.

America, in 1764 when Churchill died, was on the eve of revolution; her enemies were the politicians against whom Charles Churchill and John Wilkes, "squint-eyed Jack," had been waging a war for freedom from oppression. The men who were forcing the Americans to rebel were those who had driven Wilkes into exile. Hence, when actual hostilities began between the colonists and the mother country, and satire became an auxiliary of both Loyalists and Revolutionists, it is not surprising that one of the leading satirists in America would seem at times to have been affected in matter and manner by the greatest English political satirist of his generation.

Philip Freneau was born of Huguenot stock in New York, January 2 (O.S.), 1752 and died in Freehold, New Jersey, December 18, 1832. He was a graduate of Princeton, and even as early as his commencement day, in 1771, acted as interlocutor in "The Rising Glory of America," a metrical dialogue of which he was one of the authors. We do not know very much about his life immediately following graduation, but both before and after the war he went to sea. He wrote a number of poems dealing with life on the ocean, and in these appear flashes of humor that are rare in his other works. It is with the more serious satires that we are most concerned in tracing the possible influence of Churchill.

Before considering certain resemblances between the works of Churchill and Freneau, it would perhaps be well to call attention

to a definite reference that Freneau makes to his great predecessor, a reference that shows not only his respect for Churchill but also his definite knowledge of one of his poems, "The Epistle to William Hogarth." A certain Loyalist, writing under the name "A Foe to Tyrants," aroused Freneau's wrath by attacking, in *The Independent Gazateer*, an American general, Joseph Reed. Twelve lines of his attack were borrowed from "The Epistle to William Hogarth," a fact that Freneau refers to in his reply, "To a Concealed Royalist:"

What, worse than folly, urged this genius dull
With Churchill's wreathes to shade his leaden scull:
So, midnight darkness union claims with light:
So, oil and water in one mass unite.¹

It should be stated, however, at the beginning of this discussion that most of Freneau's work shows little or no resemblance to that of Churchill in either subject or form. Most of Freneau's poems are written in stanzas and also in rhythms unused by the English satirist. But in a few poems the influence of Churchill would seem most probable. Although there are in some of Freneau's other poems occasional echoes of Churchill, I shall confine my discussion largely to five poems: "Discovery," "American Liberty," "The Midnight Consultations," "MacSwiggen," and "America Independent."

Freneau's "Discovery" discusses at length the motives that inspire human beings to try to discover new lands. Impelled by avarice, Europe has enslaved the peoples of the western world; religion under the guise of saving souls has in reality been influenced by the lure of gold. Europe has contributed but little to the welfare of savage races and has reduced them to slavery. The poet recommends that those who insist upon traveling to foreign countries should leave at home their religion and laws.

In tone, subject, and style, "Discovery" is reminiscent of a portion of Churchill's *Gotham*, Book I, in which the English satirist discusses the doubtful blessings Europe had bestowed upon the savage.

¹ *The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution*. Edited by Fred Lewis Pattee, in three volumes (Princeton, 1902), II, 175. One should note the fact that in the editions of Freneau published in 1786, 1788, 1795, 1809, and 1815, there are poems omitted by Mr. Pattee. There is in Moses Coit Tyler's *The Literary History of the American Revolution 1763-1783*, in two volumes (New York and London, 1897) a good account of Freneau and also of his contemporary, John Trumbull.

Although too great reliance upon similarities of phrase or idea is dangerous in trying to establish influences, the resemblances in this instance would seem worthy of attention. For example, Freneau says of Avarice and Religion:

To their vain standard Europe's sons invite,
Who hold no other world can think aright.
Behold their varied tribes, with self applause,
First in religion, liberty, and laws,
And while they bow to cruelty and blood,
Condemn the Indian with his milder god.—

.
What charm is seen through Europe's realms of strife
That adds new blessings to the savage life?—
On them warm suns with equal splendor shine,
Their each domestic pleasure equals thine,
Their native groves as soft a bloom display,
As self-contented roll their lives away,
And the gay soul, in fancy's visions blest,
Leaves to the care of chance her heaven of rest.

.
If wealth, or war, or science bid thee roam,
Ah, leave religion and thy laws at home.²

With these lines or with others that stress the intimate connection between religion and avarice might well be compared Churchill's comment upon a similar subject:

Happy the savage of those early times,
Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the truest wealth,
In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
His sports were labours, and his labours sports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;

.
Happy, thrice happy, now the savage race
Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace!

² Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 87.

Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write; with others who can't read.³

It would seem scarcely probable that such marked similarities in subject and manner of treatment could be the result of chance. In both poets one finds the same marked antithesis, the same vigor of line. In both is the tendency to treat religion somewhat flippantly.

In Freneau's "American Liberty," it is more difficult to point out specific debts to Churchill. Yet despite that fact, there are many lines that in their vigor and their phrase are reminiscent of the earlier poet. The most striking of these are found in his description of a "vulgar" king, a description that reminds one of Churchill's account of King James the First in *Gotham*. Since Freneau's lines on a vulgar king show their author at his best in characterization, I shall quote them in full:

Should heaven in wrath decree some nation's fall,
Whose crimes from thence for sacred vengeance call,
A monarch first of vulgar soul should rise,
A sure fore-runner of its obsequies,
Whose heart should glow with not one gen'rous thought,
Born to oppress, to propagate, and rot,
Whose lengthen'd reign no deed of worth should grace,
None trusted but a servile pensioned race;
Too dull to know what saving course to take,
That heaven in time its purpose might forsake,
Too obstinately will'd to bow his ear
To groaning thousands or petitions hear,
Dare break all oaths that bind the just like fate,
Oaths, that th' Arch-Devil would blush to violate,
And, foe to truth, both oaths and honour sell,
To establish principles, the growth of hell,—
Still those who aim to be his truest friends,
Traitors, insidious rebels, madmen, fiends,
Hoodwink'd and blind, deceived by secret foes,
Whose fathers once with exil'd tyrants rose,
Bless'd with as little sense as God e'er gave,
Slave to wrong schemes, dupe to a noble knave.

³ Churchill, Charles, *Gotham*, Book I, ll. 53-60; 67-70 (In *The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill, with copious notes, and a life of the author*, by W. Tooke, F. R. S. 2nd edition. 3 vols. W. Pickering, 1844).

So odd a monarch heaven in wrath would plan,
And such would be the fury of a man.⁴

These lines, though thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Freneau, are at the same time reminiscent of Churchill's description of James the First. A few lines from *Gotham* will be sufficient to indicate this similarity:

Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which spring
In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king:
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-face tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he raised his pride,
And Craft oft gave what Wisdom oft denied.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

.
Call'd up to power, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her courts with beggars from his own:

.
Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport.⁵

Freneau's "The Midnight Consultations; or a Trip to Boston," an account of a consultation of the British General Gage with Burgoyne, Howe, and other officers, resembles somewhat in its setting the scene of the conspiracy in Churchill's *The Duellist*. The enemies of America gather on the night after the Battle of Bunker Hill:

Twelve was the hour—congenial darkness reign'd
And no bright star a mimic day-light feigned.⁶

On a similar night the conspirators in *The Duellist* had assembled:

The clock struck twelve; o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe.⁷

⁴ Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 148.

⁵ Churchill, *Gotham*, Book II, ll. 345-356; 365-366; 377.

⁶ Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 163.

⁷ Churchill, *The Duellist*, Book I, ll. 1-2.

The British officers meet in conference, and, according to Freneau:

These, chief of all the tyrant-serving train,
Exalted sate—the rest (a pensioned clan)
A sample of the multitudes that wait,
Pale sons of famine, at perdition's gate,
North's friends down swarming, (so our monarch wills)
Hungry as death, from Caledonian hills;
Whose endless numbers if you bid me tell,
I'll count the atoms of this globe as well,—
Knights, captains, 'squires—a wonder-working band!
Held at small wages 'till they gain the land,
Flock'd pensive round—black spleen assail'd their hearts,
(The sport of plough boys, with their arms and arts)
And made them doubt (howe'er for vengeance hot)
Whether they were invincible or not.⁸

With this passage one might compare two quotations in Churchill's poems, the first from *The Duellist* and the second from *The Prophecy of Famine*:

Around a table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent,
.
A privy council sat of three:
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour through the land of Bute.⁹

and the following lines that refer to Scotland:

To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What wagon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend!
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.¹⁰

Although it is entirely possible that Freneau was not following Churchill in "The Midnight Consultations," nevertheless the resemblances are rather striking. Freneau rarely borrows a phrase from

⁸ Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 167-8.

⁹ Churchill, *The Duellist*, Book III, ll. 113-114; 122-124.

¹⁰ Churchill, *The Prophecy of Famine*, ll. 111-116.

Churchill, yet certain lines are so similar in their swing, subject, and effect, that it would be difficult to say which of the two men had written them.

In Freneau's "MacSwiggen," there are a few lines reminiscent of Churchill's "Epistle to William Hogarth":

Devoted madman! what inspir'd thy rage,
 Who bade thy foolish muse with me engage?
 Against a wind-mill would'st thou try thy might,
 Against a giant would a pigmy fight?
 What could thy slanderous pen with malice arm
 To injure him, who never did thee harm?
 Have I from thee been urgent to attain
 The mean ideas of thy barren brain?
 Have I been seen in borrowed clothes to shine,
 And, when detected, swear by Jove they're mine?
 O miscreant, hostile to thine own repose,
 From thy own envy thy destruction flows!¹¹

It will be remembered that while Wilkes and Churchill were writing in support of the Opposition, William Hogarth, the great painter, was employing his talents as a pensioner of Lord Bute, the king's favorite and minister. As the culmination of a series of satirical interchanging of compliments, Hogarth made the famous caricature of Wilkes that has made him known for all time as "Squinting Jack." It was this sketch that precipitated Churchill's *Epistle to William Hogarth* from which I quote the following lines for comparison with the quotation just made from Freneau:

What could induce thee, at a time and place
 Where manly foes had blush'd to show their face,
 To make that effort which must damn thy name,
 And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?

.
 Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
 Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
 Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
 Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
 That envy, which was woven in the frame
 At first, will to the last remain the same.¹²

¹¹ Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 206-207.

¹² Churchill, *Epistle to William Hogarth*, ll. 389-392; 437-442.

There are in "MacSwiggen" many other lines that suggest Churchill—and Dryden—lines that have no exact parallel in Churchill, yet which are reminiscent of his manner, for instance:

What swarms of vermin from the sultry south
Like frogs surround thy pestilential mouth—
Clad in the garb of sacred sanctity,
What madness prompts thee to invent a lie?¹³

and again:

The genius barren, and the wicked heart,
Prepar'd to take each trifling scoundrel's part,
The turn'd up nose, the monkey's foolish face,
The scorn of reason, and your sire's disgrace—
Assist me, gods, to drive this dog of rhyme
Back to the torments of his native clime,
Where dullness mingles with her native earth,
And rhimes, not worth the pang that gave them birth!¹⁴

It is useless to multiply instances of lines in Freneau that by their subject, their audacity, and their vigor, remind one of Churchill. Yet, perhaps the most noteworthy instance of Freneau's probable debt to his English predecessor occurs in the last of the five poems selected as containing the outstanding examples of lines reminiscent of Churchill. This poem is "America Independent and her Everlasting Deliverance from British Tyranny and Oppression." It is a celebration of the independence of America and a polemic directed in Churchillian style against the British and the Loyalists. The poet urges the Loyalists to retire to Scotland as a fitting refuge!

Far to the North, on Scotland's utmost end
An isle there lies, the haunt of every fiend,
No shepherds there attend their bleating flocks;
But withered witches rove among the rocks:
Their cloven heads, to daunt the seas below;
Shrouded in ice the blasted mountains show
The lamp of heaven in his diurnal race
There scarcely deigns to unveil his radiant face,

.
The blackening winds incessant storms prolong,

¹³ Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 208.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, I, 209.

Dull as their night, and dreary as my song;
 When stormy winds and gales refuse to blow,
 Then from the dark sky drives the unpitying snow;
 When drifting snows from iron clouds forbear,
 Then down the hail-stones rattle through the air—
 There screeching owls, and screaming vultures rest,
 And not a tree adorns its barren breast;
 No peace, no rest, the elements bestow,
 But seas forever rage, and storms forever blow.¹⁵

One may well compare with this passage the following lines from *The Prophecy of Famine*:

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
 Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:
 The plague of locusts they secure defy,
 For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
 No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
 But the chameleon, who can feast on air.

.
 Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
 And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast;
 A native blast, which, armed with hail and rain,
 Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
 The boys for shelter made; . . .

.
 Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
 Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
 Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
 And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
 Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
 The songs of gladness with an aching heart.¹⁶

A comparison of the extracts quoted from Freneau and Churchill indicates the extent of the American satirist's dependence upon his English predecessor. He knew him well but was too original a poet to descend to slavish imitation or mere paraphrase. The greater part of his work shows little or no influence of Churchill. But in the political satires I have mentioned, and in certain others like "A New-

¹⁵ Freneau, *op. cit.*, I, 276-277.

¹⁶ Churchill, *The Prophecy of Famine*, ll. 295-300; 335-339; 353-358.

York Tory's Epistle" or "General Gage's Soliloquy" to a lesser degree, there are indications that he knew at least Churchill's *The Epistle to William Hogarth*, *The Prophecy of Famine*, *The Duellist*, and *Gotham*. It is also quite possible that his choice of the title "Shadrach and Pomposo" for one of his poems, indicates knowledge of Churchill's famous characterization in *The Ghost* of Samuel Johnson as Pomposo.

Although the enmity that he bore towards the Scotch would seem in part to have been an echo from across the Atlantic, Freneau gave his poems a distinctly American atmosphere; he dealt with subjects drawn from the American political and military situation. But, like Churchill, he was opposed to the government, and it was natural that in his satiric couplets he should have followed somewhat the satirist who had revived English political verse-satire in the manner of Dryden and Pope from the state of mediocrity in which it was resting in 1760. He owes to him, at least in part, not so much the plan of his poems, but the method of attack and the vigorous, but not unpoetic, language in which the attack is couched.

WHITMAN AND BUCHANAN

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"SOMEDAY," said Robert Buchanan in a mood of unaffected adoration, "someday it will be among Tennyson's highest honours that he was once named kindly and appreciatively by Whitman."¹ To us—more than a quarter of a century later—the tribute preserves its accent of extravagance; Tennyson is yet a peer and his own poetry his highest honor. Meanwhile Buchanan's own theatrical romances and free-thinking poems are suffering an early neglect. We are therefore inclined to paraphrase: literary history will count it one of Buchanan's highest honors that he recognized Whitman's genius early and fought lustily for his recognition.

In his unabashed enthusiasm for the Whitman gospel, his vivid scorn of the detractors of Whitman, and his evangelical earnestness in winning practical support for Whitman, Buchanan suggests an English William Douglas O'Connor of superior talent. Buchanan and O'Connor wrote on the American with such heat that the sensitive and judicious reader may find their expression distasteful, much as love letters are distasteful to the cynical reviewer. Their qualities were qualities of heart, and while such attributes sometimes embarrassed the discriminating among Whitman's circle, they were precisely what the poet called for.

Among the Victorians, Robert Buchanan seems especially designed for a Whitmanite—or a Whitmaniac, as one prefers. His father and mother were both disciples of the English socialist, Robert Owen, and young Buchanan, marked among the neighbors as the son of "infidels," grew up in an atmosphere of conscious revolt against the orthodoxies of the day. When he ran away to London in the spring of 1860, romantically bent upon making his literary fortune in a hostile city, he felt already like a crusader for the Humanity which he spelled with a capital H. From the first, he was something of a recluse, abstaining from professional company because he didn't care for "tittle-tattle about books and journals," and cultivating a lively prejudice against coteries. With one hand he could turn out

¹ Robert Buchanan, *A Look Round Literature*, p. 346.

trashy novels and with the other compose poems so audacious and independent for that day that they cost him many letters of explanation to the press. Fundamentally honest and generous, he was yet so captious and often so wrong-headed that he could be mercilessly unjust to his fellow poets. He played a lone hand above board and not very successfully. He was the kind of man who would work for a cause with no thought of self-interest and with no use of diplomacy. Such a cause he found in Whitman's poetry.

It was through his suspicion of majority opinion and his talent for disagreement that Buchanan first discovered Whitman. "When the critics tell me that the style of a book is bad," he said, "I am always tempted to buy that book. For this reason in my young days I bought Walt Whitman."² Through the agency of Alexander Gardner, a Washington photographer and a close friend of both himself and the poet, Buchanan established a friendship with Walt which was strengthened by letters and finally by a personal call. Gardner wrote to Whitman on November 26, 1866, and Walt, very grateful for Buchanan's interest, began to "send things to him direct."³ In 1868 Buchanan published, first in *The Broadway Magazine* and later in his volume, *David Gray*, his first critique of Whitman's poetry.

Buchanan's comment, based on the 1867 edition of the *Leaves of Grass*, was the most exhilarating that had yet appeared on Whitman in England. Characteristically he ignored the artist to acclaim the prophet. He had read the *Leaves of Grass* as a gospel message destined to offer the world a "wondrous sympathy with men as men," but lapsing deplorably into bad taste. Very coarse and silly he found "Children of Adam," but very important. So blind was he to Whitman's artistic significance that he supposed the poet's language to have been "instantaneously chosen," the dithyrambs of the prophet who cares little how he speaks so long as he moves his audience. But what a tremendous, cleansing, democratic power had been released in America! "Now, it is clear on the best authority," exulted Buchanan, "that the writer in question is already exercising on the youth of America an influence similar to that exercised by Socrates over the youth of Greece, or by Raleigh over the young chivalry of

² Harriet Jay, *Robert Buchanan*, p. 271.

³ Horace Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, III, 346.

England." Later Buchanan was to complain bitterly that Whitman was alone and neglected.

Not long after, the enthusiasm which Buchanan had brought to the Whitman cause became slightly embarrassing. The circumstances were amusing. While Whitman in his Washington lodging house had gladly received the homage and assistance not only of Buchanan but of the Rossetti-Swinburne circle, Buchanan was girding himself for battle against the literary immoralities of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and before the smoke had cleared away, the morality of Walt himself was brought in question. Buchanan opened fire with an anonymous article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry" in the October, 1871, issue of *The Contemporary Review*, and he expanded his attack a few months later in a published pamphlet which includes a note on Walt Whitman.⁴ When we read this notorious fulmination with its lurid account of the degeneracy of Baudelaire, Gautier, and Poe, its absurd emphasis upon the sinister influence of "leg-literature" in such innocuous lyrics as "Jenny" and "Nuptial Sleep," we do not wonder that Robert Buchanan read "Children of Adam" with dismay.

Since Buchanan had opened his attack by including Whitman among the great moral teachers who were saving the age despite the "ulcerous inroads of Sensualism," and had written further on that he hoped to praise the American over and over again, he was asked why he "despised so much the Fleshly School of Poetry in England and admired so much the poetry which is widely considered unclean and animal in America." Thus pertinently inquired Swinburne in an unsigned letter in *The Examiner*.^{4a} Buchanan was caught, and having committed himself to the attitude of moral jugglery which distinguishes his pamphlet, he was reduced to acknowledging the existence in the *Leaves* of about "fifty lines of a thoroughly indecent kind." But, he went on to say, he still had faith in Whitman on the ground that he was in the highest sense a spiritual person, "a most mystic and least fleshly person." And then, as a last shot at the gentlemen who writhe in Belial's gripe, Buchanan issued the following gratuitous lamentation:

⁴ A good brief history of this quarrel is given by Albert Mordell in the introduction, p. 39, of his book, *Notorious Literary Attacks*.

^{4a} See Mordell, *Notorious Literary Attacks*, introduction.

It is in a thousand ways unfortunate for Walt Whitman that he has been introduced to the English public by Mr. William Rossetti, and been loudly praised by Mr. Swinburne. Doubtless these gentlemen admire the American poet for all that is best in him; but the British public, having heard that Whitman is immoral, and having already a dim guess that Messrs. Swinburne and Rossetti are not over-refined, has come to the conclusion that his nastiness alone has been his recommendation. . . .⁵

In one unexpected way this incautious pamphlet did good service for Walt. Buchanan's ears had been opened to Whitman's artistry, and now he complained roundly that not enough sympathy had been shown for the "wonderful poetic prose, or prose-poetry of Walt Whitman."

Whitman's style [he continued] extraordinary as it is, is his greatest contribution to knowledge. It is not impossible to foresee a day when Coleridge's feeling of the "wonderfulness of prose" may become universal, and our poetry . . . may expand into a literature blending together all that is musical in verse, and all that is facile and powerful in ordinary language. I do not think Whitman has *solved* the difficulty, but he sometimes comes tremendously close upon the arcana of perfect speech.⁶

In the spring of 1876 Buchanan set forth with a heart full of indignation and the manners of a literary buccaneer to perform a service which earned for Whitman a substantial bank account and for himself an unpleasant notoriety. When he read in *The Athenæum* of March 11, 1876, that the American poet, "old, poor, and paralyzed," had been wrecked by the "determined denial, disgust, and scorn of orthodox American authors, publishers, and editors," his animosity toward literary circles—intensified by his own experiences in London—found vehement release in a letter to *The London Daily News*.⁷ Of the New England authors he cried, "For such denizens of the Bostonian pond or farm-rail to crouch down in disgust and scorn when the King of Birds passes overhead is no more than natural." Continuing his ornithological fancies, he pictured Whitman as "a golden eagle, sick to death, worn with age

⁵ *The Fleshly School of Poetry*, pp. 96-7.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

⁷ The *Athenæum* article had reprinted in part, probably through the agency of William Michael Rossetti, an article in *The West Jersey Press* of January 26, 1876, now thought to have been written by Whitman himself. This article is reprinted on p. 245 of Clifton J. Furness's *Walt Whitman's Workshop*.

and famine, or with both, passing with weary waft of wing from promontory to promontory, from peak to peak, pursued by a crowd of prosperous rooks and crows, who fall screaming back whenever the noble bird turns his indignant head. . . ." In terms that could only infuriate the orthodox, he wrote, "As Christ had His crown of thorns . . . as Socrates had his hemlock cup . . . so Walt Whitman has his final glory and doom in the shape of literary outlawry and official persecution." At the end he begged that Englishmen would give Whitman "a substantial proof of the honour in which he is held here in the heart of England"—an appeal shortly to meet a surprising response.

This astounding letter, extravagant and generous, silly and noble as it was, at once incited the hot scorn of British and Americans alike. An immediate reply came from *The Saturday Review* of March 18, 1876, probably the most malignant of the many hostile attacks engendered by the *Leaves of Grass*. Its argument was simple: inasmuch as Walt's poems were so dirty and shameless, no one ought to relieve his poverty by buying his works. The storm had broken, and the *Saturday Review* editorial was followed by excited comment on both sides of the Atlantic. Alfred Austin, who had brought Whitman severely to task in his early volume *The Poetry of the Period*, was now so aroused by Buchanan's rhetoric that he cried dramatically, "While we talk, he starves!" Austin's was but one of several letters that followed Buchanan's in *The Daily News*. "An Obscure American" wrote that Buchanan was making a fable of Whitman's real condition. Moncure Conway hastened to write that Whitman was neither in distress nor dependent on his relatives, a service for which the poet himself was none too grateful.⁸ In America Bayard Taylor took up Buchanan's challenge with cool contempt, writing several editorials in *The New York Tribune* which put the Scotchman's motives in a bad light. "Mr. Buchanan," he wrote, "disappointed in one of his multifarious ambitions—that of becoming also a great American author through his 'St. Abe and his Seven Wives'⁹—saw a chance of once more gratifying his restless passion for personal notoriety."¹⁰ Gleefully he quoted in the *Tribune* col-

⁸ Horace Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, I, 346.

⁹ A long narrative poem in which Buchanan makes crude humor of the Mormon movement.

¹⁰ *The New York Tribune*, March 28, 1876.

umns part of the *Saturday Review* attack, remarking that it "sets Mr. Robert Buchanan down very hard on the door-step, to cool at leisure, after the castigation administered."¹¹

During all these recriminations Walt himself wisely kept quiet, but his first lieutenants, Burroughs and O'Connor, far from being insulted by the charge of American neglect as Conway had supposed, wrote long letters to the *Tribune* in defense of Buchanan. O'Connor said with much point:

Since every hand just now appears to be raised against him, let me advance the fact, which I see stated in a newspaper, that before he published in the *London News* the letter you treat so contemptuously he sent Walt Whitman a draft for \$100. While you are strenuously denouncing his opinion and deriding his metaphors, forgive me if I think this manly action, like the drums heard by Socrates, will prevent some of us from hearing what you say.¹²

Whether or not Whitman ever actually did receive the hundred dollars is a dark mystery. William Sloane Kennedy says:

Whitman wrote me about ten years later that "no such sum, nor any sum was ever sent" to him by the Scottish poet. This statement must be taken with suspicion; for Walt was very absent-minded, and I have known him twice to deny the receipt of small gifts of money from myself, though afterwards admitting it.¹³

The most dignified of the many American comments invoked by Buchanan's letter was that of George William Curtis in *Harper's Monthly* for June, 1876. He put his finger on the weakest point of Buchanan's tirade; namely, his presumption in calling a nation to account for neglecting to read the poetry of a genius. By this time the excitement began to die down. A parting shot from Taylor appeared in the *Tribune* for July 13, 1876, in the form of a quotation from the testimony of Buchanan on the witness stand. The occasion was Buchanan's libel suit against P. A. Taylor, proprietor of the *Examiner*, on account of the printing in that journal of an insulting letter of Swinburne's. The quoted testimony involved Buchanan's

¹¹ *The New York Tribune*, March 30, 1876.

¹² O'Connor's letter was printed in the *Tribune*, April 22, 1876, and Burroughs's April 1, 1876.

¹³ William Sloane Kennedy, *The Fight of a Book for the World*, pp. 26-27.

admission that he found part of Whitman's poetry indecent; and such a concession, the *Tribune* inferred, was fatal to "his late insulting arraignment of American authors and his extravagant glorification of Walt Whitman."

This controversy shows clearly enough the futility of all such rhetoric. It was useless for Buchanan to rage against the New England hierarchy; useless also for American writers to impugn the honesty of Buchanan's motives. But if we consider the result of the action instead of its blatancy, it was, ironically enough, remarkably successful. At this time Walt was in fact ill and poor, and Buchanan's outburst furnished the signal for his relief. The poet was very grateful, and while Buchanan's motives were being sardonically examined in both the American and English press, he sent to his Scotch alarmist a letter of unaffected thanks.¹⁴ After the English subscription was under way, Buchanan, working independently of William Michael Rossetti, acted at Whitman's agent in delivering the books and collecting the money until the friction between him and the Rossetti-Swinburne group became so acute that he dropped the business. He wrote to Whitman on January 8, 1877, "The tone adopted by certain of your friends here became so unpleasant that I requested all subscriptions, etc., to be paid over to Rossetti, and received no more myself."¹⁵ It was in this letter also that, smarting from the cross-examination of the *Examiner* libel suit, he complained of the weeds among the *Leaves*. "I shall ever regret the insertion of certain passages in your book . . .," he began. Walt singled out this passage to show Traubel how "that point staggers my friends as well as my enemies." "We have got in the habit of thinking," he said, "Buchanan is not afraid of anything—is a sort of medieval knight militant going heedlessly about doing good. But Buchanan, who is not afraid of anything, is afraid of Children of Adam."

Whitman's phrase, "medieval knight militant," is, after all, a pertinent characterization, for beyond all the spite and passion engendered by his unpolitic and headlong defense of Whitman, there remains an impression of chivalry.

In the spring of 1885 Buchanan came to America to sell his theatrical wares, and while he was producing his melodrama, *Alone*

¹⁴ Horace Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, II, 327.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, I, 2.

in London, at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, he realized his long-felt desire to see Walt Whitman. He has recorded his impressions in two prose sketches and a narrative poem, all three of these reports being a substantiation of his earlier contention that Whitman was poverty-stricken, and neglected by the literary class in America.

E. C. Stedman had buoyantly assured Buchanan in New York that "we like the old fellow and it is a great mistake to suppose he is unappreciated."¹⁶ But when the Scotchman saw that the Bostonians were, on the contrary, quite oblivious of the prophet in Camden, he let loose in the pages of *The Academy* for August 15, 1885, a rollicking flood of octosyllabic couplets:

The World was shocked, and Boston screaming
Cover'd her face, and cried 'For shame!'
Gross, hankering, mystically dreaming,
The good grey Poet went and came.

After presenting his own version of the Boston scene, the poet implored Whitman:

Now I conjure thee, best of Bards,
Scatter thy wisdom Bostonwards!
Tell Howells, who with fingers taper
Measures the matron and the maid,
God never meant him for a draper. . . .

So the poem runs for more than two hundred lines, concluding with an apostrophe to "Socrates":

The noblest head 'neath western skies,
The tenderest heart, the clearest eyes,
Are thine, my Socrates, whose fate
Is beautifully desolate! . . .¹⁷

Buchanan's first prose sketch of his visit was published in his book *A Look Round Literature* (1887) under the title "The American Socrates." "Whitman," he announced, "is simply *outlawed* . . . In a land of millionaires, in a land of which he will one day be

¹⁶ Robert Buchanan, *A Look Round Literature*, p. 341.

¹⁷ Robert Buchanan, *Complete Poetical Works*, II, 395-8.

known as the chief literary glory, he is almost utterly neglected. Let there be no question about this; all denial of it is disingenuous and dishonest. The literary class fights shy of him."¹⁸ His indignation led him to declare, what was certainly not true, that Whitman's English friends were alone responsible for what little kindness he had received from his own countrymen.

Buchanan found everything about Whitman "beautifully calm and restful," and sat down with him to enjoy a feast of "solid American pie, washed down with the strongest of strong tea." Pie, he discovered, was "the main pabulum of Whitman's life." He left convinced "that in some day not so remote, humanity will wonder that men could dwell side by side with this colossus and not realize his proportions."¹⁹

He told the same story again in an article, "The End of the Century," written for *The Sunday Special* in December, 1899. This account contains an amusing description, once more, of the Bostonians:

"Where are your gods, O Americans?" I demanded; and "Look round," they answered, "they are here!" I looked around and I beheld them: divers deft man-milliners and drapers, busy in the manufacture of European underclothing and the importation of fashionable hats from Paris; an amiable old gentleman playing old Lutheran hymns on a musical box made in Germany; a belated Quarterly Reviewer, plus Poetaster, posing in an English court dress as a lover of Liberty and a pioneer; and half a hundred other deities of the same sort, from a good-humoured medical practitioner and Chatterbox in Boston to a Byron in red shirt and breeches just discovered out West. I asked for bread, and they offered me Publishers' or Nestle's food; I inquired about Walt Whitman, and they volubly assured me that Lowell and Holmes and Longfellow were still alive!²⁰

When he called on Whitman, he found him "old, worn, weary and weather-beaten, but when the chord of fellowship was struck as gently dominant and simply wise as ever."²¹

When Traubel and his Camden friends engineered two boisterous birthday celebrations for Whitman, May 31, 1889 and 1891, they

¹⁸ Robert Buchanan, *A Look Round Literature*, p. 344.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 345.

²⁰ Harriet Jay, *Robert Buchanan*, pp. 297-300.

²¹ *Ibid.*

took special pains to petition "the English crowd" for greetings. It is strange that Buchanan's name does not appear among them, for of all the foreign adherents, he was the most strenuous—perhaps he was too strenuous—in Walt's support. It is certain that he never wavered. Among the many obituary poems written of Whitman, his, by no means the best, is yet the most affectionate. It ends:

So long!—We seem to hear thy voice again,
Tender and low, and yet so deep and strong!
Yes, we will wait, in gladness not in pain,
The coming of thy Prophecy. ("So Long!").²²

²² Robert Buchanan, *Complete Poetical Works*, II, 398.

RICHARD PENN SMITH'S TRAGEDY OF CAIUS MARIUS

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THE HIGH position usually accorded Richard Penn Smith by students of the American drama, who regard him as the foremost predecessor of R. M. Bird in the Philadelphia group, seems to rest largely upon the contemporary reputation of the tragedy of *Caius Marius*. Yet, strangely enough, this play has apparently not survived, although most of Smith's less significant works have reached us in printed versions,¹ or at least may be found among his manuscripts in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Hitherto, only about sixty lines of *Caius Marius* have been accessible, and the occasion of the present article is the recent discovery of the text of the last and climactic scene of the play. Since this scene enables us to determine far more about this much discussed drama than was formerly possible, it seems worth while to reprint it, with a few words of introduction.²

Smith seems to have written his tragedy originally with the intention of having Henry Southwell, whom Professor Odell in his

¹For a list of Richard Penn Smith's major works, see Wilberforce Eames in his continuation of Sabin's *Dictionary of Books Relating to America*, nos. 83777-83788 and notes, where he sums up with some additions the information in A. H. Quinn's *History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War*, pp. 407-408; and the bibliography in Bruce Welker McCulloch's thesis, *The Life and Writings of Richard Penn Smith with a reprint of his play "The Deformed,"* 1830 (Menasha, 1917).

²Most of our biographical information about Richard Penn Smith comes from the pen of Morton McMichael. But since even Mr. Eames (in Sabin) is not certain of the authorship of some of the sketches which were published anonymously, I may be pardoned for a brief discussion of my attributions. The first sketch was first published in *The Philadelphia Saturday News and Literary Gazette* at an uncertain date, but reprinted (from a clipping still preserved among his papers in the Pennsylvania Historical Society) by James Rees in *The Dramatic Authors of America* (Philadelphia, 1845), pp. 127-131. Although Rees does not name the author of this sketch, I attribute it to McMichael because he was editor of *The Philadelphia Saturday News*, and because it appears with little change as the work of McMichael in *The Miscellaneous Works of Richard Penn Smith* (Philadelphia, 1856)—a book edited by Smith's son, Horace W. Smith. McMichael's other article, "Biography of Richard Penn Smith," appeared anonymously in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, Philadelphia, September, 1839 (V, 119 ff.) but Edgar Poe in his "Appendix of Autographs" (*Graham's Magazine*, January, 1842; XX, 48) quotes from it as the work of McMichael. As Poe was editor of *Burton's* when the *Biography* was printed, his ascription to McMichael is final.

magnificent study of the New York stage calls "a fine Romantic actor from Philadelphia,"³ appear in the title-rôle, and according to Wemyss,⁴ a version was in existence as early as 1828. But this first plan came to nothing, and when Edwin Forrest decided to present a series of plays of American authorship, Smith recast his work. Thus we find Forrest writing to Smith from New York on October 7, 1830:

I have received the 4th and 5th acts of *Marius* but as yet have not perused them *attentively*. The third act is yet wanting to complete the play. Could you send it on so as to reach here by 12 o'clock Saturday next it would be well. . . . I have increasing pride for the tragedy. It is destined to make a great hit. We must take our *time*, however, to produce it, giving all the proper preliminaries such as rehearsal, costume, and the newspaper mention by implication etc.

And in a later letter⁵ we are told Forrest discussed suggested changes in the lines of some scenes. So we may regard as essentially if not literally true the statement of Morton McMichael⁶ that "The Tragedy, *Caius Marius*, was composed for, and at the request of Mr. E. Forrest, for whom the principal character was specially designed" and Durang⁷ was justified in regarding the play as "written with a view to the development of Forrest's peculiar powers, which were well fitted to impart to the subject all its terrific historical colorings."

Forrest produced the play at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, January 12, and repeated it on January 14 and 17, 1831. The New York première was at the Park on Monday evening, May 9, 1831 (the last night of Forrest's engagement and his own benefit). The Boston première was on November 21 at the Tremont Theatre.⁸

³ G. C. D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage*, III, 411.

⁴ F. C. Wemyss, *Twenty-six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager* (New York, 1847), I, 188.

⁵ Professor McCulloch, at p. 19, gives the first letter in full, but unhappily does not give the text of the second letter. Although he kindly gave me the name of the then owner of the MSS., I have not yet been able to get in touch with him.

⁶ McMichael in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, V, 120.

⁷ Charles Durang's *The Philadelphia Stage*, 3rd Series, Chap. 10, seems to have appeared in *The Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*, September 9, 1860. I cite it only from McCulloch's reference, p. 20. A collection of Durang's articles in book form would be a useful work.

⁸ The dates of the Philadelphia and New York performances are as given by McCulloch, pp. 19-20. That from Boston was kindly sent me by Mrs. Lillian A. Hall, of the Harvard College Library. Professor Napier Wilt tells me there was no performance in New Orleans or Chicago; Mr. W. G. B. Carson knows of none in St. Louis. Search of the newspapers

Another performance in November at Philadelphia is referred to, and the play may have been given elsewhere on Forrest's tour. The only playbill located is one of the New York performance, preserved in the Wendell Collection at Harvard. From this we learn that the play was performed "With new Scenery, by Mr. Evers, Dresses, Decorations &c" and that "In the course of the Play the following new Scenes" were shown,

A Street in Rome.
Triumphal Arch.
The Ruins of Carthage.
Interior of Palace.

The cast was as follows:

CAIUS MARIUS.....	MR. FORREST
Granius (his son).....	Mr. Field
Metellus	Woodhull
Sulpitius	Barry
Sylla	Richings
Cinna	Nexsen
Antonius	T. Placide
A Centurion.....	Collett
A Cimbrian.....	Blakely
1st Citizen.....	Povey
2d do.....	Hayden
3d do.....	Bissett
Romans, Soldiers, Citizens, Captives, &c.	
Martha, a Sybil.....	Mrs. Sharpe
Metella, daughter to Metellus.....	Wallack
Servia	Durie

The play seems not to have been actually very successful on the stage. Wemyss⁹ says, "It was not fairly treated by the actors, many of whom were imperfect in the words of the author, and consequently coldly received by the audience." And McMichael¹⁰ wrote:

might reveal performances in other cities; there are rumors of some on tour. The playbill gives the cast, etc., even more fully than Odell, III, 503, though he gives more than McCulloch, p. 19. Neither names his source, but each gives more than the three New York Newspapers of the date (the *Evening Post*, *Gazette*, and *American*) which I consulted.

⁹ Wemyss, *op. cit.*, p. 188.

¹⁰ *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, V, 120.

It had a run of several nights, but such was the weakness of the then company, that it was grossly marred in the performance, and Mr. S. withdrew it in disgust from the stage. It has great capabilities for an acting play, abounds in vigorous declamation, and contains many passages of strong and beautiful poetry. We hope shortly to see it revived under better auspices, and we confidently predict its success.

Evidently, although one critic years later expressed the opinion that the play had too little action and effect,¹¹ Forrest long hoped to revive it successfully on the stage. And this hope was an unfortunate one, for the selfish policy of that actor prevented the publication of plays in his control which other actors might conceivably perform. No copy of the play was sent to the printer. Yet while he forbade complete publications, Forrest sometimes gave small selections from his prize plays to the periodical press.

Sixty-odd lines of the last scene of *Caius Marius* accompanied the sketch of Penn Smith which James Rees reprinted in *Dramatic Authors* from *The Philadelphia Saturday News and Literary Courier*. But although Professor Quinn found the very clipping used by Rees among that worthy's papers in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, it contained no more than Rees gave us, not even the date of the newspaper. The rest of *Caius Marius* seemed quite lost. But recently in examining a copy of the *Saturday News* for January 7, 1836, I had the pleasure of finding, not the articles used by Rees, but the complete text of the final and climactic scene of the play.¹² As the paper was published by L. A. Godey and edited by Morton McMichael and Joseph C. Neal, the two former constantly referred to as associates of both Smith and Forrest, this partial publication is not surprising.

Smith, as we know from several anecdotes, had an unemotional attitude toward his works, and neither the stage failure nor the non-publication of *Caius Marius* disturbed his equanimity in the least.

¹¹ James Rees, *Life of Edwin Forrest* (Philadelphia, 1874), p. 415.

¹² The scene appears on columns seven and eight of the third page of the newspaper, which bears the numbering "Vol. I, no. 28" and is published by L. A. Godey and Co.—the same Godey who owned *The Lady's Book*. The original paper is in a private collection, but there is a complete photostat of it in the Library of Congress. One or two other odd issues of the paper are in that Library and that of the American Antiquarian Society. From these last I judge that the paper was usually made up largely of selected material, but at the beginning of the year published an issue wholly "original" in content. This custom, I have observed, occasionally was followed by other weeklies of the period, e.g., *The Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, January 4, 1840.

Indeed Smith's most notable comment on his tragedy was the jocular remark at a dinner to Forrest on December 15, 1837, that he "regretted that even the transcendent talents of his friend could not save his hero from perishing among the ruins of Carthage."¹³

From this remark one perceives that Smith did not let a passion for historical accuracy spoil a joke. But now we are able to conclude that however careless Smith may have been in an after-dinner speech, he was somewhat conscientious in his historical tragedy. Durang¹⁴ in his newspaper reminiscences gives a synopsis of the earlier action of the play, as follows:

The fable was founded upon the career of Caius Marius . . . who from an humble rustic became a general and consul, successfully defending his country against hosts of barbarians; yet with all his patriotic and victorious achievements he became one of the most cruel and bloody tyrants Rome ever beheld. . . . A fugitive from Italy he sought refuge in Africa and arriving at Carthage he sat amidst its celebrated ruins as a signal monument of moral prostration. . . . Thus seen and spoken to, he answered the slave: "Go and tell your master you saw Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

But happily from the newly recovered portion of the play much of what went before may be reconstructed in considerable detail. We find that Smith kept fairly close to the facts of history, heightening some dramatic incidents, compressing the action here and there, but adding little apparently save certain minor events which the ancient writers neither record nor gainsay, and an unhistorical but romantically acceptable love interest, which sentimental theatergoers demanded. Smith's exact sources are uncertain. He was classical scholar enough to read the originals, but Plutarch's *Lives* have always been easily accessible in translation,¹⁵ and every history of Rome or classical reference book has naturally a great deal to say of so famous a character as Marius.¹⁶

¹³ Rees, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

¹⁴ Durang, in McCulloch, p. 20.

¹⁵ If Smith used a translation, it was probably Langhorne's. But for convenience I have used that of Stewart and Lang, in the Bohn series; and occasionally that, so-called, of Dryden. North's would have been antiquated in Smith's day of course, and perhaps less famous than now.

¹⁶ Unhappily, the fascicles of Pauly-Wissowa which will treat of Marius and Sulla are not yet accessible.

Whether at first or second hand—in the original, in a translation, or in an abstract, it is clear that Smith was principally indebted to Plutarch's *Parallel Lives*—there is no *true* incident certainly alluded to in the fragment preserved that has not its counterpart in the work which in gathering up so many vivid stories about the ancients, has served greater dramatists than Smith. To recapitulate briefly:

One learns from the cast of characters, and the scenes mentioned, that the play included a triumph. But the absence from the cast of Jugurtha, whose madness is alluded to,¹⁷ and of individual barbarians probably indicates that the action of the play omitted the hero's earlier battles, and began after he had conquered the Cimbri.¹⁸ It is true that the cast calls for a Cimbrian, but I am convinced this is a lone barbarian who when Marius was fleeing from his enemies, and had been recognized by the citizens of Minturnae, was ordered to kill the fugitive.¹⁹ This Cimbrian slave, a member of the nation Marius had destroyed, went eagerly into the darkened room to kill the sleeping general. But Marius awakened and glared at him terribly, crying, "Darest thou kill Caius Marius?" so that the man ran out in fear; and the people of the town, reconsidering their decision, aided Marius to escape. This of course would have been a great moment in the play; from a dramatic standpoint perhaps superior even to the scene amid the fallen columns of Carthage.²⁰

Characters whom Smith treats in the main historically include P. Sulpitius Rufus,²¹ the tribune, a political ally of Marius and L. Cornelius Cinna,²² who joined the popular leader who obtained Marius's return to Rome in B.C. 86. He and Marius proclaimed themselves consuls and began a bloody proscription of their enemies.

¹⁷ With line 16, etc. of the fragment, compare the following from Plutarch, *Marius*, xii:—"Marius . . . received the consulship, and then, also, entered in triumph, showing Jugurtha a prisoner to the people, a sight they had despaired of ever beholding, nor could any, so long as he lived, hope to reduce the enemy in Africa." When, however, he was led in triumph, "it is said that he fell distracted."

¹⁸ *Fragment*, ll. 3-5 ff. Marius conquered and practically exterminated the united Ambrones and Teutons at Aquae Sextiae (Aix) B.C. 102, and the next year met the Cimbri at Vercellae in Italy with like result. See Plutarch, *op. cit.*, xix and xxv.

¹⁹ Plutarch, *op. cit.*, xxxix.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, xl.

²¹ P. Sulpitius Rufus tried to have Marius made commander in the Mithradatic War (Plutarch, *Marius*, xxxiv) but had been put to death by Sulla before Marius's final consulate (Plutarch, *Sulla*, x).

²² Plutarch, *Marius*, xlv.

Yet, although Marius enjoyed but seventeen²³ days of this, his seventh consulate, his death seems really to have been a natural one. Martha,²⁴ a Syrian or Jewish prophetess, accompanied Marius on his Cimbrian campaign—but her presence in his company in later years is not mentioned. However her presence is dramatically justified. Smith included the story of M. Antonius the orator—an aged man (grandfather of Caesar's friend) who was proscribed and fled. His whereabouts were treacherously discovered to Marius. Soldiers sent to kill him hesitated while he pled eloquently for his life—their commanding officer came up, however, and put Antonius to death.²⁵

With Metellus, Smith took considerable liberty. Marius was the second in command to Metellus during the Jugurthine war in Africa²⁶ but, becoming consul, replaced Metellus as commander. There were various passages of ill will and jealousy between them, yet they had, according to some accounts, been in close relations, and had probably a certain friendly feeling. Indeed, while Marius basely procured Metellus's exile, he did not have him killed.²⁷

Of Granius the ancient accounts are slight and confusing,²⁸ but none of them makes him the son of Marius—he probably was the son of Marius's wife by an earlier marriage, and we know he accompanied Marius in his flight to Africa.²⁹ The love affair between Granius and a daughter of Metellus is without basis in history. Yet I suspect it was suggested by a passage in Plutarch, for he says that when Metellus was still commander in the Jugurthine war, Marius asked his permission to return to Rome to seek the consulate. Granting the permission, Metellus yet scornfully remarked that Marius should be content to wait and become the colleague of *his* son (a boy of twenty).³⁰ This might have suggested to Smith a *daughter* of Metellus in love with a son of Marius to heighten the

²³ *Ibid.*, xlvi.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, xvii. "And in fact he used solemnly to carry about in a litter a Syrian woman, called Martha, a supposed prophetess, and to do sacrifices by her directions. . . . She was . . . sent by Marius' wife to Marius and the army. . . . When she went to sacrifice, she wore a purple robe lined and buckled up, and had in her hand a little spear trimmed with ribbons and garlands."

²⁵ Plutarch, *ibid.*, xlv.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, vii.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, xxix.

²⁸ For a modern discussion of Granius, see the article on him in Pauly-Wissowa.

²⁹ Plutarch, *Marius*, xl.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, viii.

dramatic situation by making Marius responsible for the death of his former friend, the father of his son's sweetheart.

For all that Plutarch says that Marius was troubled by dreams at the end of his career,³¹ and feared the heralded approach of his sometime lieutenant and bitterest enemy, L. Cornelius Sylla Felix (sometimes called Sulla), leader of the aristocratic party, their final meeting is an invention of Smith's. Marius was dead and his body burned (a final precaution lest his enemies insult his corpse if his family custom of inhumation was followed) when Sylla reached Rome. Of Servia I know nothing—she may have been Fannia,³² a lady who was hostess to Marius on his flight, at Minturnae, or perhaps we should read Serva, a servant girl.

So much for the classical background—the subject of Marius was popular with the poets of the day in England and America,³³ and William Gilmore Simms³⁴ was to write another play on the subject which he published in 1852. But in 1828 and 1831 there was a special significance, a political parallel of which neither author, actor, nor audiences can have been quite unconscious. The coatless "bhoys" in the galleries knew little of Roman history, but in Marius, a soldier of humble and rustic origin, struggling repeatedly to the highest offices of the state, despite the jealous opposition of the aristocratic party, they must have seen at times a type of Andrew Jackson. Smith wrote a play, *The Eighth of January*, to glorify him. Forrest never concealed his Jacksonian sympathies and even made a Democratic political speech.³⁵ And when Marius, like Patrick Henry, cries "Give me Liberty or give me Death,"³⁶ one feels he is hardly more Roman than a statue of George Washington in a toga. Forrest loved the ap-

³¹ With the opening of the *Fragment*, compare Plutarch, *Marius*, xlv: "He fell into despondency, nocturnal frights and unquiet sleep . . . fearing to lie awake, he gave himself up to drinking deep . . . in a way most unsuitable to his age."

³² *Ibid.*, xxxviii.

³³ For references to Marius in poems of the day, see especially Mrs. Hemans, "Marius among the Ruins of Carthage"; Lydia M. Child's poem of similar title; and E. C. Pinkney, "Lines from the Portfolio of H.," part ii, ll. 10-14.

³⁴ Quinn, *op. cit.*, I, 425.

³⁵ For Forrest's democratic politics, see Rees, *Life*, p. 302, and the published *Oration Delivered at the Democratic Republican Celebration . . . in the City of New York, Fourth July 1838*, of which a copy is in the New York Historical Society. His plays, *Spartacus* by Bird, and Conrad's *Aylmere*, were also of a democratic tendency, but the point must not be pressed too far, since Forrest also shone in the far from democratic part of *Coriolanus*.

³⁶ See the *Fragment*, l. 149.

plause of the patriots in the gallery, and his popularity with "the bhoys," which later was one cause of the Macready riots in New York, was partly based on such claptrap as this.

Although Smith was a student of Elizabethan drama, he seems to have made no use of Lodge's *Wounds of Civil War*, the only "old play" on his subject I can learn of.³⁷ But it is evident that he had the Roman tragedies of Shakespeare in mind as his models, and echoes "the Bard" verbally at times.³⁸ One or two instances have been pointed out in the footnotes—but the reader may think of others, more or less vague. Naturally Smith fell far short of this model, but his poetry is in general competent work, the similes correct and well worked out. There is a monotonous and rather colorless emphasis on "the gods," and demand for a good deal of shouting on the stage, but it was a day of violent acting. And it is not merely in this noisiness that the vigor and imagination of the poet appear. Those two qualities stand out sufficiently to make one glad that this brief fragment has been recovered to represent the best of an arid but not quite unfruitful school.

In the following reprint, the text has been reproduced as accurately as possible from photostatic copy of the original newspaper. I have however added the line numbers.

³⁷ Although it had been reprinted in some editions of Dodsley, Penn Smith apparently did not use the only Elizabethan tragedy on his subject as a source. This, my friend Professor E. H. Oliphant, points out to me in *The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla by Thomas Lodge, 1594*. This play, (a poor imitation of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* even to a chariot drawn by conquered kings) is a rambling affair, concerned more with Sylla than his rival. It contains none of the innovations which Smith apparently made in his plot, omits the scene of Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, has his death occur off-stage (though the death of his son, Marius Junior, is acted out), and, because the Cimbri came from what became France, substitutes a French comic for the Cimbrian who "durst not kill Caius Marius." There are no similarities to the portion of Penn Smith's play preserved—and in the portions conjecturally restored by references in our fragment, the similarities seem to be even less than one might expect in two plays founded on a common series of ancient texts. For Lodge and Smith seem to have used different variants whenever they could—from the confusing references to Granius, Lodge uses only those to an old man; Antonius does not die until Marius is dead; Martha is omitted; Marius Junior (whom Smith omits) is the only son mentioned; and there is no love interest at all.

³⁸ With lines 103-104 of the *Fragment* compare Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, III, ii, "Bequeathing it as a rich legacy"; and *Hamlet*, III, iv, "the front of Jove."

For the Saturday News and Literary Gazette.

EXTRACT FROM THE

UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY OF
CAIUS MARIUS,

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH

ACT V.—SCENE V.

The Capitol. A Festive Board, decorated. MARIUS and SOLDIERS seated with goblets before them. MARTHA, the Sibyl, near MARIUS. CINNA and SULPITIUS standing at the wing.

Marius. Fill up your goblets, till the rosy wine
Sparkle like Sylla's blood. Drink to the shades
Of the Ambrones and the Cimbrii; drink
To those whom Marius vanquished. See, they come:
The yelling spirits of the savage Teutons,
And mad Jugurtha, foaming 'neath his chains,
Arise to join the pledge. Drink deep, I say,
To th' enemies of Rome, for they are now
The friends of Marius.

Sulpitius. How his eyes glare!

Marius. Who was it saved ungrateful Italy, (10)
When swarms of savages like locusts came,
To batten on her fertile fields and vineyards?
Whose name struck terror through the countless horde,
And checked the progress of the sweeping deluge,
And turn'd its fearful course? 'Twas Marius!
Who was it led proud Afric's haughty king,
In triumph, at his chariot wheels, through Rome,
Until the monarch, who for years defied her,
Became imbecile, and deprived of reason?
'Twas Marius!

Cinna. Is this the far-famed soldier? (20)

Marius. Who was it fought for this rebellious city,
Brought trophies to her temples; had red honours
Hewn on his body, 'till the name of Roman
Became a passport through the humbled globe?
Still Marius!—And yet he has been doom'd
To reap the harvest of ingratitude,
For all his services.

Cinna. Alas! vain boaster!

Enter GRANIUS.

Marius. How now, my son! so pallid, wo-begone,
Thou lookest like a tenant of the grave.

Granius. I would I were. I have just left the dead. (30)

Marius. True, death rides forth in purple glory now:
His chariot wheels run axle-deep in blood.
What bring you boy—what news?

Granius. Sylla, with all his forces, is before
The city walls.

Marius. So soon!

Sulpitius. He changes colour,
And, at the name of Sylla, his whole frame shook. (Aside.)

Marius. More wine. An icy chillness creeps around my heart,
The infirmities of age are coming o'er me—
Wine, wine, I say, to melt the ice within.
How stand our forces?

Granius. Lost in mad excess. (40)

Marius. Ha! ha! ha! They live like devils, but they'll die like Gods!
Pledge me a cup to Mars, who stood my friend
In times of greater peril than the present.
My brain's on fire! Ha! see another comes! (Trumpet.)

Enter CENTURION.

My army's made of shadows, and will startle
If but a breeze blow rudely. There was a time
When Roman Soldier was a fearful name!
O! where are ye who battled by my side,
In Africa! Men now are made of fears,
And blanch and tremble, if a foe but frown. (50)
Speak out thy errand, if thy faltering tongue
Retain its functions still. Speak, speak, I say.

Centurion. A parley has been sounded, and the foe
Demands the city gates to be thrown open.

Marius. Would ye betray your consul?

Centurion. Not while I've life.

Marius. There spoke the old Roman virtue.
Had I a thousand faithful hearts like thine,
Weak as I am, and sore oppressed by fate,
Th' insolent foe should fly at my approach,
As timid lambs before the famish'd wolf. (60)
But as it is—quick—hasten to your comrades,

Exhort them to defend their trust like Romans—
I am not what I was.

[Exit Centurion.]

Sulpitius. His energies are gone.
Nature too long has been upon the stretch.

Cinna. What measures of defence do you propose?

Marius. Sulpitius, brave old heart, draw nigh—draw nigh.
Dost thou remember—but I'm sure thou dost—
How bravely once we strove to raise from earth,
The shackled figure of our grovelling race;
And thought to kindle to a sacred flame
Th' ethereal spark that Jove in mockery
Bestow'd on all.

(70)

Sulpitius. Full well do I remember.

Marius. It was a joyful time.

Sulpitius. It was indeed.

Marius. Art thou, of all the world, the only one
Hast not forgot.—Can they forsake me now!

Sulpitius. As they did once, 'tis like they will again.

Marius. And so it is. 'Tis strange that fact escaped me!
Bring all our forces to defend the walls,
And die or conquer; freedom is in both.

Sulpitius. I'll conquer, or this parting is our last.

(80)

[Exit with Cinna and Soldiers.]

Marius. I'll trust to Mars, and here await the issue.
Where is my son—my persecuted son!

Granius. Borne down with grief, I stand before you, sir.

Marius. Thou'rt chang'd, indeed—a deep and awful change;
This cannot be the work of adverse fortune!
Thy mind should soar above the things of earth.

Granius. Metella's dead!

Marius. Poor girl! poor innocent!
The storm that strikes the gnarled oak to earth,
Spare not the blooming flower. Metella dead!
Her high-born father, too, whose only fault
Was that his mind was suited for a god!—
Look on this hand—'tis cover'd with his blood!—
I've shed the lives of legions in my time;
The stream has flow'd as freely as the waves
That wash the banks of Tiber. Yea, it flow'd,
And left no trace upon my ~~temple~~ hand,
Yet these few stains upon this palsied hand,

(90)

Weigh like a mountain on me.

Granius. Think not of them.

Marius. I shall not long—I feel I shall not long!

Come to my arms, thou tempest-broken scion (100)

Of a too rugged stock.—We soon shall part.

I once imagin'd, that when dying, boy,

I should bequeath a glorious legacy

To him, upon whose front great Jove had stamp,

The scowl of Marius.—A foolish wish!—

And now, though bankrupt, and devoid of worth,

I still bequeath the same.

Granius. And what is that?

Marius. The world; 'tis thine; but 'tis not worth possessing.

Martha. I echo thee, and cry "not worth possessing!"

But wol to man, adversity alone, (110)

Can fully teach its utter worthlessness.

Marius. My ever gentle Sibyl, near me still!

As fond, devoted, as in happier days,

In spite of all my harshness.—Bless thee, girl!—

If but one tear were in this wither'd heart,

'Twould fall for thee.

Martha. And wherefore weep for me?

Marius. Death—death is near.

Martha. He cannot come too soon.

I once imagin'd I was born to live,

But time has taught me I was born to die.

Marius. So resolute! my own girl to the last! (120)

Martha. Thine to the last. (Alarms.)

Enter CINNA.

Marius. (To Cinna.) What tidings now?

But do not speak; I know it by thy looks!

I feel it in the chilling atmosphere

That now pervades thy presence; thou canst be

No other than the messenger of ill.

Cinna. The gates are broken down, and Sylla's forces

Have now gain'd full possession of the city.

Marius. Stop, stop thy raven throat! More wine, more wine!

This chillness steals upon me, yet my brain

Rages like Ætna.—Fill up to the brim. (130)

Cinna. Our soldiers threw away their arms and fled,

And thus became the easy victims of

Their conquerors.

Marius. Silence, ill-omen'd bird.

What means this trembling that invades my frame!

It cannot be that Marius, in his age,

Has learnt to fear! I'm cold as death. Wine, wine!

To fire the brain, and warm the failing heart.

(*Shouts.*)

Enter SULPITIUS wounded, and falls at the feet of

MARIUS

Ah! this looks well! there's blood upon thy brow.

A Roman soldier of the ancient stamp!

There has been fighting here.

Sulpitius. The day is lost.

(140)

Marius. Who says it's lost, while Marius commands!

(*Shouts.*)

Cinna. The foe approach; 'tis madness to remain,

And sheep-like, here be slaughter'd, in the fold.

Marius. Stand, stand, I say; I am your consul still.

Where is Sulpitius?

Cinna. Dying at your feet.

Marius. Then all is lost, indeed!

Sulpitius. I told thee I would either die or conquer.

I could not do the one—I'll do the other.

Marius. Thy words were ever "Liberty or death!"

Sulpitius. I join them now, 'tis "Liberty and death." (*Dies.*) (150)

Marius. My staunch old soldier dead! Metellus dead!

Antonius and the rest! Then what is life,

Since my revenge is glutted to the fill,

And cannot rouse the ashes of the dead.

(*Crash and Alarm.*)

Granius. The outward gate is forced. Fly, fly, my father.

Marius. Marius never fled—but once.

Granius. Fly from the power of Sylla.

Marius. The slave of Sylla!

Martha. Never shall a page so black as that

Be found upon the records of the world.

This potent poison shall confirm my words.

(*Aside.—She pours poison in the goblet.*)

Marius. Never!—What dost thou with that goblet in thy hand?

Martha. I'll drink with thee, before we part, as we

May never meet again.

Marius. And what's thy pledge?

Martha. I'll give thee—Freedom—freedom!

Marius. I'll pledge thee to the bottom of the cup,
But let thy lips first sweeten it, my child—
We've had too much of the bitter cup, already.

Martha. I drink to thee and freedom. (Drinks.)

Marius. Here's to thee
And freedom.—Why dost smile? (Drinks.)

Martha. 'Tis done, and we are free! (Shouts.)

Granius. Nay, linger not; a minute lost, and we are lost forever. (170)

Marius. My limbs refuse their office, and my joints
Grow stiff. I freeze.

Granius. Help to support him hence. (Shouts.)

They come—they come.

Marius. The icy drops of death
Are on my frame, and the hot blood of old
Metellus, burns like molten lead. See there!
All stain'd with gore, he writhes in agony.
And looks forgiveness on the wretch who slew him.
He stretches forth his hands, imploring mercy;
The hands that foster'd me in early youth!
A cherub's smile is on his pallid lips,
But now distorted with the pangs of death!—
Madness! Remove him from my sight! Away—
Take him away, I'll be soldier yet!—

(180)

Granius. Alas! my father!

Marius. I am sick to death—
Press thy poor father's hand.

Granius. 'Tis cold as ice.

Marius. And trembles, too, my son.
O! what a pang was there! and yet another!
My bosom is too small—it heaves to bursting—
Feel how it throbs!—More air! more air!—I die!—
Help me to rend these close-knit ribs asunder—
Help me! O! help!

(190)

(Martha falls.)

Cinna. Look to the Sibyl, there—

Granius. Press not thus closely on him.

Marius. Soft. Bend me forward. So—I breathe again.
My eyes grow dim. More air—more air—

Cinna. The Sibyl's dead!

Marius. Thou dear, devoted one!
Then the last human tie is rent in twain.

(Shouts.)

The gods have done their worst, for Sylla comes,
And I am breathing still. Death, death, where art thou? (*Trumpets.*)

Enter SYLLA and SOLDIERS.

Stand off and touch me not, till I am dead;
Avaunt, and let me die as I have lived, (200)
Unshackled both in body and in mind.
Sylla, 'tis past with me, and, I bequeath
An abject world to thy unpitying care.
Now unoppos'd, go drive thy chariot wheels
Across the necks of slaves, who will not groan,
Lest it offend the ears of godlike Sylla.
But for me—Freedom, freedom, freedom
With the gods. (*Dies.*) (208)

POE'S THEORIES AND PRACTICE IN POETIC TECHNIQUE*

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I

POE HAS perhaps been the subject of more discussion than any other American writer, and much of his reputation rests on his poetry. Yet there seems to be a notable inadequacy of comment on the mechanics of his verse. Interest centered early on his drunkenness and his love affairs, and these had barely been treated sympathetically before a new set of modern and Freudian biographers emphasized opium and impotence. Even when poets such as Mr. Woodberry and Mr. Hervey Allen have written of Poe, they have discussed his poetry largely in generalities with little mention of technical details.

The result has been a handing down of four conventional statements about his theories of verse: that all poems must be short; that poetry is close to music; that beauty is the chief aim of poetry; and that "The Raven" was the result of a logical process. All these ideas can be found by looking no farther than two of Poe's best known critical essays, "The Poetic Principle" and "The Philosophy of Composition." These conventional opinions may be correct,¹ but they are merely repetitions of Poe's own generalizations. They treat no problems of meter or of rhyme and other repetitions; they say nothing of inversions, archaisms, contractions, stanza forms, or any of the other items in which a short, musical, beautiful poem by Poe differs from a short, musical, beautiful poem by Longfellow or Whitman or Edna Millay.

Yet Poe was much occupied with these detailed problems of versification. Woodberry says, "One reads, at successive stages of his career, the same old stanzas in new versions. . . . The changes are minute and almost innumerable . . . but in every instance the alteration is judicious . . . they grow out of rudeness into perfection."²

* A shorter version of this article was read before the Poetry and Aesthetics Group of the Modern Language Association in December, 1929.

¹ Hervey Allen denies Poe's story of the composition of "The Raven" in *Israfel* (New York, 1926), II, 612.

² G. E. Woodberry, *Edgar Allan Poe* (Boston, revised edition, 1909), II, 170. Such sweeping and unsupported statements are common in criticisms of Poe's verse.

And Poe in his criticisms of the poetry of others is equally occupied with technical details. He scans whole stanzas, records pages of good or bad verses, lists scores of bad rimes, and concerns himself largely with minute items of workmanship. In "Marginalia" he writes, "Two-thirds of the problems of versification belong undeniably to mathematics."³ And in criticizing Rufus Dawes, he takes a prophetic fling at the future commentators on his own verse with the words: "It appears that in excessive generalization lies one of the leading errors of a criticism employed on our poetic literature. . . . We rhapsodize rather than discriminate. . . . There is little reason for that vagueness of comment which we so pertinaciously affect."⁴

In stressing Poe's own generalizations, later criticism has too largely neglected his specific comments on technical details in the works of other poets. The aim of this article is to examine the theories contained in Poe's reviews as well as his actual practice in versification. Four chief centers of discussion present themselves: his use of sounds, of meter, of vocabulary, and of stanza forms.

II

A part of Poe's reputation for musical verse is undoubtedly due to his choice of sounds. He is distinct from his American contemporaries in using *n*-sounds more than *r*, and *l* more than sharp *s*-sounds. An examination of 500 lines of verse from each of five poets, Poe, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whitman, shows the following distribution of the chief consonantal sounds:

	First in Frequency	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Poe.....	N	R	T	L	S	Th	D	M
Average of next four poets...	R	N	S	T	D	L	Th	M
Whittier.....	R	N	D	S	T	L	Th	M
Longfellow.....	R	N	T	S	D	Th	L	M
Lowell.....	R	N	S	T	D	L	Th	M
Whitman.....	R	N	T	S	D	L	Th	M
Dr. Rickert's list ⁵	R	N	T	S	L	D,K	Th	M

³ In "The Rationale of Verse," the fraction is nine-tenths. There are so many editions of Poe's works, each with a different pagination, that I feel that page references would be of little use. Poe's reviews were short, and the passages referred to in this and the following footnotes can be found without difficulty.

⁴ "The Poetry of Rufus Dawes."

⁵ Based on a much larger number of sounds, in Edith Rickert, *New Methods for the Study of Literature* (Chicago, 1927), p. 238.

It will be noticed that only in Poe does *n* precede *r*, and *l* precede *s*. Furthermore, differences between Poe and the other poets are large. Poe uses 909 *r*-sounds and the others average 910; but Poe uses 912 *n*-sounds to the others' average of only 828. Similarly, Poe uses 718 *l*'s and only 696 *s*'s; the four others average 616 *l*'s and 730 *s*'s. To parallel Poe's tonal ratios for these two sets of letters, the other poets would have to add 85 *n*-sounds and to remove 133 *s*-sounds in every 500 lines of verse.

In addition to choice of sounds, arrangement of them has much to do with the musical qualities of verse. Poe in his criticism of other poets constantly condemns rough lines and harsh consonants. In discussing Amelia Welby's verses, Poe writes, "The phrase, 'Thy white hand trained,' involves four consonants that unite with difficulty, n-d-t-r."⁶ Bryant's lines, Poe says, "are occasionally unpronounceable through excess of harsh consonants."⁷ Frances S. Osgood's versification is "frequently feeble through the usage of harsh consonants."⁸ And Thomas Ward is damned with the suggestion that "he seems to have been experimenting whether it were possible to do altogether without vowels."⁹

His own poems Poe constantly revised and usually thus secured greater smoothness both in the succession of sounds and in rhythm. In "The Lake: To —," the line,

In youth's spring it was my lot

becomes later

In spring of youth it was my lot.¹⁰

And in "The City in the Sea,"

A vacuum in the filmy Heaven

is changed to

A void within the filmy Heaven¹¹

⁶ "Amelia Welby."

⁷ "William Cullen Bryant."

⁸ *The Literati*, "Frances Sargent Osgood."

⁹ "Our Amateur Poets . . . Flaccus."

¹⁰ *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, edited by Killis Campbell (Boston, 1917), p. 32.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 62.

The last versions of all Poe's poems show so many gains in smoothness that we may reasonably surmise Poe's intent, as well as his effect, to have been rhythmic improvement. In this respect his practice corresponds to his preaching.

Inconsistency comes, however, with his treatment of rimes. He condemns Margaret Fuller for an identic rime (*Light-light*),¹² and then himself rimes *Rome* and *roam*, *long* and *belong*, and on three occasions *night* and *tonight*. Seba Smith is gently admonished for riming *sea* with *liberty*.¹³ Mrs. Amelia Welby is informed by Poe that "the syllable *dy* in melody is not full enough to sustain the rime. All these endings, *liberty*, *property*, *happily*, and the like, however justified by authority, are grossly objectionable."¹⁴ Thus croaked the Raven, who himself rimed *I-melody*, *palls-funerals*, *lies-Destinies*, *valley-fantastically*, and twice *valley-musically*. Lucretia Maria Davidson's book is reviewed with the citation of ten typically bad rimes,¹⁵ and a similar list for Elizabeth Barrett (Browning) numbers twenty-seven bad rimes.¹⁶ These lists were compiled by a man who in his own verses rimed *face-Greece*, *assure me-o'er me*, *bliss-is*, *many-Annie*, *early-dearly*, *evil-devil*, *wars-stars*, and *fancies-pansies*. In short, Poe in his best poems used five identic rimes, sixteen eye-rimes, and thirty-five otherwise bad rimes—a total of fifty-six in twenty-seven short poems.

Few poets and critics object to an occasional false rime (though in short poems it seems less allowable than in long works). And Poe, with his liking for rimes at "unusual and unanticipated intervals,"¹⁷ might well have enjoyed an occasional deviation in sound from the expected end-rime. But there is no word in his reviews to sustain such an hypothesis, and he allowed no such poetic license to his contemporaries. His bad rimes occurred in poems, most of which were in existence for years of the author's life and which were revised and reprinted several times by him, while he was writing criticisms that exposed similar errors of other poets. There seem to be only two corrections in rime among Poe's numerous revisions, both in "Tam-

¹² *The Literati*, "Sarah Margaret Fuller."

¹³ Poe's review of *Powhatan* by Seba Smith.

¹⁴ "Amelia Welby."

¹⁵ Poe's review of *The Poetical Remains of the Late Maria Davidson*.

¹⁶ Poe's review of *The Drama of Exile and Other Poems* by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett.

¹⁷ "The Rationale of Verse."

erlane": *crash-rush* is changed to *crush-rush*, and *mist-lisp* to *mist-list*—the second, at least, being obviously a revision of a printer's error.¹⁸ Despite the theories of *Gestalt* psychologists in such mote-and-beam cases, it is difficult for any writer of verse to believe that Poe was not aware of his frequent bad rimes. We know that his main interest was not rime, but meter.

III

He writes in discussing Miss Barrett's verse, "Deficiencies of rhythm are more serious [than errors in rime]. Inefficient rhythm is inefficient poetic expression."¹⁹ In matters of rhythm Poe is severely conservative. "A rhythm," he writes in reviewing Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith's verses, "should always be distinctly marked by its first foot . . . and [should] proceed with this [type of] foot until the ear gets fairly accustomed to it before we attempt variation. When the rhythm is thoroughly recognized, we may sparingly vary—[iambic] with anapaests, trochaic with dactyls. Spondees, still more sparingly, as absolute discords, may also be introduced in either an iambic or trochaic rhythm." But the rhythm must not "vacillate awkwardly between iambuses and anapaests." A stanza of Mrs. Smith's poetry with twenty iambs and eight anapaests annoys Poe because, he says, its "iambuses and anapaests are so nearly balanced that the ear hesitates to receive the rhythm as anything at all."²⁰

Poe likes indefiniteness and vagueness in his subject-matter but does not allow them in his meter. Not for him the liquid uncertainties of Conrad Aiken, nor the duple-triple rhythms of William Butler Yeats. Believing that the addition of an extra short syllable changes the time length of a foot, Poe demands a minimum of such irregularities.²¹ Hervey Allen quotes one of the audience at Poe's lecture in Lowell, Massachusetts, on July 10, 1848; the testimony is that Poe, in reading his verse, stressed the regular beat, "measuring the movement as if he were scanning it. He insisted upon an even metrical flow in versification and said that hard unequally stepping poetry had better be done in prose."²² In practice Poe usually fol-

¹⁸ *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, edited by Killis Campbell, pp. 5 and 18.

¹⁹ Poe's review of *The Drama of Exile* by Elizabeth Barrett.

²⁰ Poe's review of *The Poetical Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith*.

²¹ "The Rationale of Verse."

²² Hervey Allen, *Israfel*, II, 763.

lowed these theories, rarely allowing himself the twenty-five per cent. of irregular feet that we find in "Israfel." And "The Raven" is a marvel of regularity; of its 719 complete feet, 705 are perfect trochees, 10 doubtful trochees like *fiery* and *radiant*, and only 4 clearly dactyls. This is one of the most regular of poetic masterpieces, with only four obviously irregular feet in a total of 719.²³

IV

Conservative as Poe was in his refusal to accept substitutions of feet, he was modern in his objections to all violations of natural diction and order. He attacks the Transcendentalist Cranch for using "o'erlooketh" instead of "respectable English,"²⁴ and he comments unfavorably on the "obsolete expressions" of Mrs. Osgood.²⁵ Inversions he objects to in the verse of William Ellery Channing,²⁶ and in treating Mrs. Welby, he writes, "'Neath is an awkward contraction. *All* contractions are awkward. *Inversions* should be dismissed. The most forcible lines are the most direct."²⁷ Miss Barrett's faults are exposed with a long list of words distorted for the sake of the meter, such as *'ware* for *aware*, *'gins* for *begins*, *drave*, *súpreme*, and *láment*.²⁸ Poe wants no archaisms, no contractions, no inversions, no wrongly placed accents, for the sake of the regularity in rhythm that he demands. Here he stands with the moderns, with Amy Lowell and the imagists, who agree with Poe's statement, "It is no paradox, that the more prosaic the construction of verse, the better."²⁹ In general, Poe's verse follows his theory. His contractions (*o'er*, *'tis*, *'neath*) are few; his archaisms are inoffensive; and as for inversions, the line in "Israfel"—"But the skies that angel trod"—is an unusual specimen.

V

Careless in his rimes, conservative in his use of meter, modern in his choice and order of words, Poe is most noteworthy for his

²³ Professor Campbell's edition shows only four revisions in the rhythm of "The Raven," and all result in regularity (*op. cit.*, pp. 109-114).

²⁴ *The Literati*, "Christopher Pearse Cranch."

²⁵ *The Literati*, "Frances Sargent Osgood."

²⁶ "Our Amateur Poets . . . William Ellery Channing."

²⁷ "Amelia Welby."

²⁸ Poe's review of *The Drama of Exile* by Elizabeth Barrett.

²⁹ "Amelia Welby."

unusual stanza forms. Most poets of his day and of ours treat a stanza as a mold to be filled with words. But Poe says that a stanza is "the general arrangement of meter into masses;"³⁰ and elsewhere he refers to "the first paragraph of her poem."³¹ The stanza is not a form or mold to him, but a paragraph, an arrangement of lines into a mass, that presumably may be variable within one poem.³² It is significant to notice his own verse. (From the following table single-stanza poems and sonnets are omitted; stanzas are listed as regular when they are alike in number of lines, number of feet in corresponding lines, and in rime scheme.)

	Poems with Irregular Stanzas	Poems with Regular Stanzas
1827 volume.....	5	3
1829 volume.....	6	3 (2 reprints of 1827)
1831 volume.....	10	0
1845 volume.....	21	4 (3 reprints of 1829) ³³
After 1845 ³⁴	6	0

In short, four of Poe's five (if the poem, "To Sarah," is accepted as Poe's, the figures would be, five of Poe's six) regularly stanzaic poems belong to his early imitative period. After the age of twenty, Poe wrote only one poem in regular stanzaic form—"The Raven." (Perhaps the extreme regularity of this poem is due to its long period of incubation. It was read to friends and examined by disdainful editors for several years before it achieved publication.³⁵ Did outside criticism force Poe into a routine mold in this case?) Except for this one poem and a few lines (the paragraph that contains the quotation cited in footnote 32) in "The Rationale of Verse," all Poe's theory and practice strongly support the belief that he *was* unique among our poets in regarding a stanza not as a pattern but merely

³⁰ "Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists."

³¹ Poe's review of *The Drama of Exile* by Elizabeth Barrett.

³² Objectors to this view may try to reconcile his statement, "Modern stanza is excessively loose—and where so, ineffective, of course," (in "The Rationale of Verse") with his own practice.

³³ The three reprints are in the section entitled, "Poems Written in Youth."

³⁴ Among the poems sometimes attributed to Poe but not in the canons of Professors Campbell and Mabbott are some with regular stanzas; this regularity may have led to their being regarded as spurious.

³⁵ "The composition of 'The Raven' stretched over a period of four years at least."—Hervey Allen in *Israel*, II, 612 and (for details) pp. 511, 515, 524, 575, 597, 609.

as a loose paragraph.³⁶ After Poe, Lanier in his later poems also adopted the irregular stanza, and Vachel Lindsay is consciously writing in the Poe-Lanier tradition of irregular stanzas.³⁷

VI

In summary, Poe is careful in his arrangement of sounds though careless about rimes; unusual in preferring *n*-sounds to *r* and *l* to *s*; conservative in insisting on a strongly predominant beat with few variations; modern in opposing contractions, inversions, and archaisms; and unconventional in his habitual use of loose stanza arrangements.

These facts, taken together, indicate that Poe was endowed with an ear for smooth sounds and rhythms, but that he found it difficult to confine himself within the strict poetic boundaries of rime and stanza patterns. Note, for instance, the single lapse in "Eldorado," where a phrase, "Over the Mountains of the Moon," is allowed to destroy the rime pattern; the feeble "Like—almost anything" line used to get a rime in "Fairyland;" the failure to insert three lines that would make a symmetrical pattern in "Eulalie;" the fifteen-line so-called "Sonnet—Silence;" the silly phrase, "a maiden there lived *whom you may know*," for the sake of a rime in "Annabel Lee;" the development of "Lenore" through three widely different versions into a fairly regular poem with a second stanza two lines short; the lapse from pattern in the last two of the six stanzas of "The Happiest Day—The Happiest Hour;" and the frequent dragging in of foreign and invented words (*D'Elormie*, *Levante*, *Auber*, *Weir*, *Yaaneke*) to make rimes. These are not the inspired deviations of a master; they are lapses typical of a person who is trying to achieve good poetic technique.

Two American poets, Poe and Whitman, magnificently endowed, began their careers with feeble and conventional verses. Whitman, unable to conquer the conventional technique, shook himself loose into free verse. Poe failed to solve the difficulties of rime and of stanzaic symmetry, but he mastered technical problems in the field of rhythm, in his criticisms of others' poetry, and in the slowly perfected, exceptional "Raven."

³⁶ As will appear later, I think that Poe's view is a rationalization of his usual inability to fashion regular stanzas.

³⁷ Lecture at the Pennsylvania State College, August, 1929.

Turning from this particular estimate of Poe, we see several general problems arising from this study: (1) Can we explain the vague adjective, "musical," as applied to verse, partly in terms of the ratio of *n* and *r*, and *l* and *s* sounds? Is Poe's preference for *n* and *l* sounds accidental or essential for the composition of musical poetry?³⁸ (2) Is it not time to test in psychological laboratories the theories of Poe and others about matters of meter, the alleged inequality in time of iambs and anapests, the failure of duple-triple rhythms to satisfy, and similar problems? (3) In view of the great success of Poe's irregular stanzas, can we not say that too much stress is now laid on set stanza patterns? Verse technique has a range from French and Italian forms, through the syllabic regularity of hymns, ordinary regular stanzaic poetry, rimed irregular stanzas, and blank verse, to free verse at the other extreme. The irregular stanza occurs near the center of this range and one might expect it to be most frequently used.³⁹ Are we not neglecting our poetic possibilities in failing to examine and to employ the virtues of this poetic field?

³⁸ In the first 503 lines of *The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems* (New York, 1923), by Edna St. Vincent Millay, who is also noted for the music of her verses, there are 429 *l*-sounds and only 365 *s*-sounds.

³⁹ The free ode is a rarely used type. Vachel Lindsay's rhythms are exceptional.

NOTES AND QUERIES

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON WALDEN

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MR. JOHN T. Winterich in his recent article on the history of the editions of Thoreau's *Walden*¹ contents himself with using the information contained in Mr. Francis H. Allen's excellent Thoreau bibliography.² Some discoveries have been made since Mr. Allen's book was published in 1908, and a bibliographical article would seem to be incomplete without the newly found facts.

The first edition of *Walden* has become one of the most desirable of American first editions. Mr. Winterich in his paper is primarily concerned with the history of that edition, but he does trace the history of subsequent editions and impressions. One wonders, however, how thoroughly he investigated the first edition itself, for he says, "There are, happily, no puzzling bibliographic points about the first edition of *Walden*—except one that is no point at all." And then he mentions the one: the dates of the advertisements at the end of the book, a point which everyone admits is no point at all. But all is not as happy as Mr. Winterich thinks. There is a point which is a point; namely, some of the copies, notably the copy corrected by Thoreau and owned by Mr. Paul Lemperry, of Lakewood, Ohio, and a few other copies, lack the engraved map of Walden Pond (Thoreau's own survey) facing page 307, while in still other copies the map is reversed and faces page 306. The reversal of the map is, of course, inconsequential; but its omission is surely a bibliographic point.

Mr. Winterich in reciting the history of *Walden* mentions the second reprint as appearing "nine years later" than the 1854 first edition. Perhaps this refers to the 1863 impression soon to be described, but more likely it follows Mr. Allen's statement on page 9 of his bibliography that "the first reprinting seems to have been in 1864," actually but a little more than nine years after the first edition.

¹ "Romantic Stories of Books, Second Series, II, *Walden*," by John T. Winterich. *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVI, 1363-1368 (September 21, 1929).

² *A Bibliography of Henry David Thoreau*, compiled by Francis H. Allen (Boston, 1908).

There were two *impressions* of *Walden*, somewhat improperly called *editions*, between 1854 and 1864. Mr. Allen, like Homer, must have nodded, for on page 120 of his bibliography he lists a "Notice of the 1862 edition of *Walden*" as appearing in the Concord, Mass., *Monitor* for June 7, 1862 (vol. I, page 53). Such a notice did appear, and it was a notice of a real book, a forgotten second impression of *Walden*. In 1863 appeared a third impression, and in 1864 came the reprint which has been called in all Thoreau bibliographies the "second edition," though in a sense it is the fourth edition.

As far as I know, but one copy of each of the 1862 and 1863 impressions has found its way into any Thoreau collection, both into the collection of Mr. Albert E. Lowmes, of Providence, Rhode Island, to whom I am indebted for the bibliographical facts about the books.

Both the 1862 copy and the 1863 copy contain the map. In the 1863 copy the map is reversed and faces page 306, an inconsequential point.

The 1863 copy has no advertisements. The 1862 copy has 16 pages of advertisements (Ticknor and Fields) dated May, 1862. May 6, 1862 is the date of Thoreau's death. The notice in *The Concord Monitor* appeared June 7, 1862. *Walden* came perilously near running into a second edition during its author's lifetime.

The body of the books seems identical with the 1854 first edition. However, in both the 1862 and 1863 copies there are several broken letters in the top three lines of page 39 and in the top line of page 41 which do not occur in any copies of the 1854 edition which I have seen. There are other typographical imperfections common to all three, and the supposition is that the first four "editions" of *Walden* were printed from the same plates and that some of the letters broke during the course of the printings.

The vignette on the title-page is more finely printed in both the 1862 and 1863 impressions than it was in 1854 and may have been re-engraved. The roof and the right-hand end of the house are indistinct in the 1854 edition but are clear in the later impressions.

The title-pages of both the 1862 and 1863 copies are identical except for the dates, which appear as M DCCC LXII in the one case and as 1863 in the other. In both, the phrase "Or Life in the Woods" was, as Mr. Winterich says, "inexplicably" left out of the title.

The bindings of the 1862 and 1863 copies, save for a slightly narrower design on the sides and the omission of "Life in the Woods" on the backstrip, are exactly like the binding of the original *Walden* of 1854. In 1854 the "o" in "Co." on the backstrip was smaller than the "C," while in 1862 and again in 1863 the two letters are capitals. The end papers were lemon yellow in 1854, and maroon or chocolate in 1862 and 1863.

These facts about the second and third impressions of *Walden* may be of no more importance than similar facts about reprints of important books ordinarily are; but the history of the printing of *Walden* has been written several times, and each time these impressions have been omitted and the fourth impression has been called the second. In the interest of accurate bibliography it would seem wise to correct the record.

THE AUTHORSHIP AND DATE OF "THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S PRAYER"

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"THE AMERICAN Patriot's Prayer" is a poem generally assigned to the Revolutionary Period, year 1776. The authorship is claimed by Conway for Thomas Paine.¹ He has this to say:

In Bell's addenda to "Common Sense," which contained Paine's Address to the Quakers (also letters by others), appeared a little poem which I believe his, and the expression of his creed.

The poem then follows, quoted in full. I insert it here in the interest of the discussion.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S PRAYER

Parent of all, omnipotent
In heaven, and earth below,
Through all creation's bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow,

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what designed;
No private aims let me propose,
Since linked with human kind.

¹ *Life of Thomas Paine* (New York, 1892) I, 116.

But chief to hear my country's voice,
 May all my thoughts incline:
 'T is reason's law, 't is virtue's choice,
 'T is nature's call and thine.

Me from fair freedom's sacred cause
 Let nothing e'er divide;
 Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause,
 Nor friendship false misguide.

Let me not faction's partial hate
 Pursue to this Land's woe;
 Nor grasp the thunder of the state,
 To wound a private foe.

If for the right to wish the wrong
 My country shall combine,
 Single to serve th' erroneous throng,
 Spite of themselves, be mine.

"Every sacrifice" says Conway, "contemplated in this self-dedication had to be made. Paine had held nothing back from the cause."

Tyler also quotes the poem in full, under the title used by Conway and has the following to say about it:

... while in those early months of 1776, the people of this land were doubting or affirming, were cursing, weeping, fighting or fleeing from the fight, one man, whose name we know not, set down upon paper, and sent forth in print, a few lines of verse which, perhaps, would long ago have become celebrated in literature had they been uttered anywhere else than among ourselves, and which, at any rate, may convince us that in the midst of all that hurly-burly were men and women who knew how, alway, through all confusions, right guidance lies in the path of high principle and especially of trust in the Unseen Leader. These lines, thus written and printed, frame themselves into a prayer, laconic, austere, devout; they are a stately and sweet poem, fit to be placed by the side of any other of its kind that can be met with anywhere in the many-mansioned treasure-house of our English speech.²

He attaches a footnote that is significant for the fact that it brings doubt to bear on the Paine authorship theory advanced by Conway. For its bearing on the subject, the footnote is here quoted in full.

² *Literary History of the American Revolution* (New York, 1897) I, 177, 178.

This remarkable poem first appeared, so far as I am able to discover, in the "Large Additions to Common Sense," appended to the third edition of that pamphlet as published by Robert Bell, in Philadelphia, February 1776. Thomas Paine's latest and best biographer (M. D. Conway i. 116) seems to have been led by this fact to ascribe the poem to his hero. In that opinion I am unable to concur. Of course, the first appearance of the poem in the addenda to "Common Sense" does not at all prove that it was written by the author of that pamphlet; since Paine wrote but few, if any, of that miscellaneous collection of pieces. When one turns to the test of internal evidence, it seems to me difficult to conclude that this poem bears the characteristic marks of Paine's work. I do not recall anything, known to have been written by him, which, whatever its merit, is not somewhere marred by at least a touch of disproportion, of excess, of pungency verging towards truculence, and of a willingness to surrender his uncommon gift of expression to mere smartness of phrase; whereas this poem is characterized throughout by spiritual ripeness, by self-restraint, and by an entire freedom from any trace either of rancor or of rhetorical glitter.³

The fact that an authority of Tyler's undoubted reputation should single out the poem for such exalted praise, and should desire its recognition among the gems of our national literature, accentuates interest in the poem, for itself alone as well as for its alleged authorship.

The poem also finds a place in a recent volume of extracts and selections from the poetry and prose of the Revolution edited by Prescott and Nelson.⁴ It is quoted there in full, and under its common title, with the date 1776 assigned. No effort is made to ascribe authorship. However, in the introduction to the chapter on Revolutionary Songs and Ballads, the editors state:

There must be a permanent place in our literature for a few compositions . . . such for instance as those dignified, but eloquently simple poems, "The American Patriot's Prayer" and "The American Soldier's Hymn."

In a recent survey of the early almanacs in the Library of Congress I came upon this poem in *Whitefield's Almanack*⁵ for the year

³ *Literary History of the American Revolution* (New York, 1897) I, 177, 178.

⁴ *Prose and Poetry of the Revolution* (New York, 1925).

⁵ Chapin in his *Check List of Rhode Island Almanacs* (Worcester, 1915), states that James Franklin printed Whitefield's Almanack for 1760, and that it was the last one that

1760, Newport, Rhode Island. The title, instead of "The American Patriot's Prayer," appears simply as "The Patriot's Prayer." With the exception of minor differences in punctuation and capitalization, there is complete identity between the two poems until we come to the fifth stanza, which differs in a very important way. Instead of reading,

Let me not faction's partial hate
Pursue to this land's woe,

it reads

Let me not faction's partial hate,
Pursue to Britain's woe.

There are no further differences.

The poem is also found in two other early almanacs. It appears in *The Essex Almanack*,⁶ 1773, and differs in no particulars from the 1760 appearance in Whitefield's *Almanack*. Anthony Sharp carries it in *The Continental Almanack*,⁷ 1781, under the title, "The Patriot's Prayer," but makes still a third rendering of the second line of the fifth stanza. Here it reads:

Let me not faction's partial hate,
Pursue to Americ's woe.

It was a baffling habit of early almanac makers to fill the empty spaces in their almanacs with unsigned and unaccredited literary matter. Such is the fate of "The Patriot's Prayer." There is no clue in any of the three almanac sources as to who its author might be. Its appearance so early as 1760, and the phrase "Britain's woe," make it quite likely that it was written in England, though by no means certain. That it was published twice before 1776, in a relatively small collection of old almanacs,⁸ indicates that it must have been generally well known and esteemed before the Revolution.

came from his press. Because of the fictitious character of the author of Franklin's previous almanacs, Job Shepherd, and because no such person as Nathaniel Whitefield is recorded at Newport, he states that it is probable that Whitefield was a fictitious person.

⁶ *The Essex Almanack* for 1773 by Philo Freeman, Salem, Mass. S. and E. Hall, Printers.

⁷ *The Continental Almanack* for 1781 by Anthony Sharp, Philadelphia. Francis Bailey, Printer.

⁸ The ephemeral nature of almanacs has militated against their preservation in any large numbers. They enjoyed a very wide circulation during the eighteenth century, some issues

The form of the poem in Bell's *Addenda to Common Sense*, the source from which Conway and Tyler both drew it, with its changed title, and the adapted phrasing of the second line of the fifth stanza, point to its use as a poem of Revolutionary propaganda. Did Paine so adapt it in 1776? It is possible. It is also possible that Anthony Sharp, in 1781, brought it into the service of a growing national feeling by changing "this land's woe" to "America's woe."

Speculations are beside the point. The appearance of the poem as early as the year 1760 throws no positive light on the problem of authorship. It does, however, definitely remove it from the Paine bibliography. And, what is even more important, it removes it from the bibliography of poems of the American Revolution.

WIELAND AND FRANKENSTEIN

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AS IS WELL known, both Percy and Mary Shelley read Brockden Brown's novels. In a familiar passage Peacock records Shelley's reading of *Wieland*, *Ormond*, *Edgar Huntley*, and *Arthur Mervyn*, and speaks of their profound influence on him. "Brown's four novels, Schiller's *Robbers*, and Goethe's *Faust* were, of all the works with which he was familiar, those which took the deepest root in Shelley's mind; and had the strongest influence on the formation of his character. He devotedly admired Wordsworth and Coleridge; . . . but admiration is one thing and assimilation is another; and nothing so blended itself with the structure of his interior mind as the creations of Brown."¹ At a time when Shelley and Mary closely shared their intellectual interests no doubt she too read Brown with absorbed attention. In her *Journal* for 1815, she records: "Shelley read *Edgar Huntley* to us"; and "Read *Philip Stanley*,"—the English title of *Clara Howard*. In the "list of books read in 1815" appear also *Wieland* and *Ormond*.² One other novel she must have read, either then or later, for in *The Last Man* she finds her description

reaching 50,000 a year. And they were issued from practically every early printing press. There are more than 2000 in the Library of Congress collection, and a much larger number at Worcester.

¹ *Works of Peacock*, ed. Cole, III, 409-410.

² Mrs. Marshall, *Life of M. W. Shelley*, I, 100, 101, 123.

of an epidemic "on the masterly delineations of the author of *Arthur Mervyn*."

Is it not fair to suppose that Brown's novels, read in 1815, influenced *Frankenstein* begun in the following year; and that the germ of Mary's best known work may be found in the following from *Wieland*? "Had I not rashly set in motion a machine, over whose progress I had no controul, and which experience has shewn was infinite in power? Every day might add to the catalogue of horrors of which this was the source," etc.³ It is true that her well-known account of the origin of *Frankenstein* makes no mention of Brown, but this was written fifteen years afterward; and in any case the strongest impressions are not always those consciously received. I may add that one of Mary Shelley's stories, *Transformation*, appears to owe nothing to *Wieland*, or *the Transformation*, except perhaps its title.

A NOTE ON SIMMS'S NOVELS

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While making a study of the influence of Scott's novels upon those of William Gilmore Simms, I thought it might be worth while to record and classify by authors Simms's numerous quotations from British writers. My study included the following novels: *Guy Rivers*, *The Yemassee*, *The Partisan*, *Mellichampe*, *Richard Hurdis*, *Confession, or The Blind Heart*, *The Scout*, *Beauchampe*, *The Wigwam and the Cabin*, *Katherine Walton*, *Woodcraft*, *The Cassique of Kiawah*, *Vasconcelos*, *Southward Ho!* *A Spell of Sunshine*, *The Forayers*, *Charlemont*, and *Eutaw*.¹ I have not included in the total the quotations found in *Border Beagles*, for the plot of that novel calls for many quotations from Shakespeare and quotations from his plays are found on almost every page. I have not listed the rather numerous quotations from the Bible nor the infrequent quotations from American authors.

The larger number of these quotations are used as chapter mottoes. Of 306 quotations and allusions, only 102 are found in the text; the others appear at the beginnings of chapters. The comparatively

³ *Wieland*, ed. Pattee, p. 242.

¹ *Eutaw* contains a long discussion of *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

large number of quotations from Elizabethan dramatists is striking. I have found 17 quotations labeled "Old Play." There are, besides the quotations included in my list, 32 quotations that I have been unable to assign to any author. The table given below indicates the number of times quotations from various authors occur.

Shakespeare	120	Greene	2
Byron	14	Southey	2
Milton	13	Moore	2
Beaumont and Fletcher	8	Campbell	2
Jonson	7	Chaucer	2
Shirley	7	Alfieri (in Italian)	2
Massinger	8	May	1
Middleton	6	Davenport	1
Scott	6	Brome	1
Shelley	6	Macaulay	1
Spenser	5	Pope	1
Wordsworth	5	Swift	1
Webster	4	Schiller	1
Burns	4	Randolph	1
Heywood	3	Landis	1
Chapman	3	Petrarch	1
<i>Artaserse</i>	3	Goethe	1
Marlowe	2	<i>Agamemnon</i>	1
Nashe	2	Dante (in Italian)	1
Dekker	2	Ariosto (in Italian)	1

Some indication of the extent of Simms's library, which was destroyed by fire during the Civil War, is found in W. P. Trent's life of Simms:

The library was well chosen, and at the time of the war numbered about ten thousand volumes—a very large library for the South.²

There is no way of determining what his own stock of books was; but the Charleston library was open to him, and in those days of direct communication with England, Charleston was well supplied with English books.³

² W. P. Trent, *William Gilmore Simms*, pp. 97-98.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 7.

RESEARCH IN PROGRESS

I. DISSERTATIONS ON INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS:

William Vaughn Moody. David D. Henry (Pennsylvania State College).

Charles Egbert Craddock (Mary Noailles Murfree)—Parks (Vanderbilt).

Nathaniel Parker Willis. Kenneth L. Daugherty (Virginia).

II. DISSERTATIONS ON TOPICS OF A GENERAL NATURE:

American Annuals and Gift Books. Ralph Thompson (Columbia).
American Literary Criticism to 1830. William Charvat (Pennsylvania).

A History of the Pittsburgh Stage from its Beginnings to 1855. Edward G. Fletcher (Harvard).

The Colonial Sermon. Babette May Levy (Columbia).

The Transition to Realism in American Literature. Frederick Abbuhl (Columbia).

III. DISSERTATIONS COMPLETED:

Charles Fenno Hoffman. Homer F. Barnes (Columbia, 1929). Published by the Columbia University Press, 1930.

Milton in the Work of Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes. R. C. Pettigrew (Duke, 1930).

The Periodicals of American Transcendentalism. Clarence L. F. Gohdes (Columbia, 1930).

Swinburne's Reputation in England and America. Clyde K. Hyder (Harvard, 1930).

IV. OTHER RESEARCH IN PROGRESS:

Cultural Activities and Influences in New York City, 1789-1840. Eleanor B. Scott (Florida State College for Women).

Walt Whitman and His Contemporaries. Will S. Monroe (Waterbury, Vermont).

Political Ideas in American Literature. Clyde Hart (Iowa) and Frances Newborg (Chicago). (Department of Political Science.)

ERNEST E. LEISY, *Bibliographer*.

Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

ARTICLES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE APPEARING IN CURRENT PERIODICALS

I. 1607-1800

Eno, J. N. "The Expansion of Massachusetts . . . Chronological . . . Based on the Official Records." *Americana*, XXIV, 28-40 (January, 1930).

Rède, Kenneth. "A Note on the Author of *The Times*." *American Literature*, II, 79-82 (March, 1930).

Daniel Batwell rather than Jonathan Odell is to be regarded as the author of the satirical poem entitled *The Times*.

Troxell, Gilbert M. "An Unrecorded *Pilgrim's Progress*." *The Colophon*, Part I.

A sketch of Hugh Gaine, with bibliographical facts about his publishing *The Pilgrim's Progress* in 1794—unrecorded by Paul Leicester Ford or Evans.

[JONATHAN EDWARDS] Faust, Clarence H. "Jonathan Edwards as a Scientist." *American Literature*, I, 393-404 (January, 1930).

Edwards "never formally renounced science, as he had never consciously espoused her." "He was primarily a logician rather than a scientist."

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN] Miller, C. R. D. "Franklin and Carli's *Lettere Americane*." *Modern Philology*, XXVIII, 359-360 (February, 1930).

[FRANCIS HOPKINSON] Hastings, George E. "Francis Hopkinson and the Anti-Federalists." *American Literature*, I, 405-418 (January, 1930).

Political sketches by Hopkinson dealing with the excitement of 1788 are printed for the first time.

[THOMAS PAINE] Smith, Frank. "New Light on Thomas Paine's First Year in America, 1775." *American Literature*, I, 347-371 (January, 1930).

The author has "sought to reveal what are the solid facts—conclusive and otherwise—pertaining to Paine's literary work in America during the crucial year of 1775."

[JOHN TRUMBULL] Turner, Lorenzo D. "John Trumbull's 'The Correspondent,' No. 8." *The Journal of Negro History*, XIV, 493-495 (October, 1929).

[NOAH WEBSTER] Wagenknecht, Edward. "The Man Behind the Dictionary [Noah Webster]." *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, V, 246-258 (April, 1929).

II. 1800-1870

[CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN] McDowell, Tremaine. "Scott on Cooper and Brockden Brown." *Modern Language Notes*, XLV, 18-20 (January, 1930).

Praise for *The Pilot* and disparagement for Brown.

[WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING] Hicks, Granville. "A Glance at Channing's Friendships." *The Christian Register*, CVIII, 723-724, 741-742 (September 5 and 12, 1929).

Hicks, Granville. "When Dickens Met Channing." *The Christian Register*, CVIII, 603-604 (July 18, 1929).

[FENIMORE COOPER] McDowell, Tremaine. "Scott on Cooper and Brockden Brown." *Modern Language Notes*, XLV, 18-20 (January, 1930).

Spiller, Robert E. "Fenimore Cooper's Defense of Slave-Ownning America." *The American Historical Review*, XXXV, 575-582 (April, 1930).

The English original (in the British Museum), of an essay published anonymously in French in the *Revue Encyclopédique* for April, 1827; a reply to an essay by Sismondi published in the same periodical for January of the same year.

[EMERSON] Boynton, Percy H. "Emerson in His Period." *The International Journal of Ethics*, XXXIX, 177-189 (January, 1929).

Cestre, C. "Le Romantisme d'Emerson" (concluded). *La Revue Anglo-Américaine*, VII, 113-131 (December, 1929).

Cestre, C. "Thoreau et Emerson." *La Revue Anglo-Américaine*, VII, 215-230 (February, 1930).

Ford, Worthington C. "Mr. Emerson was Present." *Massachusetts Historical Society, Proceedings*, LXII, 130-138.

Grover, Edwin Osgood. "Why Not Professors of Books? A Selling Tip from Ralph Waldo Emerson." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVI, 2591-2593 (November 30, 1929).

[MARGARET FULLER] Hicks, Granville. "Margaret Fuller to Sarah Helen Whitman: An Unpublished Letter." *American Literature*, I, 419-421 (January, 1930).

The letter is dated January 27, 1840.

[IRVING] Hellman, George S. "Irving's *Washington*; and an Episode in Courtesy." *The Colophon*, Part I.

The courtesy with which Irving relinquished to Prescott his researches in the history of Mexico was repaid with letters and anecdotes about Washington.

Small, Miriam R. "A Possible Ancestor of Diedrich Knickerbocker." *American Literature*, II, 21-24 (March, 1930).

Richard Graves's *The Spiritual Quixote* (London, 1774) contains a possible source for certain aspects of Irving's characterization of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

Williams, Stanley T. "Washington Irving's First Stay in Paris." *American Literature*, II, 15-20 (March, 1930).

Irving's "Travelling Notes" dealing with his stay in Paris during 1805 are printed for the first time.

[LONGFELLOW] Kip, H. Z. "The Origin of Longfellow's 'The Arrow and the Song.'" *The Philological Quarterly*, IX, 76-78 (January, 1930).

The author thinks that Longfellow unconsciously recalled one of Goethe's "Sprüche in Reimen."

[LOWELL] Fuess, Claude. "Some Forgotten Political Essays by Lowell." *Massachusetts Historical Society, Proceedings*, LXII, 3-13.

[MELVILLE] Garnett, R. S. "Moby-Dick and Mocha-Dick: A Literary Find." *Blackwood's Magazine*, CCXXVI, 841-858 (December, 1929).

Evidence in support of the theory that Melville's voyage to the South Seas and his novel, *Moby Dick*, were inspired by "Mocha-Dick or the White Whale of the Pacific (a leaf from a Manuscript Journal)," by John M. Reynolds, published in *The Knickerbocker Magazine* in May, 1839. Mr. Garnett reprints "Mocha-Dick." He remarks incidentally that Reynolds is said to have known Poe and to have inspired him to write *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*.

Winterich, John T. "Romantic Stories of Books, Second Series, IV: *Moby Dick*." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVI, 2391-2394 (November 16, 1929).

[POE] "Long Letter by Poe to Irving Revealed." *The New York Times*, January 12, 1930, section 2, pp. 1, 19.

"... an extensive collection of Washington Irving data ... obtained by Gabriel Wells" includes a letter from Poe to Irving asking the latter to become a contributor to *Graham's Magazine*. The letter, which is printed entire, is dated June 21, 1841.

Nordstedt, George. "Poe and Einstein." *The Open Court*, XLIV, 173-180 (March, 1930).

Poe's "intuitive glimpses" in *Eureka* are found to be similar to certain theories of the "new physics."

[THOREAU] Cestre, C. "Thoreau et Emerson." *La Revue Anglo-Américaine*, VII, 215-230 (February, 1930).

Salt, Henry S. "Gandhi and Thoreau." *The Nation and Athenæum*, XLVI, 728 (March 1, 1930).

A letter to the editor which quotes Gandhi as having read Thoreau "with great pleasure and equal profit."

[WHITTIER] Christy, Arthur. "Orientalism in New England: Whittier." *American Literature*, I, 372-392 (January, 1930).

Whittier's use of Oriental materials is noted and is ascribed to his sympathy with the ethical and moral principles therein contained.

[WHITMAN] Holloway, Emory. "Whitman on the War's Finale." *The Colophon*, Part I.

Whitman's letter (now first published) to *The Armory Square Hospital Gazette*, May 13, 1865, is "vibrant with the feeling of Whitman's Lincoln poems and the lecture he delivered on successive anniversaries of his assassination. It has interest because it includes two of the images, the ship and the altar, shortly to be used in 'When Lilacs in the Door-yard Bloom'd.'"

Pound, Louise. "Note on Walt Whitman and Bird Poetry." *The English Journal*, XIX, 31-36 (January, 1930).

[MISCELLANEOUS] Barnes, James A. "Letters of a Massachusetts Woman Reformer to an Indiana Radical." *The Indiana Magazine of History*, XXVI, 46-60 (March, 1930).

Six letters of Lydia M. Child to George V. Julian or his wife, dealing with political and personal matters.

Ford, Worthington C. "A Dana Editorial." *Massachusetts Historical Society, Proceedings*, LXII, 13-15.

Himes, Norman E. "Robert Dale Owen: The Pioneer of American Neo-Malthusianism." *The American Journal of Sociology*, XXXV, 529-547 (January, 1930).

Howe, M. A. DeWolfe. "Yaratildia: A Note on Abiel Holmes." *Massachusetts Historical Society, Proceedings*, LXII, 155-158.

Orians, G. Harrison. "New England Witchcraft in Fiction." *American Literature*, II, 54-71 (March, 1930).

"Fictional accounts of the witchcraft delusion are much more numerous than the relative insignificance of the outbreak in New England would lead one to expect."

Trites, W. B. "Emerson Bennett." *The Century: A Popular Quarterly*, CXX, 211-218 (Spring, 1930).

Turner, Lorenzo D. "Louisa M. Alcott's 'M.L.'" *The Journal of Negro History*, XIV, 495-522 (October, 1929).

An anti-slavery story from *The Boston Commonwealth*, January 24-February 21, 1863.

Winterich, John T. "Romantic Stories of Books, Second Series, VIII: *Two Years Before the Mast*." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVII, 1581-1585 (March 15, 1930).

Yorke, Dane. "Yankee Neal." *The American Mercury*, XIX, 361-368 (March, 1930).

An account of John Neal as "an innovator before his time."

III. 1870-1900

[EMILY DICKINSON] Blunden, Edmund. "Emily Dickinson." *The Nation and Athenæum*, XLVI, 863 (March 22, 1930).

An appreciation of Emily Dickinson, based chiefly on the newly published poems, with an incidental review of Josephine Pollitt's recent study.

Todd, Mabel Loomis. "Emily Dickinson's Literary Début." *Harper's Magazine*, CLX, 403-471 (March, 1930).

The (posthumous) transcribing and publishing of Emily Dickinson's poems in 1890 and 1891.

[HAMLIN GARLAND] Garland, Hamlin. "Roadside Meetings of a Literary Nomad." *The Bookman*, LXX, 392-406 (December, 1929); LXX, 514-528 (January, 1930); LXX, 625-638 (February, 1930); LXXI, 44-57 (March, 1930); LXXI, 196-208 (April-May, 1930).

In the third instalment (December) Mr. Garland describes meetings with Whitman and Lanier; in the fourth (January) he tells of "Old John Burroughs," "Crane the Bohemian," and Kipling's elephants; in the fifth (February) he gives his reminiscences of "Joaquin" Miller, Eugene Field, H. B. Fuller, and others; the sixth instalment (March) deals with MacDowell, Hopkinson Smith, Ellen Glasgow, Roosevelt, and R. W. Gilder; the seventh instalment deals with editors of the nineties, Southern novelists, the Klondike.

[HENRY JAMES] Gide, André. "Henry James." *The Yale Review*, XIX, 641-643 (March, 1930).

Criticism of James as a novelist from an unsent letter to Charles Du Bos.

[MARK TWAIN] Brashear, Minnie M. "Mark Twain Juvenilia." *American Literature*, II, 25-53 (March, 1930).

Mark Twain's earliest attempts at journalism are described and in part reprinted. Hannibal is shown to have been a town of greater importance than it has hitherto been thought to have been.

Kemble, E. M. "Illustrating *Huckleberry Finn*." *The Colophon*, Part I.

[HOWELLS] Taylor, Walter F. "On the Origin of Howells' Interest in Economic Reform." *American Literature*, II, 3-14 (March, 1930).

Howells's interest in economic reform was aroused not only by Tolstoy's writings but also by certain "American events and movements of thought," such as the trial of the Chicago anarchists, widespread industrial warfare of the late eighties, the single-tax agitation, and the "Nationalist" movement.

[MISCELLANEOUS] Adams, James Truslow. "Henry Adams and the New Physics." *The Yale Review*, XIX, 283-302 (December, 1929).

A critical analysis concluding that Adams alone attempted to establish a scientific law for historians "with the validity of a fairly accurate predictableness."

Cahill, E. H. "The Life and Works of John Cotton Dana." *Americana*, XXIV, 69-84 (January, 1930).

Cline, Ruth I. "The Tar-Baby Story." *American Literature*, II, 72-78 (March, 1930).

A study of a widespread folk-tale which seems to have had its source in India.

Quinn, Arthur Hobson. "Weir Mitchell: Artist, Pioneer, and Patrician." *The Century*, CXX, 139-148 (Winter, 1930).

Vail, R. W. G. "'A Message to Garcia': A Bibliographical Puzzle." *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, XXXIV, 71-78 (February, 1930).

A history of the manuscript and the various editions.

Woodall, Allen E. "William Joseph Snelling and the Early Northwest." *Minnesota History*, X, 367-385 (December, 1929).

A sketch of the frontier experiences, and comment on the notable *Tales of the Northwest* of this Boston-born editor and satirist in verse.

IV. 1900-1930

[BLISS CARMAN] Roberts, Charles G. D. "Bliss Carman." *The Dalhousie Review*, IX, 409-417.

A sketch of the poet's personality by a cousin.

[EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY] Parks, E. W. "Edna St. Vincent Millay." *The Sewanee Review*, XXXVIII, 42-49 (January-March, 1930).

"Most of her work has been very slight, a large proportion of it worthless, and some few rare poems touched with genius."

[EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON] Pipkin, E. Edith. "The Arthur of Edwin Arlington Robinson." *The English Journal*, XIX, 183-195 (March, 1930).

Robinson has given a modern, psychologically complex group of Arthurian characters and has breathed a new spirit into the legends.

[GEORGE SANTAYANA] Larrabee, Harold A. "Santayana through Austrian Eyes." *Books Abroad*, IV, 19-20 (January, 1930).

[STUART P. SHERMAN] Elliott, G. R. "Stuart Sherman and the War Age." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 173-181 (April-May, 1930).

Burgum, Edwin Berry. "Stuart Sherman." *The English Journal*, XIX, 137-150 (February, 1930).

An unsympathetic interpretation, regarding Sherman as "a critic of the old school who was impelled by feeling without the check of reason, and who was drawn to literature because it was an illustration of morality rather than a form of art."

[GEORGE E. WOODBERRY] Ledoux, Louis. "George Edward Woodberry." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, VI, 638 (January 11, 1930).

[THE NEW HUMANISM] Canby, Henry Seidel. "The New Humanists." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, VI, 749-751 (February 22, 1930).

In part a review of *Humanism and America*, edited by Norman Foerster.

Hazlitt, Henry. "All Too Humanism." *The Nation*, CXXX, 181-182 (February 12, 1930).

Knickerbocker, William S. "Humanism and Scholarship." *The Sewanee Review*, XXXVIII, 81-103 (January-March, 1930).

"If the American scholar-critics of authoritarian tendencies could be persuaded to reconsider Matthew Arnold as an exponent of a liberal humanism, they would escape the fatal tendency they disclose just now to be satisfied with rabbinical and Alexandrian sophistries."

Martin, Abbott C. "Yggdrasill and the Gardener." *The Sewanee Review*, XXXVIII, 129-132 (April-June, 1930).

A brief negative note on Neo-Humanism.

More, Paul Elmer. "A Revival of Humanism." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 1-11 (March, 1930).

An extensive review of *Humanism and America*, with a suggestion for the need of religion.

Roman, Jeannette. "How Do You Stand on Humanism?" *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVII, 1327-1329 (March 8, 1930).

Shafer, Robert. "Humanism and Impudence." *The Bookman*, LXX, 489-498 (January, 1930).

A reply to Allen Tate's "The Fallacy of Humanism."

Shafer, Robert. "In Wandering Mazes Lost." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 37-39 (March, 1930).

"A final note" in reply to Allen Tate's "The Same Fallacy of Humanism."

Shafer, Robert. "What Is Humanism?" *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, VI, 198-209 (April, 1930).

Tate, Allen. "The Same Fallacy of Humanism." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 31-36 (March, 1930).

A reply to Robert Shafer's "Humanism and Impudence" in *The Bookman* for January, 1930.

Tomlinson, H. M. "Inappropriate to America." *Books, The New York Herald Tribune*, Sunday, March 2, 1930.

[MISCELLANEOUS] Canby, Henry Seidel. "Christopher Morley." *The English Journal*, XIX, 9-11 (January, 1930).

Reprinted from *American Estimates*.

Chamberlain, John. "The Negro as Writer." *The Bookman*, LXX, 603-611 (February, 1930).

A well-informed survey of the work of Chesnutt, White, McKay, Fisher, DuBois, Washington, Dunbar, Johnson, and others.

Eliot, T. S. "Poetry and Propaganda." *The Bookman*, LXX, 595-602 (February, 1930).

Disagreeing with an observation in Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*, Mr. Eliot asks: 1. Can poetry be cited to prove anything? 2. To what extent can it even be cited to illustrate anything?

Evans, Medford. "Oxford, Mississippi." *The Southwest Review*, XV, 46-63 (Autumn, 1929).

Field, L. M. "Sentimentality à la Mode." *The North American Review*, CCVIII, 682-685 (December, 1929).

On the contemporary vogue of sentimental fiction.

Foerster, Norman. "The Impressionists." *The Bookman*, LXX, 337-347 (December, 1929).

Hatcher, Harlan. "As a Man Thinketh." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, VI, 654-655 (January 18, 1930).

The winning article in the contest held by the SRL among members of the "younger generation" (thirty years and under) on the attitude of their group towards the problems of the day as expressed in literature.

Herrick, Robert. "What Is Happening to Our Fiction?" *The Nation*, CXXXIX, 673-674 (December 4, 1929).

Hicks, Granville. "The Twenties in American Literature." *The Nation*, CXXX, 183-185 (February 2, 1930).

Hoffman, A. S. "Harold Lamb and Historical Romance." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 40-43 (March, 1930).

Johnson, Merle. "American First Editions: Elinor Hoyt Wylie." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVI, 2845-2846 (December 21, 1929).

Jones, Howard Mumford. "Is There a Southern Literary Renaissance?" *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, VI, 184-197 (April, 1930).

The newer movement in Southern letters is likely to remain regional and topical "until such time as the South again stands for a significant idea."

Lehmann-Haupt, Dr. H. "The Picture Novel Arrives in America." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVII, 609-612 (February 1, 1930).

Maurice, A. B. "John Erskine." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 165-166 (April-May, 1930).

Maurice, A. B. "Owen Johnson." *The Bookman*, LXX, 414-416 (December, 1929).

McCord, David. "Christopher Morley." *The English Journal*, XIX, 1-9 (January, 1930).

McKean, Dayton D. "Notes on Woodrow Wilson's Speeches." *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*, XVI, 176-184 (April, 1930).

Moore, Virginia. "The Youngest Generation." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, VI, 672-673 (January 25, 1930).

Munson, Gorham B. "The Young Critics of the Nineteen-twenties." *The Bookman*, LXX, 369-373 (December, 1929).

Orton, Vrest. "Some Notes Bibliographical and Otherwise on the Books of Ernest Hemingway." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVII, 884-886 (February 15, 1930).

Perry, Bliss. "Salmon not Running." *The Saturday Review of Literature*, VI, 474-475 (November 30, 1929).

A commentary on the lack of great authors and books in twentieth-century America.

Pinckney, Josephine. "Charleston's Poetry Society." *The Sewanee Review*, XXXVIII, 50-56 (January-March, 1930).

Besides stimulating a desire for poetry, this group has suppressed bad verse and supplied a forum for discussion.

Richardson, Eudora R. "The South Grows Up." *The Bookman*, LXX, 545-550 (January, 1930).

Salaberry, Robert Cahen. "Waldo Frank et le Nouvel Idéal Américain." *Mercure de France*, CCXIX, 353-362 (April 15, 1930).

Schinz, Albert. "Ce qu'on Lit aux États-Unis: Expériences d'un Éditeur Américain." *Mercure de France*, CCXVIII, 50-72 (February 15, 1930).

The titles of "the first hundred million" volumes of the Haldeman-Julius Library considered as an index to the taste of the American reading public.

Tate, Allen. "Confusion and Poetry." *The Sewanee Review*, XXXVIII, 133-149 (April-June, 1930).

"The three main divisions of American criticism . . . are separated by tactics only . . . [and are] fundamentally unsound."

Troy, William. "The Story of the Little Magazines." *The Bookman*, LXX, 657-663 (February, 1930).

"Beginning as the lonely gesture of a few discontented individuals or factions, the little magazine rapidly became the ordinary mode of communication for the revived spirit of literary reform."

Vestal, Stanley (W. S. Campbell). "Lynn Riggs: Poet and Dramatist." *The Southwest Review*, XV, 64-70 (Autumn, 1929).

Wescott, Glenway. "Elizabeth Madox Roberts: A Personal Note." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 12-15 (March, 1930).

White, William Allen. "A Friend's Story of Edna Ferber." *The English Journal*, XIX, 101-106 (February, 1930).

V. LANGUAGE AND FOLK LITERATURE

Anonymous. "Where Is 'Beautiful Speech'?" *The Literary Digest*, CI, 20 (March 1, 1930).

Remarks on American pronunciation.

Knox, E. V. "Cinema English." *The Living Age*, CCCXXXVIII, 187-189 (April 1, 1930).

Peery, Dan W. "The First Two Years." *The Chronicles of Oklahoma*, VII, 278-322 (September, 1929).

This account of the opening of Oklahoma to settlement on April 22, 1889, and of events that followed contains a ballad, "Captain Cahas' Mules," by Ezra Banks. The article is to be continued.

VI. MISCELLANEOUS

Bandy, W. T. "Baudelaire's Knowledge of English." *This Quarter*, September, 1929.

Dinamov, Sergei. "American Literature in Russia." *The Modern Quarterly*, V, 367-368 (Fall, 1929).

Flanders, R. B. "Newspapers and Periodicals in the Washington Memorial Library, Macon, Georgia." *The North Carolina Historical Review*, VII, 220-223 (April, 1930).

Hopkins, Frederick M. "Early American Juveniles." *The Publishers' Weekly*, CXVI, 2395-2398 (November 16, 1929).

Marble, Annie Russell. "Pseudonyms and Sobriquets." *The Bookman*, LXXI, 58-64 (March, 1930).

Quinn, Arthur Hobson. "The Merry Chase of Fact." *The Yale Review*, XIX, 373-385 (December, 1929).

"Windfalls" encountered in research in American drama.

Siegfried, André. "L'Europe devant la Civilisation Américaine." *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, LVI, 757-773 (April 15, 1930).

Stone, A. F. "Vermont's Early Industries and Inventors." *Americana*, XXIV, 41-68 (January, 1930).

BOOK REVIEWS

WALT WHITMAN: *A Brief Biography with Reminiscences*. By Harrison S. Morris. Cambridge, Mass.: The Harvard University Press. 1929. viii, 117 pp. \$1.50.

"Parts of this book," its preface informs us, "have appeared in Italian, in a Roman series on 'Illustrious Americans,' issued in connection with the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome." I have not been able to find this earlier publication, but it is doubtless the "Walt Whitman (biography, pub. in Italian), 1920" listed in *Who's Who in America*; and internal evidence identifies the reprinted part as the "brief biography" of the subtitle. These 80 pages, out of a total of 117, serve well enough as a swift summary of Whitman biography and criticism for a foreign reader; but as they are based on earlier biographies, the American student of Whitman will find them repetitious if not platitudinous. A few errors of fact appear, as when Mr. Morris affirms Whitman to have been in sympathy with the Abolitionists (p. 54) and when he misdates the journey to New Orleans (p. 28). That he has not consulted recent authorities which settle the latter point beyond question—and that on Whitman's own contemporary testimony—is suggested in an expression like "Coming back to Brooklyn in 1851, though other records than his own make the date earlier . . ." (p. 29). The publishers commend the book because of the author's "long and intimate connection with the family of Anne Gilchrist," which is certainly making the most of it, for he never met Mrs. Gilchrist, though he was very friendly with Herbert Gilchrist. "There is correspondence in existence," he says, "that signifies the warmth and love with which she regarded the poet." Mr. Morris is an experienced writer, and I think it fair to suggest that this manner of statement would lead the reader to suppose that he had seen the letters in question but that they had not been published, whereas they were given to the public by Harned in 1918. Probably he knew this, but either forgot it or did not alter the earlier manuscript on rendering it in English.

By far the most important section of this book is the "reminiscences" occupying the last thirty or forty pages; these are based on Mr. Morris's personal acquaintance with Whitman in the last few years of his life and with Whitman's friends then and later. Quotations, so vivid we could wish they were more numerous, are made from diary entries of the time, descriptive of Whitman's appearance, *ménage*, habits, and conversation. Though agreeing in the main with the picture painted by Johnston, Wallace, Traubel, and others, these passages add welcome details concerning

Whitman's old age. Mr. Morris was forty-five when Whitman died, and so was mature enough to have an independent judgment; his sense of humor prevented his being a mere devotee.

Mr. Morris throws little light on the so-called Whitman problems. However, those who wish to assemble every scrap of evidence bearing on Whitman's love-affairs may be interested in two quotations from undated letters from Herbert Gilchrist to Morris, though they are really no more than the haziest form of hearsay. The first (p. 88) reads:

I should be the first person to gossip about Walt. I cannot remember who told me that, it probably was not authentic. I thought it was known that two of W.'s sons wished to visit him on his death bed, but were refused. And it was explained to me that W. was acting consistently. I imagine that, if true, his father-in-law finding W. W. something of a wandering minstrel acted with American decision and drew up some deed of separation. Can't you imagine some old Yankee file doing such a thing? But it may not be true and is only unreliable hearsay.

But Whitman says he was not married, and if he was not, there was no father-in-law. The other quotation from Gilchrist, of about the same date, (p. 88) is this:

There is no evidence that he had the temperament of Rousseau. Walt was eminently a sane, healthy man. As for children, I understand that he agreed to sign a contract never to see his wife or children again, with his father-in-law, and he kept his contract. When one reflects that a man of genius is a child with the passion of six grown men, I think the world hasn't much fault to find with them. It seems to me that your attitude to Walt is a wise one and is like my Mother's attitude, too, toward genius.

The book as a whole is not pretentious; but scattered through its hundred-odd pages are bits that repay reading. Referring to Whitman's confession to Symonds, Mr. Morris suggests: "It is not certain that the words 'times South' apply wholly to New Orleans; he would speak of Washington, D. C., as the South, and there he subsequently lived for some years." (p. 29). Gilchrist gives us another remark of Lowell's on Whitman (p. 85): "Lowell, talking to my friend Carpenter in Boston, said of Walt Whitman, 'There is something in the man!'" The remark will find a place beside the anecdote concerning Lowell's warning a foreign nobleman not to call upon Whitman since he was "a New York rowdy." Christopher Morley's fantastic explanation of the title "Good-Bye My Fancy" is not nearly so helpful as Mr. Morris's, who informs us that it was perhaps suggested by a book of verse by "our friends Charles H. Lüders and Decatur Smith, Jr., that came out about the same time" and was called "Halloo My Fancy."

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the book is its value as a testimonial to the man and the poet. Nearly forty years after attending Whitman's funeral, Mr. Morris, himself almost seventy-five and one of the last

of those who knew Whitman intimately, still desires to express his unreserved, not to say blind, admiration for the "druid of tempestuous white beard and hair and fine large-domed brow" and for the "genuine seeds of truth and illumination which were scattered by his message."

EMORY HOLLOWAY.

Adelphi College.

HENRY JAMES'S CRITICISM. By Morris Roberts. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929. 131 pp. \$3.00.

Mr. Roberts has written an admirable study of James's criticism, brief not because it is thin or superficial but because it is acute, perceptive, elegantly pointed. It is the work of a devout, intelligent Jamesian, whose subtlety of analysis and delicate distinction of style testify to the precious discipline the study of James affords.

The four chapters, each headed with a pointed quotation or two, consider James's "Early Reviews," "French Poets and Novelists," "Partial Portraits and Essays in London," and "Prefaces" (to the New York edition of the *Novels and Tales*, 1907) and "Notes on Novelists." In their course, Mr. Roberts traces for us the development of James's critical doctrine. A true Jamesian, it is the later manner of the "Master," the later novels (*The Ambassadors*, *The Spoils of Poynton*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl*), and the later criticism (especially the Prefaces) which constitute, for him, James's particular service to literature.

As a young man, James admired the legislative variety of critic and criticism: he desiderated principles and pronouncements. Finding Sainte-Beuve "apparently unequipped with ultimate views" and "deficient in principles and general ideas," he pronounces him by so much defective as critic. Matthew Arnold, and especially Edmond Scherer, furnish James with models at this period. Novelists who lack addiction to "ideas" are found wanting: in consequence, the stock of Trollope and Dickens falls. In poetry, by the same criterion, Whitman is no true poet.

By 1880, his position had changed. An essay on Sainte-Beuve published in this year praises as "the very genius of observation, discretion, and taste" the critic earlier found deficient in general principles and ideas. *Partial Portraits* (1888) and *Essays in London* (1893) exhibit still further departure from the earlier legislative and ideational insistence. "We hear nothing more of standards; the artist has supplanted the legislator and judge, and criticism has become a fine art, the most delicate and personal of fine arts. . . . The critic's passion, like the story-teller's, is 'love of the special case.' . . ."

James dallied a while with the literary world of Paris. He knew Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, de Maupassant, the de Goncourts. But after less than a year in France, he gave up the notion of making it the permanent scene of his expatriation. Without for a moment ceasing to hold in awe the French devotion to form, that devotion which he was so beautifully to Anglicize, James found the naturalistic variety of realism quite beyond the bounds of his taste. He shrank from the persistent and perpetual theme of French fiction quite as much as did his friend Howells, writing in the *Nation*: "Novel and drama alike betray an incredibly superficial perception of the moral side of life. It is not only that adultery is their only theme, but that the treatment of it is so monstrously vicious and arid." Of Zola he wrote: "Unfortunately, the real for him means exclusively the unclean." To such identifications an Anglo-Saxon could not subscribe.

James's "foremost living novelists" were realists of another school: George Eliot and Turgénieff. The latter in particular combined his truth to nature with an "ideal of delicacy." With the art of Flaubert and Balzac, he possessed in addition a "sound philosophy of life": he recognizes and illustrates spiritual values, refinement, purity, abstinence. "James is especially charmed with Turgénieff's heroines, with their purity, strength of will, and power to resist. They remind him of New England women in their virginal 'angularity.' To Chekhov, who was an admirer of Turgénieff, these saintly heroines seemed Turgénieff's greatest weakness."

All his life James remained addicted to a certain attenuated but none the less rigorous morality. Salvation by taste summarizes his gospel; sin was the crude, the vulgar, the uncritical, the irresponsible and irresponsive. But by turning into æsthetic prohibitions, the taboos of his ethic became not a shade the less precise. James's characters move in a high-bred world; his heroes and heroines are high-bred persons, who lack the melodramatic dualism of lust and religion, in whom velleity contends with velleity, nuance with nuance. Their "morality," like their creator's, becomes a kind of Shaftesburian "taste," a matter of perception and analysis, directed to the exploration and settlement of a particular "case."

The last chapter considers, at some length, James's doctrine concerning the "point of view," which doctrine Percy Lubbock and Mrs. Wharton, James's brilliant disciples, have developed at length in their volumes, *The Craft of Fiction* (1921) and *The Writing of Fiction* (1925).

Of Mr. Roberts one may say, in words borrowed from his own work, that he reveals "the delicate faculty of insinuating reserves, of fixing both a quality and its defect at one stroke, which, when the subject is a worthy one, is the perfection of good manners and sound method in criticism."

His chronicle is accurate and carefully documented; his analysis has precision; his judgments, though exhibiting proper deference to those of his distinguished subject and though quite free from the patronage so wont to mark current biography and criticism, are independent. If he appears not sufficiently given to suggesting backgrounds biographical, social, intellectual; too scantily prone to parallels, comparisons, contrasts with the whole body of literature and criticism, he may aver in his defense that his subject was, to an extraordinary degree, self-contained, never given to extensive or wide-ranging reading, as narrow as meticulously avid in his relish for "society."

A few cavils may be permitted. Misprints of proper names mar pages 34 and 37. The sneer, or semi-sneer, at the standards of intellectual and moral respectability cherished by Henry James, Senior, would seem to show ignorance of the mind of that brilliant radical, in his own way quite as great a genius as his two illustrious sons. From the appended bibliography, I miss reference to Robert Herrick's acute essay, "A Visit to Henry James" (dealing with the revision of the earlier novels for the New York edition) in the *Manly Anniversary Papers* (1923). There is no allusion to H. L. Hughes's intelligent Virginia dissertation, *Theory and Practise in Henry James*, beyond its inclusion in the bibliography. One would welcome some statement of points of agreement and difference.

AUSTIN WARREN.

Boston University.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND HIS OTHER SELF. By Harr Wagner. San Francisco:

Harr Wagner Publishing Company. 1929. xiii, 312 pp.; 13 pp. of photographs.

A frontier Byron, intoxicated by a knack for declamatory verse, went to London at the age of twenty-nine and made the perilous discovery that a trick of the theatrical helped win an audience, and that London (like all the world that is not Western) preferred its West to run true to fancy—tall and glamorous. Without knowing it, he was a prophet: his tawny heroes, his handsomely nasty villains, his women—passionate in their exotic Edens: what were these but Hollywood forty years before the film? For ten years or so, back and forth, this belated adolescent glamor spent itself and went thin; and the loping verses, in cold print, were as dead as Southey. But pose and costume were now fixed. One had a part to sustain. When New York and Washington, like London, tired of the theme, then back in California—a thirty years' anticlimax: tired efforts to learn a new tune; a fatigued Don Juan, turned patron-sage of county laureates; truculent alarums and excursions to keep teachers' institutes,

Native Sons, and chambers of commerce pridefully bard-conscious. School-boyish monuments to Moses, Frémont, and Browning. Hymns to universal Woman, the tempo broken by strange interludes and amorous sojourns. An un-pretty old age of turbid apologia, not without its pathetic bewilderment: for, hang it, the verses had sounded exciting while they were a-making; the praise had been heady; and now, what was wrong? At times (one fancies) there was a wisp of intuition that somewhere back of the rhymed scenery, somewhere over ramping Taurus, hovered an elusive spirit known to better minds as poetry. If one could only capture it!

There is stuff in this for a chapter—no more. A capable critic—not too cruel—might explain in part the auto-intoxication, the amusing pose, the crude unveracity, patterned upon fleeting accident of timeliness and the delusion that mistakes local pride for critical judgment. He was no more read in Oakland than in London; and he lacked the perception to understand the popular syllogism: Mount Shasta is a whole lot higher than any of their English scenery; this man (we understand) has written many poems about the Sierras: Q. E. D.

A chapter only; the pinch of pay dirt warrants no more. But if some trained apprentice, eager to earn his papers, wants a stiff little job in minor biography, let him separate fact from fiction, fill the gaps, and undertake to evaluate the man's verse in relation to the culture of his time.

It cannot be said that Mr. Wagner has succeeded, either in handling facts or in critical interpretation. Had he attempted only a personal reminiscence based upon his intimacy with Miller during the last twenty-seven years of the poet's life, his effort, though still indictable for bad taste, might have escaped broader blame. This volume has a certain usefulness in that it contains the bulk of Joaquin's autobiographical fragmenta, with certain hardly important letters; these fill one-third of the book. Now this material, not lacking in picturesqueness, is notoriously disjointed and self-contradictory; and the biographer has done little indeed to clarify and integrate and supplement the poet's anomalous record. The time scheme remains agley, the gaps yawn, and problems arising out of discrepancy and unveracity remain unsettled. The dubious yarn of having been with Walker in Nicaragua, the too-crowded and hazy scenario of the ten years before the first trip to England, need to be scrutinized. Particularly does the reader grope for some tissue of order and integration through the fifteen years from 1870 on to the time when the poet took up residence in Oakland. Surely the energy and acumen to use source materials (English as well as American) would have yielded sharper outlines for this period.

What did Browning, Lord Houghton, and the Pre-Raphaelites really think of their rodeo guest? Joaquin, in his aching account of a dinner given him by Rossetti and attended by many "giants of thought, champions of the beautiful earth," gives us "a few of the pearls picked up as they were tossed about the table at intervals and sandwiched in between tales of love and lighter thoughts and things." But the pearls are time-sick, fuddled. The Sierran, by his own account, captivated the giants (including a certain "little poet" who sat "away down among the bottles") by reciting Longfellow's stanza, "And the night shall be filled with music." By all this, and more of the same sort, Mr. Wagner is trebly captivated. Pre-Raphaelites and Lord Houghton are, to him, as the Medici to Miniver Cheevy. Is it too cynical to wonder what really happened? As for the Italian sojourn and the trip to Egypt and Palestine, any reader may infer from the poems as much—and as little—as Mr. Wagner is able to tell. There was a charge of plagiarism regarding *The Danites*; if worth introducing at all, the point was worth settling, or at least worth stating tangibly.

Not to be too severe, let a few excerpts illustrate Mr. Wagner's method:

How keen must have been Joaquin's eagerness to see the land of Burns and Scott! For twenty-nine years he had been . . . longing for a sight of the land of Burns, of Byron, of Hugo, of Goethe, of Dante, and of the author of the Sermon on the Mount.

This renegade white boy from an Indian camp at Mt. Shasta had become the welcome guest in the castles of England.

His scrawling handwriting was always considered a topic of discussion in social circles.

Joaquin's life in Europe had a tremendous influence in the West. It brought the kind of publicity that made the rapid development of the West possible. The scenery, the climate, the orange, the vine, the tawny hills, the quiet vales, and the sundown coasts made the lands touched by the waters of Balboa's seas a new, mysterious, romantic world. Modern salesmanship has not yet realized the potentiality of poetry and art in indirect appeal.

. . . and when the complete poems were published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, the predecessors of the Harr Wagner Company, critics and poets rushed to give him high praise and to place his name among the world's greatest poets, not only of his generation but of all time. . . . He was the poets' poet.

One has to add that Mr. Wagner quotes through seven pages an "analysis" of the poem "Columbus": annotated pedagogy more cruel than burlesque.

A chapter on "Women" concludes the work. Quite. After reading it, your reviewer at once set about diligently to lead a better life. And to cultivate severe reticence toward all potential biographers.

E. O. JAMES.

Mills College.

LETTERS OF LAFAYETTE AND JEFFERSON. (The Johns Hopkins Studies in International Thought.) With an introduction and notes by Gilbert Chinard, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1929.

This is the first in a series of studies in international thought, projected by the Johns Hopkins University. Certainly a good choice has been made for this purpose in the letters of two such internationalists as Lafayette and Jefferson, knitted in their sympathies and ideals in a way unique.

Washington and Marshall in their mentality were typically English, but Jefferson's thinking, on the contrary, had a Gallic tinge. Whether this French bent was due to his constant reading of Montesquieu and Rousseau, or to a native idealism and nimbleness of thought, is an interesting question. In any event, Jefferson stands in the Revolutionary period as the friend of France, as Lafayette's rôle was that of the preëminent friend of America. This friendship not only typifies the coöperation of France and America in achieving the results of Yorktown, but also the coöperation of Jefferson and Lafayette in two revolutions—the American and the French. If a man has a share in a single revolution, he may well be immortal. But it was the lot of these men to be conspicuous in two crises of world significance. It was as Governor of Virginia that Jefferson first wrote, in 1781, to Lafayette in arranging for the latter's campaign on the soil of the Old Dominion that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis. It was as American Minister to France that Jefferson consulted with Lafayette as to the beginnings of the French Revolution. It was as President of the United States that Jefferson proposed that Lafayette become Governor of Louisiana, living on the large estates granted him by Congress in the Louisiana Purchase. This correspondence, therefore, was between both friends and officials. It throws light on two structural characters in different worlds, and discloses the springs of action in mighty political events.

I have read no adequate life of Lafayette. Perhaps it has not yet been written. The reason for this is somewhat disturbing. Was it due to the fact that this nobleman by nature and champion of liberty by choice was, after all, more spectacular than structural? Carlyle evidently took this view in his lurid history of the French Revolution. However that may be, America is right in feeling gratitude for Lafayette's hazards in her defense, and in reverencing his memory as a knightly adventurer in the cause of freedom. The letters to Jefferson brim over with generous and unwearied friendship, always most pleasingly expressed.

Jefferson's character is more subtle and far more difficult to analyze. Washington and Marshall in personality and in policy were simple,

straightforward, and understandable. In this, to repeat, they were typically English, and fittingly their views found an interpreter in England's greatest political philosopher, Edmund Burke. But in Jefferson, as in every politician, there were two distinct men—the "out" and the "in." When he was out of office, he put forth campaign vagaries to catch votes. When, however, he was in office and sobered by responsibility, he faced facts and charted his course accordingly. You can refute Jefferson's theories by his *deeds*. Out of office, he was the strictest of the strict constructionists. But as President of the United States, he purchased Louisiana and proclaimed the Embargo. The tragedy of the South is that it appropriated in many instances his vagaries, and discarded his essential ideas. He was the foe of slavery. And yet the South used his Nullification view as a shield for slavery. He pinned his faith primarily in the education of all the people, but here the South refused to follow him. The South made a myth of a fiction called Jefferson, and thus hallowed his memory. The explanation, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that the political thinking of Washington and Marshall, essentially Southern in instinct, was sound and has been justified by time; whereas Jefferson's supremacy was rather in the field of social philosophy, and here the economic conditions of society in the South were at war with his fundamental ideas. Chinard, in his preface to the *Letters*, is at pains to declare against the economic interpretation of history. An illustration to the contrary is this divergence between the South's professional faith in Jefferson and her unwillingness to follow his lead. Napoleon used to say, "An army marches on its stomach." Education always corresponds to the social structure. That structure in the South, owing to the presence of slavery, was aristocratic, and therefore excluded schools for the training of the masses. Happily, under a new order, Jefferson among us is coming into his own. The most signal thing to me in traversing the South today is that a high school crowns the best site in every community.

The correspondence of Lafayette and Jefferson covers nearly a half-century and touches upon the leading issues in that long creative period. Chinard reveals wonderful patience and meticulous care in preserving every word, or even part of a word, in the decaying manuscripts which he has recovered. The singular slips in the English are perhaps due to the fact that the printing was done in Paris. But these do not affect the soundness of the scholarship and the historical accuracy of his research. Doubtless few living scholars have the mental framework in which to embrace so vivid a likeness of these two diverse friends. Gallic birth and Gallic imagination alone enable Chinard to gain so sympathetic an understanding of the intellectual and political bonds of friendship that held

these two revolutionaries in accord through the fiery ordeals marked by Yorktown and the Bastille.

SAMUEL CHILES MITCHELL.

The University of Richmond.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE: *Bibliographies and Outlines*. By John Matthews Manly and Edith Rickert. Introduction and revision by Fred B. Millett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1928.

So extensive has been the revision of this book, first published in 1922, that the present issue may be looked upon as practically a new volume. Of course the plan of the body of the text—the bibliographical and critical notes on the authors alphabetically arranged—remains as in the original edition; but it is claimed that every item has been verified anew, many errors corrected, many new items added, and quite a number of the older and the less important authors dropped out and as many or more new ones included. The extent of the revision may be judged by the increase from 188 pages in the first edition to 378 pages in the present edition. The most important added feature is the introductory survey of about one hundred pages on contemporary American literature by Mr. Millett.

This introduction consists of eight sections as follows: the novel, literary bypaths (fantasy, sophistication, poetic prose), the short story, poetry, the drama, the informal essay, the new biography, criticism. Naturally the novel, poetry, and the drama demand more space, but the short story, the new biography, and criticism are given considerable attention. A brief outline of the treatment of the novel will illustrate the boldness and frankness and the practical usefulness of the introductory survey.

Beginning with Howells and James (neither of whom is included in the body of the book though both were treated rather extensively in the first edition) as "the old masters," Mr. Millett follows with a section on "the new masters"; namely, Wharton, Dreiser, Cabell, Cather, Anderson. His next section, called "journeymen," includes Tarkington, Churchill, Glasgow, Hergesheimer, Lewis. Then follow "dominant trends: romance," with brief mention of the principal historical adventurous, and sentimental romances from the nineties to the present; and "dominant trends: realism," which covers somewhat more fully the types of realism which have appeared during the same period. The criticism is frank, fearless, and decisive, the notes of praise being guarded and restrained and the condemnation bold and judicial.

On the whole, this brief survey is one of the most satisfactory that has yet been made. The author frankly admits his indebtedness to Pattee's *Development of the American Short Story*, Untermeyer's *American Poetry since 1900*, and Quinn's *History of the American Drama from the Civil War to the Present Day*, in his summary of the short story, the poetry, and the drama respectively; and he might as appropriately have admitted his indebtedness to Carl Van Doren's *Contemporary American Novelists* in the section on the novel, and Carl and Mark Van Doren's *American and British Literature since 1900* for all his sections.

Among the useful features of the volume as a reference handbook are the elaborate classified indexes, bibliographical lists, and study helps appended in the concluding fifty pages. A few slips were noted in a rapid reading of the volume, such as the misspelling of *ecstasy* on pp. 54 and 90; the miscalling of Amy Lowell's "Guns as Keys" as "Gates and Keys," p. 56; and the adding of an unjustified *s* to the word acquaintance in Howells's title, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, p. 3.

L. W. PAYNE, JR.

The University of Texas.

CHIEF MODERN POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Selected and edited by Gerald DeWitt Sanders and John Herbert Nelson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929.

Following in the wake of Curtis Hidden Page's *Chief American Poets* and *British Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, Messrs. Sanders and Nelson have prepared a useful volume of *Chief Modern Poets of England and America*. The problem of deciding just who are the chief modern poets is a delicate one, of course, but it seems to have been very satisfactorily solved by the two editors whose names are attached to this anthology. Several important poets are omitted, but this is due, as the editors admit, in one case to the unwillingness of a certain poet to allow his work to be represented and in three cases to the unwillingness of the publishers to release enough material from certain poets to fulfil the plan of the editors. We guess that the one poet was Edgar Lee Masters, and we suspect that two of the three poets examples of whose work the editors were led to omit because of insufficient material were Rupert Brooke and Elinor Wylie. At any rate, in the opinion of the present reviewer, the omission of these three poets is the most serious objection that can be raised against the volume on the score of inclusions. Two or three other important poets were omitted, doubtless because their work consists almost entirely of long poems, which were, of course, unavailable for a volume like the present one.

Two other important problems are the selection of the specific poems which best represent the several poets, and the determination of the amount of space to be devoted to each entry. These two problems can never be quite satisfactorily solved, of course—which is the universally recognized bane of all anthologies. The present editors, however, have done their work with discrimination and good taste, and the result is as satisfactory as could be expected in an anthology of copyrighted material.

The fifteen English poets precede the eleven American poets and include the following: Hardy, 36 poems, 33 pages; Bridges, 27, 26; Yeats, 19, 29; A. E. Housman, 22, 18; Russell ("Æ"), 26, 19; Davies, 31, 20; Hodgson, 14, 20; De la Mare, 8, 13; Masfield, 17, 16; Gibson, 35, 40; Munro, 14, 15; Noyes, 6, 19; James Stephens, 19, 16; Sassoon, 11, 14; Graves, 17, 16. The American poets are: Robinson, 19 poems, 40 pages; Amy Lowell, 12, 36; Frost, 12, 30; Sandburg, 23, 25; Lindsay, 20, 31; Teasdale, 40, 20; Pound, 10, 9; Fletcher, 23, 28; "H. D.," 10, 18; Aiken, 13, 27; Millay, 5, 10.

The book is admirable in its format and in its editorial apparatus. The editors have not attempted to impose their own criticism or evaluations on their readers; but they have given admirable brief biographical sketches in the body of the book and appended selective bibliographies of the poets, including the best books, essays, and critical articles in magazines on each of the authors represented in the anthology. On the whole, this is perhaps the most satisfactory modern anthology for college classes that has so far appeared.

L. W. P., JR.

POETRY OF OUR TIMES. Selected and edited by Sharon Brown. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. 1928.

A more inclusive anthology of American and English poets, but one far less representative of the poets included of course, is Sharon Brown's *Poetry of Our Times*. This book usually contains from one to three (in a few cases as many as five) poems from seventy-eight American and sixty-six English poets. The entries are arranged alphabetically in each of the two parts, and there are short introductory notes—biographical, bibliographical, and critical—preceding the selections in each instance. In addition there is a sane and conservative introductory survey of some thirty-six pages. The selections of both authors and pieces are for the most part admirably made, and the book will undoubtedly arouse the interest of younger students in contemporary poetry. Since the volume is prepared primarily for use in American schools, the greater emphasis on the American poets seems justified.

There will doubtless be less complaint over the inclusions than over the omissions in this volume. There are perhaps a dozen English and a dozen and a half American poets who appear here for the first time in an anthology, and in practically every case the particular poems included will find justification from both the point of view of poetic value and that of interest and teachableness. On the other hand, one wonders why such poets as Markham, Moody, Guiney, Dargan, Schauf-
 fler, Crapsey, Wallace Stevens, Crane, Eliot, and others are omitted from the Americans; and such poets as Lawrence, Bottomley, Synge, and Blunt from the English. But perhaps in a single volume we should be satisfied with 231 selections from 144 poets.

L. W. P., JR.

THE THEATER GUILD: *The First Ten Years*. By Walter Prichard Eaton.

With articles by the Directors. New York: Brentano's. 1929. 299 pp.

This book, offered as assistance "to others interested in the art of the theater," is really a sort of post-prandial celebration for the Guild's tenth birthday. Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton begins the toasts by a review of the Guild's history and achievements; each of the directors speaks from his (one really must, in view of Miss Helburn's and Miss Westley's contributions, add "or her") particular point of view and service. It is all very pleasant and companionable and interesting, informing too—but not critically so. Such an occasion is, of course, no time for a careful weighing of individual contributions nor for a detailed account of troublesome disputes. Such disputes there clearly have been, both concerning principles and persons. Some day, perhaps, if the Guild continues to be the powerful institution it now is in the American theater, such a critical history will need to be written based on the letters, diaries (are they kept, one wonders) and other personal records of the persons concerned. Such a history should be highly instructive, for the principles on which the Guild proceeds and its achievements are sufficiently significant for the precise history of their working out to be worth recording.

The principles themselves are clearly presented in this present book, not formally as a program, but scattered through it, some of them often reiterated. They form a real contribution to the technique, if one may call it such, of theatrical management. The most important and also the most original of these principles is that of group control not only of general policies, but also of such precise matters as the choice of plays, actors, and directors. The board even goes so far as to give active supervision to two rehearsals of each production, one two weeks, the other one week, before the first public showing. For folk who believe in the necessity for

artistic results of a czar in the theater, absolutely in control, such group management is flat heterodoxy. Summed up by Mr. Eaton as belief that the theater is bigger than any worker in it, the principle does not sound quite so provocative. What would happen if many community and similar theaters attempted this plan, one shudders to think. The Guild itself has admittedly not found it always conducive to peace. Where else will be found a board at once so interested and yet so personally disinterested? One result is that a second principle gets a chance to operate: as Miss Westley phrases it, "the play is the star." A third principle, almost as provocative as the first, is that a theater to be vital must not be endowed, but must depend upon its audience. This is probably true, once a theater is started. The Guild itself, however, was really endowed at first, at least in part. Besides Mr. Otto Kahn, who gave the Garrick theater at a low rental, there were the actors, who acted at reduced salaries, and the board members themselves, who at critical moments contributed their services free and on occasion found money to keep things going. Certainly such support amounts to an endowment without which the Guild could hardly have attained either its artistic success or its present large list of subscribers, which while retaining the dependence of the theater on its audience, still guarantees it against financial bankruptcy as effectively as could an endowment.

This book is also valuable in its presentation of the main facts of Guild history. Now and then specific anecdotes are told (some of them more than once by the different contributors, suggesting lax editorial supervision), but mainly attention is directed to the general forward movement itself. One outstanding influence, in which all of us who believe in university drama may take pleasure, is the college background from which the Guild springs. Three of the present six directors were students of Professor Baker at Harvard; one was at Columbia with Professor Matthews, and this does not take account of the academic training of certainly some of the past directors, of the actors, not to say of the audience itself. The story emphasizes also how the history of the Guild has been a series of crises, at first mainly financial, then more purely administrative, demanding careful planning and constructive effort. The effort to achieve the advantages of repertory and still meet the promises to thousands of subscribers is especially interesting. We see the Guild "grow up," though one is not convinced of the assertion that the complete abandonment of the one-act play is either a proof of it or a factor in it. Rather the maturity of the Guild is shown by its sound finances, the fine artistry of its stage pictures, and especially the illuminating acting it provides. Mr. Langner's recognition that the Guild can hardly undertake more than at present

is a wise and courageous one; to refuse certain material expansion in order to maintain and further artistic standards is to face a real challenge.

The appearance of this book is attractive. The cover presents graphically the increase in subscribers each year—that, at least, seems to be its significance; the thirty-odd pictures show scenes from various productions and parts of the Guild theater; and the Appendix lists in order, with their casts, the various plays presented. One wishes the number of performances of each play had also been recorded; for at least half a dozen the information cannot be gleaned from the text.

GEORGE F. REYNOLDS.

The University of Colorado.

KWAIDAN: *Stories and Studies of Strange Things*. By Lafcadio Hearn. The Riverside Library. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. \$1.00

In the brief preface which Hearn wrote for *Some Chinese Ghosts in* 1886, he states that he "sought especially for *weird beauty*." Such a statement may well be applied also to *Kwaidan*, published eighteen years later and the last collection he made of strange and weird tales. This search for weird beauty was nothing short of a life-long obsession with Hearn, whether he was writing feature articles for the New Orleans papers, reporting the strange tropic life of the West Indies, or searching for the soul of Old Japan.

*Kwaidan*¹ is a collection of seventeen tales or "stories and studies of strange things," taken for the most part, Hearn tells us, "from old Japanese books." All these tales, except the last two sketches, are ghostly and shadowy, chiefly concerned with death and the dead, and sometimes with a touch of the horrible. There are tales of headless goblins ("Rokuro-Kubi"), of the man-eating goblin ("Jikininki"), of the great singer who lost his ears; tales of the return of the dead ("A Dead Secret"), of the transmigration of spirits ("Oshidori" and "The Story of O-Tei" and "Riki-Baka"), and of the spirits that inhabit trees ("Ubazakura" and "The Story of Aoyagi"). The last two sketches in *Kwaidan* deserve special mention: (1) The sight of Hi-Mawari, or the sunward-turning flower, recalls Hearn's childhood days, reminding him of Welsh fairy-tales and a gypsy harper. "Hi-Mawari," except for the suggestion of the name, is not, therefore, Oriental and seems almost out of place in the collection. (2) Horai, the mythical Chinese paradise as seen in a beautiful painting, symbolizes for Hearn the charm and glamor of the Orient whose "old

¹ Slightly more than a hundred pages, as now printed in Vol. XI, Koizumi Edition, *The Writings of Lafcadio Hearn* (The Houghton Mifflin Company, 1922).

beauty is passing," for "Evil winds from the West are blowing over Horai."

These tales are told (or retold, rather) with a fine sense of disciplined style and a subtle use of suggestion characteristic of Hearn's later period. As Elizabeth Bisland pointed out, they are "as unlike the splendid floridity of his West Indian studies as a Shinto shrine is unlike a Gothic cathedral."² But there is color, though in subdued tones, and there is always weird beauty, though frequently with a touch of the grotesque and horrible. Hearn might, with reference to *Kwaidan*, be called an Orientalized Poe.

RAY M. LAWLESS.

Dakota Wesleyan University.

DOINGS OF GOTHAM. By Edgar Allan Poe. As described in a series of letters to the Editors of the *Columbia Spy* together with various editorial comments and criticisms by Poe. Also a poem entitled "New Year's Address of the Carriers of the *Columbia Spy*." Now first collected by Jacob E. Spannuth with a preface, introduction, and comments by Thomas Ollive Mabbott. Pottsville, Pennsylvania: Jacob E. Spannuth, Publisher. 1929.

The Introduction explains: "For his own fame—and for the prominence of the articles collected in this volume—it is perhaps unfortunate that Poe wrote for an almost forgotten newspaper in the town of Columbia, Pennsylvania—the *Columbia Spy*. The paper was not *then* obscure. . . . But the circumstances of the publication did lead to the loss of the letters in the years that followed, and . . . most of this material is entirely new even to special students. Yet the very fact of the publication in Columbia made it possible for Poe to choose an entertaining subject—New York. At last we are able to see his work as a collector of news and gossip—to see him at work as a predecessor of the 'colyumist' and to read the news of the town where he lived and wandered, somewhat censoriously observant . . . Irving has given us the little sleepy town of the early century—Whitman, the metropolis just before and after the Civil War—Poe gives us a sketch of it in a period of growth between these two."

Readers who are interested in the crumbs of Poeciana will welcome both the text and the notes of this book. The crumbs of the text are so numerous that kneaded together they constitute a small loaf. Poe addressed his letters to a newspaper audience, but notes on these letters should be addressed to a much narrower set; namely, special readers. The editor has

² *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn*, I, 132 (Vol. XIII, Koizumi Edition, *The Writings of Lafcadio Hearn*.)

been so sympathetic with his original as to identify apparently the two distinct audiences. For he does not confine his remarks exclusively to the special reader, but speaks here to the imaginary provincial, there to the actual freshman, and then returns to the special reader. Only an imaginary provincial would suffer being told that Tiffany's was one of the most famous stores in the world, and any freshman can learn from books that cost much less than ten dollars where and what is the Appian way.

Such trifles are more than counteracted by Dr. Mabbott's peculiar excellences. No one of his generation knows Poe in detail better than he, or can, perhaps, put his hand on such detail so quickly. He has a keen and rare scent for running down out-of-the-way facts which can be related to Poe. It is not too much to call some of these discoveries major, and the minor discoveries are all worth discussion even though some of them are as devoid of intrinsic merit as the longish Carriers' Address, which is here attributed to Poe.

In the note on Mary Rogers Dr. Mabbott is at his best, and there are several such notes, distinguished by helpful candor in admitting himself so far stumped on this or that particular trail, but more for illuminating results of his researches into obscure Poeiana.

LEWIS CHASE.

Duke University.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, FRIEND OF POE, *With Selections from His Poems: A Strange Chapter in American Literary History*. By S. Foster Damon. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1930. xix, 305 pp. \$5.00.

"To the literary historian," says Professor Damon, "Chivers is the man who claimed to have written the poems which inspired Poe to write the 'Raven.' . . . But Chivers must stand on his own merits if he is to win any place outside a museum of literary curiosities. Such a place, I believe, is his by right." "A poet of the most striking originality, he influenced his friend Poe, also Swinburne and Rossetti, not to mention minor figures like Henry B. Hirst."

To those who know about poetry first-hand, Chivers's work is of great interest; and it may be that only the specialist can understand what this early American achieved. Gradually he developed two tendencies, both of remarkable value as experiments. On the one hand, he endeavored to express subtle states of mind by a series of words (often his own invention) and of images, the surface meanings of which are subordinate to the general hypnotic effect. Thus Chivers is kin to Coleridge and Poe; but he so far surpassed them in audacity that he anticipated for himself the fundamental theory of Symbolist poetry. . . . Chivers also tried to build poems out of pure sound, with results that are surprisingly modern. He would elaborate railroad rhythms or bell tones or negro cadences or Chinese music into a long poem intended for recitation; these poems remind one today of the parallel

experiments of our modern troubadours, especially Vachel Lindsay; but, discouraged by a contemptuous public, Chivers left these poems uncollected in the pages of various magazines now excessively rare.

Hitherto Chivers has been one of the obscurest figures in American literature. In 1866, only eight years after Chivers's death, Horace E. Scudder, urged by Rossetti, made inquiries without discovering that Chivers was dead. His eleven volumes were published in small editions, probably at his own expense. But for his connection with Poe, he would probably have been totally forgotten, even in his native Georgia. Professor Damon has given us briefly the story of his life, and he has given us enough of Chivers's verse to form some notion of its quality. He has done a competent job, and he has produced a far more readable book than one usually expects from a professor of English. The Chivers manuscripts now in the Duke University Library came too late for Professor Damon to make use of them. Fortunately he and Professor Lewis Chase are editing the works of Chivers to be published under the auspices of the Harris Collection of American Poetry at Brown University.

Professor Damon includes an illuminating discussion of the literary relations between Chivers and Poe, which I hope he will expand later. It seems clear now that Poe was considerably indebted to Chivers, although the whole matter is somewhat complicated by the fact that Chivers imitated Poe, especially after the latter's death.

Chivers's priority in these things—idea, meter, refrain, and something of the atmosphere—is unquestionable. There can be little doubt that they (along with Barnaby Rudge's raven, Burger's "Lenore," Miss Barrett's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and perhaps several other items) were in Poe's mind when he wrote "The Raven."

JAY B. HUBBELL.

Duke University.

BRIEF MENTION

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1928-1929 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA. Edited by Burns Mantle. With illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1929. vii, 537 pp. \$3.00.

This is the tenth of Mr. Mantle's series, and therefore comment on his method is superfluous. Of the ten plays from an admittedly lean season three are by foreign authors (two British and one Spanish); on the seven which belong to the chronicle of the American theater I make only one commonplace observation. While none of them pretends to literary quality, all of them would make the author of *A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage* (1698) stare and gasp, and

nearly all would have shocked Wycherley and Shadwell beyond expression. Our literary historians who are still accustomed to apologize for the indecencies of Restoration drama and who regard its realism as gross exaggeration may study certain phenomena under their own eyes.

P. F. B.

AUDACIOUS AUDUBON. By Edward A. Muschamp. New York: Brentano's. 1929. \$3.50.

As the title suggests, this book is intended for the average person who is interested only in a brief account with necessarily a limited number of facts; it is decorated to a certain extent with suppositions which it is to be understood are simply fabrics of the imagination. A good example of this is found in the author's description of Audubon's birthplace: "Here amidst Nature's most gorgeous and most lavish endowments, Audubon lived the first four and a half years of his life—his sensitive and sympathetic being responding as unerringly to this particular phase of his environment as human nature must ever answer to the call and stimulus of the all-pervading Mother of this mundane sphere." However, the facts selected are interesting and true and due credit is given to the sources consulted. It is unquestionably a book of some value, although inferior to Herrick's *Audubon the Naturalist*.

H. L. BLOMQUIST.

Duke University.

TALL TALES OF THE SOUTHWEST: *An Anthology of Southern and Southwestern Humor, 1830-1860*. (Americana Deserta Series.) Edited by Franklin J. Meine. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. xxxii, 456 pp. \$3.00.

Tall Tales of the Southwest is one of the first volumes in a new series of reprints and anthologies published by Mr. Knopf under the general editorship of Bernard DeVoto. The publisher's announcement reads in part:

This series of anthologies and reprints will confine itself chiefly to the first six decades of the nineteenth century, within the limits of which it will present a richer variety of material than has yet been made available to anyone except the collector or antiquarian. These books are reprinted because they genuinely preserve something that is native and peculiar to America. . . .

All the reprints will be edited by competent authorities in the particular field in which they deal, and will be textually exact. They will be accompanied by critical introductions as well as by such annotations as may be required to make allusions in the text clear.

"Before Mark Twain and Artemus Ward," says Mr. Meine in his introduction, "it is popularly supposed that there was little or no Amer-

ican humor. The facts are otherwise for Mark Twain's early writings marked the climax of a rich development, rather than the beginning of one." Most of Mark Twain's forerunners came from the old Southwest. Howells suggested in his *My Mark Twain* that what we call Western humor is largely Southern. "This early humor of the South," says Mr. Meine, "had no counterpart in the humor of any other section of the United States." "These early frontier humorists have a two-fold importance for American literature: they were our first realists and they exerted a far-reaching influence on later American humorists, notably Mark Twain."

Mr. Meine gives us forty-nine selections from about thirty authors, concluding with Mark Twain's "earliest known printed story," "The Dandy Frightening the Squatter," written when Mark Twain was seventeen. Mr. Meine's general introduction is brief but competent, and his notes indicate the source of each selection, many of which are taken from the New York *Spirit of the Times*, 1831-1856.

REPRESENTATIVE MODERN PLAYS, BRITISH AND AMERICAN, *from Robertson to O'Neill*. Edited by Richard A. Cordell. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1929. 654 pp.

This anthology includes only those plays which are not found in earlier collections, like those of Dickinson. Of the sixteen plays six are American: Clyde Fitch, *The Climbers*; George Ade, *The College Widow*; Rachel Crothers, *Expressing Willie*; Hatcher Hughes, *Hell Bent for Heaven*; George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, *Beggar on Horseback*; and Eugene O'Neill, *Diff'rent*.

SELECTED POEMS. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. 361 pp. \$3.50.

"In this selection, I have included nothing at all from my first book, *Earth Triumphant*, and only four poems from my second and fourth books, *Turns and Movies*, and *Nocturne of Remembered Spring*. My other six books of verse—*The Jig of Forslin*, *The Charnel Rose*, *The House of Dust*, *Punch: The Immortal Liar*, *The Pilgrimage of Festus*, and *Priapus and the Pool*—are given, with one exception, in their entirety. One poem, *Goya*, is here printed as verse for the first time—having previously appeared only as a prose passage in my novel, *Blue Voyage*. The arrangement, throughout, has been chronological: the poems are presented, not in the order in which they were first published, but, except for minor instances, in the order in which they were written." (Author's Preface.)

Mr. Aiken was recently awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best volume of poetry published in the year 1929.

AMERICAN FOLK AND FAIRY TALES. Selected by Rachel Field. With [seventy] drawings by Margaret Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. xvi, 302 pp. \$3.00.

The volume includes seven Indian legends, "Rip Van Winkle," four of the Uncle Remus stories, "The Great Stone Face," two of Alcée Fortier's Louisiana folk-tales, three stories from the Southern mountains, of which two are by Percy MacKaye, two of James Stevens's Paul Bunyan stories, and a story of his near kinsman, Tony Beaver, by Margaret Prescott Montague. Of her methods of selection, the author says in her Preface:

. . . many stories have been rejected because on second reading the flavor did not seem genuinely American, the story not quite measuring up to the best standards of folk-lore.

I myself hardly know how to say just what these standards are. It is such a wide field, and so varied. Yet there is this about all folk and fairy tales,—they must possess a certain frankness and simplicity of idea. They must be direct and unhurried, yet also swift of action and salted and peppered liberally with talk and sayings,—the sort of racy, shrewd, humorous sayings we do not forget like those of ten out of the dozen books we may read. Then, too, it seems to me there is always an element of the supernatural, or at least of the impossible in all folk-lore. . . . This, I think, more than any other element, makes folk-lore, this power of taking something we all know,—a gourd, a pebble, the new moon or an orange pumpkin and giving it power and spirit. Perhaps this is the reason, too, that our folk-lore is more meagre than, say, that of Ireland or Wales. . . . There are almost no folk tales of New England . . . it seems significant that much of the best material comes from Africa, by way of the Negro story teller; and that the Indian is responsible for the other and largest part.

"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE," AND 'LEVEN MORE POEMS. By Benj. F. Johnson of Boone [James Whitcomb Riley]. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A facsimile reprint of the first edition of James Whitcomb Riley's first book, originally published in 1883. Riley's preface, which I quote entire, indicates the poet's understanding of the nature of his work:

As far back into boyhood as the writer's memory may intelligently go, the "country poet" is most pleasantly recalled. He was, and is, as common as the "country fiddler," and as full of good old-fashioned music. Not a master of melody, indeed, but a poet, certainly—

"Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies."

And it is simply the purpose of this series of dialectic studies, to reflect the real worth of this homely child of Nature, and to echo faithfully, if possible, the faltering music of his song.

CONCERNING "CONDENSED NOVELS." [A Letter.] By Bret Harte. Introduction and Bibliographical Notes by Nathan Van Patten. Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 1929. xxi pp.

In his *Letters of Bret Harte*, Geoffrey Bret Harte says, "The early letters are few and far between." He gives only seven dated before 1870. The new letter, the original of which is now in the Stanford University Library, is addressed to James R. Osgood and Company and dated May 30, 1870. Harte discusses the question of the ownership of the copyright of *Condensed Novels*, expresses his disgust at the "circus clown's dress and the painted grins" that Carleton, who first published the book, had scattered throughout its pages, and suggests that Osgood bring out a revised edition, "which should exclude all but the 'Novels'; the excluded sketches being also revised and possibly added in part to some future edition of 'The Luck' (also revised) so as to make two books, each being much more distinctive and unique." Mr. Van Patten's introduction gives pertinent information in regard to the various editions of *Condensed Novels*.

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by William Francis Allen, Charles Pickard Ware, Lucy McKim Garrison. New York: Peter Smith. 1929. xlv, 115 pp.

In bringing out a new edition of this collection, originally published in 1867, Mr. Peter Smith has placed students of negro folk-songs under a considerable obligation to him. The collection still has value, and the editors' introduction was worth reprinting. The collection was—for the sixties—very carefully made. Music as well as words is given for the one hundred and thirty-six songs included. The arrangement is largely geographical. There is interesting comment on dialect and upon the composition of folk-songs. More clearly than any but a few recent students, the editors recognize the influence of the white man's music.

Still, the chief part of the negro music is *civilized* in its character—partly composed under the influence of association with the whites, partly imitated from their music. In the main it appears to be original in the best sense of the word, and the more we examine the subject, the more genuine it appears to us to be. In a very few songs, as Nos. 19, 23, and 25, strains of familiar tunes are readily traced; and it may easily be that others contain strains of less familiar music, which the slaves heard their masters sing or play.

THE TREE NAMED JOHN. By John B. Sale. With twenty-two Silhouettes by Joseph Cranston Jones. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1929. xii, 151 pp. \$2.00.

"In this book," says Mr. Sale, "I have purposely dealt with the better and gentler side of the Negro—the only side that I knew in my boyhood,

about thirty-five years ago, when I lived on a plantation near Columbus, Mississippi. I have tried to avoid, and I hope successfully, the romantic glamour and the sentimentality that sometimes overcolor the Negro of those days. These sketches are realistic." Folk-lorists will be interested in comparing some of Uncle Alford's tales with Harris's Brer Rabbit stories.

J. B. H.

POE AND PHRENOLOGY

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

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I

"THE FOREHEAD is broad, with prominent organs of ideality."¹ So, in 1846, wrote Edgar Allan Poe of William Cullen Bryant.

Eight and a half decades of changing scientific theory have all but obliterated the meaning which Poe and his readers attached to this statement. Only a few modern readers will understand that Poe is using the language of what was once a science. And those who have some reminiscent knowledge of phrenology, will recognize it only jocularly. Unconsciously, in the speech of today, such phrases as "my bump of direction," or "my bump of order," survive. But the word *bumps* is, for most of us, all that remains of the science of *cranioscopy*, or *craniology*, or, as it came to be known, *phrenology*.²

There are, to be sure, many books—many, many books—which lie upon library shelves. And the phrenologist himself (or herself, rather more frequently) is not unknown in the twisted walks of life. But the student of the more humane letters does not, in these days, feel called upon to inform himself about the "organs of ideality." If he feels that he is shrewd in the science of mind he will perhaps engage in the psychoanalysis of his literary favorite, discovering, in the discreet jargon of a newer science, many an unutterable complex, fixation, and psychosis. Yet while he applies to some by-gone poet the terminology of a recent learning, many subtleties of interpretation wait upon his willingness to re-explore the half lost meanings of the old. So to "the organs of ideality," and phrenology, and Edgar Allan Poe.

In those American thirties and forties through which Poe brooded and dreamed a perilous artistry, the science of phrenology

¹ *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, edited by James A. Harrison, XIII, 140. All future references to Poe will be to this edition.

² Gall had called his studies "craniology," or "cranioscopy," but the terms were abandoned in favor of "phrenology." Since in lectures only prominent objects could be observed by the spectators, the impression was given that the phrenologist was concerned with the art of reading bumps.

occupied a position not unlike that of the hazardous psychologies of today. In the wisdom of our enlightenment we know that phrenology was a half ridiculous pseudo-science, faulty in its assumptions, and disreputable in its associations with quackery. We may regard it as naïve of Poe that he should have studied Spurzheim, and Gall, and Combe. But we should not so misjudge Poe and his decades. The human spirit has often been dazzled by any so-called science which offers the master key to locked mysteries. And the American has been long prone to a get-rich-quick attitude toward learning or wealth. The same enthusiastic disposition which produced Jacksonian democracy, produced also an energetic desire to read the riddles of mental phenomena with a too hasty disregard for final facts and logic. And phrenology was once a serious science indeed, looking forward optimistically to practical and humanitarian utilities.³ Not unlike the psychology of today, it hoped to provide accurate vocational guidance for the young, to revolutionize our systems of education, to revise the care of the insane, to bring wisdom into the treatment of criminals, and, like our modern eugenics, to provide dependable information upon the advisability of marriages. From 1791, when, in Vienna, appeared Gall's first chapters of his *Medico-philosophical Enquiries into Nature and Art in Health and Disease*, until the latter fifties in America, phrenology had a not dishonorable career. When Spurzheim, Gall's first disciple, died in America in 1832, he and his master had acquainted the civilized world with its principles. The Austrian government had frowned upon Gall, and France had prohibited the lectures of the enthusiasts, but they had been received sympathetically in Holland, Germany, England, Scotland and America. Scotland had been especially hospitable. Edinburgh, through the efforts of George Combe, continued the teachings of the first investigators in a *Phrenological Journal*, founded in 1832; and societies, journals, and books followed this flourishing interest in England and America. That caustic traveler, Frances Trollope,⁴

³ See Andrew Boardman's introductory essays to George Combe's *Lectures on Phrenology*. . . . New York, 3rd edition, 1841; and Thomas Forster's "Sketch of the New Anatomy and Physiology of Brain and Nervous System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, considered as comprehending a complete system of Phrenology. With observations on its tendency to the improvement of education, of punishment, and of the treatment of insanity," in *The Pamphleteer*, V, 220-244 (1815).

⁴ Frances Trollope, *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, 4th edition (New York, 1832), p. 71.

had found phrenology penetrated so far west as Cincinnati—and this in 1828, when Caldwell lectured there, and those vulgar, unmanly Americans tried to found a society.

But who cares now about all that? The Cincinnati society, and Mrs. Trollope, and phrenology itself have withered with her sarcasm. Modernity has declared the assumptions of the science to be untenable. The neat little system wouldn't work. It had sounded very reasonable. As the brain grows, the cranium takes shape around it. Every area of the cranium is shaped as it is because of some peculiar growth in the brain itself. And, since within the brain there are special areas⁵ in which are confined some primary activity of mind, such as combativeness, or wonder, or cautiousness, it follows that the external surfaces represent the development within. There is likewise an external area called *Combativeness*, or *Wonder*, or *Cautiousness*. The size of the organ within the brain determines the degree of intensity with which the individual possesses the quality. And the bump is the index which can be read.

It *was* a neat system, and not a bad one, as systems go. One should be philosophical about such matters. It was not the first well-cargoed ship to go down. We moderns may recall how stupidly Plato thought about the intellectual functions. Think of his locating the imagination in one's liver! And Aristotle was not much better, relegating it to the heart. Truly did the Scriptures say of man that "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Surely the system was no worse than that of old Bartholomeus Anglicus, who found that "the brayne hath thre holow places, whiche phisytians calle Ventriculos, small wombes. In the foremoste celle and wombe imagination is conformed and made, in the midle, reason, in the hyndermeste, recordation and minde."⁶ And yet a not far different scheme was good enough for Pico, and for Vallesio, and Agrippa, and Fernelius, and Wierus, and Bacon, and Ficino, and Nymannus, and Fienus, and others and others. Spurzheim and Gall and Combe merely followed the leaders down the paths of oblivion. And who follow them? James? and Freud? and Watson?

⁵ A chart prefixed to the edition of Combe cited above names and locates the organs.

⁶ *Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, translated by John of Trevisa (London, 1535), fol. XXXV.

To the American who read Edgar Allan Poe's essay on Bryant, the observation about his "prominent organs of ideality" would have meant just about as much as calling a man an "introvert" would mean to us. Not that the two are similar. If one had consulted one's phrenological guide one would have discovered that the organs of *Ideality* are just such organs as a good poet ought to have, and to have in a well developed state. Gall had discovered the organ of *Ideality*,⁷ the outer index of which was the surface just at the upper corner (if I may use the word) of the forehead. Gall had been inclined to call the organ that of poetry, but Spurzheim, noting that poetry is the result of various organs, and that this organ gives to poetry or prose "a certain quality of beauty, elegance, perfection, or sublimity," called it *Ideality*. Now we know the implication of Poe's comment. We may question his judgment, but we know his meaning. We shall understand what qualities Poe admired in Bryant's "Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids" when he called it "richly ideal."⁸

II

One may trace Poe's interest in the science of phrenology with considerable exactness. There is no definite indication⁹ of any concern with the subject before 1836. In the previous year had appeared an American edition of a work by Mrs. L. Miles which had been printed in a different form in London. The new edition was printed in Philadelphia by Carey, Lea and Blanchard under the title: *Phrenology, and the Moral Influence of Phrenology: Arranged for General Study, and the Purposes of Education, from the First Published Works of Gall and Spurzheim, to The Latest Discoveries of the Present Period*. Poe reviewed the book for *The Southern Literary Messenger* in March, 1836.¹⁰ His review is enthusiastic:

⁷ George Combe, *op. cit.*, p. 217. There is an important discussion of *Ideality* in the same author's *A System of Phrenology*, 4th edition (Boston, 1842), pp. 239-249. In this Combe discusses the relation of *Ideality* to poetic ability. See also M. B. Sampson, "On the Primary Functions of the Organ of Ideality," in *The American Phrenological Journal*, I, 297-308 (June, 1839). There is a discussion of the organ in Robert MacNish, *An Introduction to Phrenology*, 2nd edition (Glasgow, 1837), pp. 111-112.

⁸ *Works*, XIII, 134.

⁹ Poe uses the term *ideality* in his review of "The Classical Family Library," in *The Southern Literary Messenger* in September, 1835 (*Works*, VIII, 46), but the word seems to have no connection with phrenology.

¹⁰ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, II, 286-287; *Works*, VIII, 252-255.

Phrenology is no longer to be laughed at. It is no longer laughed at by men of common understanding. It has assumed the majesty of a science, and, as a science ranks among the most important which can engage the attention of thinking beings—this too, whether we consider it merely as an object of speculative inquiry, or as involving consequences of the highest practical magnitude.

Some short comment on the history of the science follows, together with remarks upon its uses, and upon the particular merits of the book under review. As usual in his reviews, Poe's comments are specific. He appears to have read the book thoroughly. He refers to the London edition as if he were familiar with it; he speaks of "George Combe who wrote the 'Phrenology'"; and of the hostility of *The Edinburgh Review*. But this knowledge could be gleaned from Mrs. Miles's pages, and does not indicate that Poe had known phrenology before.¹¹ The interest given him by the review of Mrs. Miles's treatise led to immediate results. The review was written in March. In the April number of *The Southern Literary Messenger* there is an extensive criticism of Drake and Halleck in which phrenological terms are used significantly.¹² And in the following month, in the same magazine, he reviewed Walsh's *Didactics*, taking Walsh to task for an article hostile to phrenology. Poe regrets "to see the energies of a scholar and an editor (who should be, if he be not, a man of metaphysical science) so wickedly employed as in any attempt to throw ridicule upon a question (however much maligned, or however apparently ridiculous), whose merits he has never examined, and of whose very nature, history, and assumptions, he is most evidently ignorant."¹³ After 1836, Poe's references to phrenology are numerous. Presumably, then, Mrs. Miles's book first attracted his interest in the subject. It is likely that once his interest was aroused he increased his knowledge, reading some of the scores of books and articles being written in America as well as in Europe.¹⁴ By 1836 George Combe's *Elements*

¹¹ Miles, sig. A, and pp. 166-167.

¹² *Works*, VIII, 275-318.

¹³ *Works*, VIII, 329. See "Phrenology," in Robert Walsh's *Didactics: Social, Literary, and Political*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia, 1836), II, 56-65.

¹⁴ It is unlikely that Poe read Gall in the original. Poe uses the English terms given by Spurzheim who glozed Gall's *Dichter-Geist*, or *Talent poétique* with *Ideality*, and *Kunst-sinn*, *Bau-sinn*, or *Sens de mécanique* with *Constructiveness*. See Combe's *System*, appendix, p. 41. Mrs. Miles gives both the English and German names.

of *Phrenology* and his *System of Phrenology* had both passed through four editions, and his *Outlines* through six. By 1838 Poe seems to have become acquainted with Combe's *Lectures on Phrenology*. In 1839, when Poe was living in Philadelphia, Combe delivered a series of lectures in the Museum,¹⁵ which Poe may have attended.

The review of Mrs. Miles's book was written in March, 1836. In April, we find Poe writing about Drake and Halleck. He has been discussing the necessity of arriving at a definite opinion about the nature of poetry.¹⁶ Admitting the difficulty of defining poetry, the term, he believes that "we apprehend no difficulty in so describing Poesy, the Sentiment, as to imbue even the most obtuse intellect with a comprehension of it sufficiently distinct for all the purposes of practical analysis." Poe proceeds to declare that we have "certain faculties, implanted within us." We have, for example, "a disposition to look with reverence upon superiority, whether real or suppositious." This faculty is a primitive sentiment. "Phrenologists call it Veneration."

Mrs. Miles has discussed *Veneration*.¹⁷ With the phrenology hint in our minds, the subsequent discussion is illuminating:

Very nearly akin to this feeling, and liable to the same analysis, is the Faculty of Ideality—which is the sentiment of Poesy. This sentiment is the sense of the beautiful, of the sublime, and of the mystical.

And now Poe begins to build up his theory of poetry, employing for literary criticism the terminology of his newly discovered science. Poetry, we find, is "the practical result expressed in language, of this Poetic Sentiment in certain individuals . . ." We must test poetry by its capabilities of exciting the poetic sentiments in others. Poe's philosophizing is peppered and salted with the new terms: "We do not hesitate to say that a man highly endowed with the powers of Causality [Mrs. Miles had a section on *Causality*]¹⁸

Poe might have known Spurzheim from the 2nd (Boston, 1835) edition of *Phrenology or Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena*.

George Combe's *Essays on Phrenology*, 1819, his *Elements of Phrenology*, 1824, *A System of Phrenology*, 1825, *Constitution of Man*, 1828, were all first published in Edinburgh.

¹⁵ See George Combe, *Notes on the United States of North America*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia, 1841), I, *passim*.

¹⁶ *Works*, VIII, 281 ff.

¹⁷ L. Miles, *Phrenology*, p. 77.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 145-147.

—that is to say, a man of metaphysical acumen—will, even with a sufficient share of Ideality [Mrs. Miles again], ¹⁹ compose a finer poem (if we test it, as we should, by its measure of exciting the Poetic Sentiment) than one who, without such metaphysical acumen, shall be gifted, in the most extraordinary degree, with the faculty of Ideality.” And so on. We discover, for instance, that Coleridge’s head “gave no great phrenological tokens of Ideality, while the organs of Causality and Comparison were most singularly developed.”²⁰

In the discussion of Drake which follows, the transference of phrenological terms into criticism is continued.²¹ The critics of Drake’s “The Culpit Fay” are at fault, Poe thinks, from this “indistinct conception of the results in which Ideality is rendered manifest.” The root of the trouble is that Drake exercises the faculty of *Comparison*, but he lacks *Ideality*. Poe applies his principle intelligently; doubtless he was right in saying that neither “The Culpit Fay” nor Halleck’s “Marco Bozzaris” had the highest requirements of *Ideality*. Drake had, these many years, carried *Benevolence*, *Comparison*, and *Causality* into the dust to which all *Benevolence*, *Comparison*, and *Causality* return. But poor Halleck, living down in Guilford, Connecticut, something of a town drunk, may well have gazed in his mirror wistfully, longing for bigger bumps of *Ideality*.

Halleck was not the only poet whom Poe’s critical comments must have sent to the mirror. Though Poe was never in high serious mood when he penned his confessedly journalistic project, *The Literati*, the sketches were clever enough to be considered. N. P. Willis, that most elegant of the New Yorkers, must have puckered his brows to learn that his forehead “would puzzle phrenology.”²² Evert A. Duyckinck, editor of *The Library of Choice Reading*, was doubtless pleased to learn that his “forehead, phrenologically, is a good one.”²³ We learn of George Bush, learned professor of Hebrew at New York University, that “His countenance expresses rather benevolence and profound earnestness, than high intelligence.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 85-87. According to Mrs. Miles, *Ideality* is quite definitely “The inspiration of poetry; feeling of the sublime and beautiful; originality of thought and expression.”

²⁰ *Works*, loc. cit.; see Miles on *Causality* and *Comparison*, *op. cit.*, pp. 141-147.

²¹ *Works*, VIII, 293 ff.

²² *Works*, XV, 18.

²³ *Works*, XV, 60.

The eyes are piercing; the other features in general, massive. The forehead, phrenologically, indicates causality and comparison, with deficient ideality—the organization which induces strict logicity from insufficient premises."²⁴ Poe is disturbed by Charles Fenno Hoffman. His *A Winter in the West* "conveys the *natural* enthusiasm of a true *idealist*, in the proper phrenological sense, of one sensitively alive to beauty in every development."²⁵ But Poe observes with surprise that the forehead, "although high, gives no indication of that ideality (or love of the beautiful) which is the distinguishing trait of his moral nature." Perhaps, in the long testing of time, phrenology was right about Hoffman.

Other instances of the use of phrenological terms in Poe's criticism need hardly be enumerated. It is clear that his interest in phrenology intrudes itself with some frequency into his analysis of men of letters. In this he merely follows his teachers. Throughout the treatises of George Combe and others, a great deal of attention is paid to the phrenological developments of poets. Byron is a favorite, and Burns, and Pope, and Racine, and Tasso.²⁶ As with modern psychology, the science overflowed into literary criticism.²⁷ In December, 1838, one L. N. F. contributed to *The American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany*,²⁸ an article entitled "Application of Phrenology to Criticism," and in April of the following year appeared A. Wren's essay, "Application of Phrenology to the Analysis of the Character of Shakespeare's Iago."²⁹ If Poe erred in introducing his pet interest into the field of literary criticism, the whirligig of time has brought in a just revenge upon him. He phrenologized his contemporaries. Modern critics have not yet tired of psychoanalyzing him.

III

Although Poe's use of phrenology in the analysis of character comes to him legitimately and naturally from the interest similarly felt by other men of his time, there is in this interest something deeply indicative of Poe's personal taste. He was always eager to

²⁴ *Works*, XV, 7.

²⁵ *Works*, XV, 118 and 122.

²⁶ See Combe, *Lectures*, *passim*.

²⁷ Poe quotes a review of Drake's poem which uses phrenological terms, *Works*, VIII, 298 n.

²⁸ I, 65-71.

²⁹ I, 212-228.

arrive at exact analyses of qualities of mind. It is characteristic of him that he employed other pseudo-scientific devices for reading the disposition. He made much of his ability to read character through handwriting.³⁰ One catches occasional hints of similar pursuits. In his sketch of Freeman Hunt in *The Literati* we find a provoking description of the chin as "massive and projecting, indicative (according to Lavater and general experience) of that energy which is, in fact, the chief point of his character."³¹ The name *Lavater*, which slips so glibly from Poe's tongue, gives us a revealing glimpse of our poet's intellectual processes. Johann Casper Lavater was the author of another character-reading system. Noses, eyes, chins, and ears, were Lavater's indices. His elaborate *Physiognomische Fragmente, zur Beforderung der Menschenkenntnitz und Menschenliebe* had been published at Leipzig in 1775. Poe used Lavater as he used phrenology.³² He surely made less use of his science of physiognomy, but the parallelism is significant. Was he less impressed by Lavater? Is that "Science of Noses" of which he makes such fun in "Lionizing" a slur at the art? Robert's "Nosology"³³ made him great fame:

When I came of age my father asked me, one day, if I would step with him into his study.

"My son," said he, when we were seated, "what is the chief end of your existence?"

"My father," I answered, "it is the study of Nosology."

"And what, Robert," he inquired, "is Nosology?"

"Sir," I said, "it is the Science of Noses."

"And can you tell me," he demanded, "what is the meaning of a nose?"

"A nose, my father," I replied, greatly softened, "has been variously defined by about a thousand different authors." (Here I pulled out my watch.) "It is now noon or thereabouts—We shall have time enough to get through with them all before midnight. To commence then:—The nose, according to Bartholinus,³⁴ is that protuberance—that bump—that excrescence—that—"

³⁰ *Works*, XV, 175-261.

³¹ *Works*, XV, 43.

³² For Lavater on chins, see the above-named work, IV, 263. There is a discussion of Lavater in Paola Lombroso, *I Segni Rivelatori della Personalità* (Torino, 1902), p. 5.

³³ *Works*, II, 35-37.

³⁴ A reference to Thomas Bartholin, the anatomist, 1616-1680, or to Gaspard Bartholin, 1655-1738, author of *Specimen historiae anatomicae partium corporis humani* (Copenhagen, 1701).

—"Will do, Robert," interrupted the good old gentleman. "I am thunderstruck at the extent of your information—I am positively—upon my soul." (Here he closed his eyes and placed his hand upon his heart.) "Come here!" (Here he took me by the arm.) "Your education may now be considered as finished—it is high time you should scuffle for yourself—and you cannot do a better thing than merely follow your nose—so—so—so—" (Here he kicked me down stairs and out of the door)—"so get out of my house, and God bless you!"

As I felt within me the divine *afflatus*, I considered this accident rather fortunate than otherwise. I resolved to be guided by the paternal advice. I determined to follow my nose. I gave it a pull or two upon the spot, and wrote a pamphlet on Nosology forthwith. All Fum-Fudge was in an uproar.

"Wonderful genius!" said the Quarterly.

"Superb physiologist!" said the Westminster.

"Clever fellow!" said the Foreign.

"Fine writer!" said the Edinburgh.

"Profound thinker!" said the Dublin.

"Great man!" said Bently.

"Divine soul!" said Fraser.

"One of us!" said Blackwood.

And Robert, thus equipped, becomes the lion of society. In this sketch Poe's satire, as invariably in his satirical writing, loses force from its promiscuity. But the point is clear. Poe could turn his scorn upon the very foibles in which he himself indulged. It was not unintelligent of him to do so.

Indeed that very real intelligence of his made capital more than once of the contemporary rage for phrenology. It was one of the tenets of phrenology that size was an index of degree.⁸⁵ It was doubtless this theory that prompted Thingum Bob's father to observe to his son:⁸⁶ "You have an immense head, and it must hold a great many brains." There is a slur at phrenology in "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether." One of the unfortunately deranged fancied himself possessed of two heads: "One of these he maintained to be the head of Cicero; the other he imagined a composite one, being Demosthenes' from the top of the forehead to the mouth, and Lord Brougham from the mouth to the chin."⁸⁷

⁸⁵ I. Slade, *Letters on Phrenology* (London, 1836), "Letter XIII."

⁸⁶ *Works*, VI, 3.

⁸⁷ *Works*, VI, 65.

Handbooks of phrenology were replete with illustrations of prominent men. Combe prints a mask of Lord Brougham.³⁸ In "Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences," the hero, an arrant rogue, "has constructiveness large. He understands plot. He invents and circumvents."³⁹ *Constructiveness* is the organ which lies just below *Ideality*. Combe says of the organ: "It does not invent; but merely fashions or configures, though when large it stimulates the understanding to invent what will employ it agreeably in constructing."⁴⁰ Here the term is used less satirically than sarcastically. The Diddler's *Constructiveness* fashions to none of the good purposes which that excellent organ should.

One of the neatest of Poe's light sketches takes an added grotesquery from its satire upon phrenology. Indeed, the whole point of the skit comes from the bizarre turn which Poe gives to a phrenological tenet. Gall had seriously discussed whether "the form of the head can be modified during the birth of the child, or by compression or malaxation."⁴¹ His answer was emphatically, no. In "The Business Man" we have this description of an unfortunate, or rather of a fortunate accident to our hero: "A good-hearted old Irish nurse (whom I shall not forget in my will) took me up one day by the heels, when I was making more noise than was necessary, and, swinging me round two or three times, d—d my eyes for 'a skreeking little spalpeen', and then knocked my head into a cocked hat against the bedpost. This, I say, decided my fate, and made my fortune. A bump arose at once on my sinciput, and turned out to be as pretty an organ of *order* as one shall see on a summer's day. Hence that positive appetite for system and regularity which has made me the distinguished man of business that I am."⁴² Here clearly Poe is deliberately turning theory inside out. The humor of the subsequent successes of the hero is quite lost for the modern reader unless he knows that the situation is phrenologically impossible. In the vagaries of business enterprise which follow, Poe keeps us clearly in mind that it is the organ of *Order* which makes the hero's success.

³⁸ *Lectures*, p. 267. The illustration is omitted, though referred to, in the edition cited.

³⁹ *Works*, V, 212.

⁴⁰ For *Constructiveness*, see Miles, p. 49; MacNish, pp. 74-76; Combe, *Lectures*, p. 172.

⁴¹ F. J. Gall, *On the Functions of the Brain and of Each of its Parts*, translated by Winslow Lewis (Boston, 1835), III, 9-11.

⁴² *Works*, IV, 122-123. On *Order*, see Miles, p. 122; Combe, *Lectures*, p. 247.

Four times⁴³ Poe emphasizes the point. The hero is hurt in an escapade: "I had to be sent home to my button-headed family in a high state of fever, and with a most violent and dangerous pain in the sinciput, all round about my organ of order." He was saved from his illness and came to be "grateful to the protuberance which had been the means of my salvation, as well as to the kind-hearted female who had originally put these means within my reach." He was enabled to discharge the onerous duties of his profession "only by that rigid adherence to system which formed the leading feature of my mind." In his very profitable occupation of mud-dabbling, he observed that "there is nothing to be made in this way without *method*. I did only a retail business myself, but my old habits of *system* carried me swimmingly along." Anyone who knows Poe's invariable habit of "pointing" his stories, will recognize at once that he is here painfully careful to emphasize the situation in which his humor lies.

Phrenology takes one more fall from the hand of Poe. It figures in the highly satirical "Some Words with a Mummy." Although this sketch is in his mannered, self-conscious style, nervously grotesque, it possesses a range and depth which his satire seldom reaches. Before an incredulous and sarcastic mummy, revived through the use of a galvanic battery, the proud achievements of modern science and society are reviewed. Monotheism, accuracy in historical research, conceptions of cosmogony, astronomical knowledge, lenses, architecture, machines for construction work, railroads, Artesian wells, metaphysical progress, democracy, steam engines, and, as a finale, patent medicines, are described to the contemptuous mummy, who fails to find anything new in whatever is described. Phrenology has an important place in the discussion.⁴⁴ One of the interlocutors, after glancing at the occiput and then at the sinciput of the mummy, observes that the inferiority of the Egyptians in all particulars of science doubtless proceeded from the solidity of the Egyptian skull. The mummy expressed doubt as to the allusion, whereupon the whole party "detailed, at great length, the assumptions of phrenology." But the mummy silenced the proud moderns by relating "a few anecdotes, which rendered it evident that prototypes of Gall and Spurzheim had flourished and

⁴³ *Works*, IV, pp. 124, 125, and 130.

⁴⁴ *Works*, VI, 133.

faded in Egypt so long ago as to have been nearly forgotten." It is not phrenology, but the pretensions of phrenology which Poe ridicules here. The passage of a hundred years has lent a new satire to this passage, a satire which one will not perceive unless he knows that Poe in some of his most serious artistry calls upon phrenology to authenticate his subtlest interpretation of human character.

IV

The truth of the matter is, that Poe's mind was fascinated with the exciting possibilities of phrenology, and that, his mind thoroughly steeped in it, he drew more than one important suggestion from it. In that "Colloquy of Monos and Una," in which Poe, pioneer of the human spirit, goes down to the border lands of death, there are two important elements of the narrative which seem to have been inspired by phrenology. In the white luster of Poe's purest style, he describes the sensations of the mind dissolving after death. States of consciousness become defined for a space, only to be succeeded by others. At one time in the dissolution Monos becomes aware of "a mental pendulous pulsation. It was the moral embodiment of man's abstract idea of *Time*. . . . And this—this keen, perfect, self-existing sentiment of *duration*—this sentiment existing (as man could not possibly have conceived it to exist) independently of any succession of events—this idea—this sixth sense, upspringing from the ashes of the rest, was the first obvious and certain step of the intemporal soul upon the threshold of the temporal Eternity."⁴⁵ A year passes, and the sense of duration is succeeded by "that of mere locality."⁴⁶ The association of these two concepts in Poe's mind is startlingly suggestive when one finds that the sense of time and of locality were represented in phrenology by definite, primary organs. Was Poe's analysis of these psychical states caught from the science of mind? Of the organ of *Time* Gall had written: "We see persons who find amusement in a collection of watches and clocks, and must have them all go with the greatest exactness."⁴⁷ Did Poe remember this when Monos describes his abstract idea of time? "By its aid I measured the irregularities of the clock upon the mantel, and of the watches of the attendants. Their

⁴⁵ *Works*, IV, 209-210.

⁴⁶ *Works*, IV, 211.

⁴⁷ Gall, *op. cit.*, V, 95; see also Miles, MacNish, and Combe.

tickings came sonorously to my ears. The slightest deviations from the true proportion—and these deviations were omni-praevalent—affected me just as violations of abstract truth were wont, on earth, to affect the moral sense.”⁴⁸

That Poe speculated deeply upon the primary elements of mind cannot be denied. One of the greatest difficulties which phrenology had to overcome was the controversy over the primary faculties.⁴⁹ What mental activities were primary? What exactly were the organs of the brain? Twice we find Poe himself entering the lists with the proposal of a primary faculty. In “The Black Cat” we find a hideous story constructed upon the idea of sub-liminal *Perverseness*. Acting upon an otherwise gentle and kindly person, the spirit of perverseness causes him to kill a beloved cat and to endure a succession of horrors from the consequences of the act. Poe’s analysis of the mental state is exact: “And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man.”⁵⁰ Although there is here no direct reference to phrenology, the terms are unmistakably reminiscent. This story was written in 1843. Two years later appeared “The Imp of the Perverse.” In the interim Poe’s ideas about perverseness had taken shape. “The Imp of the Perverse” is a brilliant definition which is then followed by a thrilling narrative which embodies the idea. The *liaison* with phrenology is explicit. The essay, for in reality it is a dramatic essay, begins: “In the consideration of the faculties and impulses—of the *prima mobilia* of the human soul, the phrenologists have failed to make room for a propensity which, although obviously existing as a radical, primitive, irreducible sentiment, has been equally overlooked by all the moralists who have preceded them.”⁵¹ Poe suggests that

⁴⁸ *Works*, IV, 209.

⁴⁹ See Gall on “The Difficulties and Means of Determining the Fundamental Qualities and Faculties, and of Discovering the Seat of their Organs in the Brain,” in *On the Functions of the Brain*, III, 66 ff.

⁵⁰ *Works*, V, 146. I am indebted to Mr. Thomas O. Mabbott for pointing out to me that Poe suppressed an original direct reference to phrenology in this passage, presumably because he intended amplifying his discussion of the subject in “The Imp of the Perverse.”

⁵¹ *Works*, VI, 145 ff.

this propensity has been overlooked because it was obvious. He objects to the *a priori* method of phrenology and of all metaphysics. Having a preconceived notion of the purposes of God, the intellectual or logical man builds his innumerable systems of mind:

In the matter of phrenology, for example, we first determined, naturally enough, that it was the design of the Deity that man should eat. We then assigned to man an organ of alimentiveness, and this organ is the scourge with which the Deity compels man, will-I nill-I, into eating. Secondly, having settled it to be God's will that man should continue his species, we discovered an organ of amativeness, forthwith. And so with combativeness, with ideality, with causality, with constructiveness,—so, in short, with every organ, whether representing a propensity, a moral sentiment, or a faculty of the pure intellect. And in these arrangements of the *principia* of human action, the Spurzheimites, whether right or wrong, in part, or upon the whole, have but followed in principle, the footsteps of their predecessors; deducing and establishing every thing from the preconceived destiny of man, and upon the ground of the objects of his Creator.

Pointing out that it would have been wiser to classify upon the basis of what man "usually or occasionally did, and was always occasionally doing," Poe declares that phrenology would thus have been brought to admit perverseness as "a radical, a primitive impulse—elementary." He argues that the phrenological *Combativeness*⁵² is not in essence to be confused with perverseness. One should point out that Poe's objection is not to phrenology, but to its method of classification.

"The Murders in the Rue Morgue" presents another instance of Poe's objection, not to phrenology, but to its definition of the primary faculties. Once again the discussion serves as the introduction to an illustrative story. In "The Imp of the Perverse" the narrative is subordinate to the idea. In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" the discussion of phrenology serves merely to launch the tale. Poe wishes to focus the mind of the reader upon the analytical power of Dupin. His method is to analyze analysis. The analytical power should be differentiated from mere ingenuity: "The constructive or combining power, by which ingenuity is usually manifested, and to which the phrenologists (I believe erroneously) have assigned a separate organ, supposing it a primitive faculty, has been so fre-

⁵² See Combe, *Lectures*, p. 148.

quently seen in those whose intellect bordered otherwise upon idiocy, as to have attracted general observation among writers on morals."⁵³ (*Constructiveness* is the organ which Poe was to ridicule in "Did-dling.") Phrenology itself is not attacked. Indeed, Poe's intention is clearly not to suggest that the phrenologists are not shrewd, but that his own mind, or that of his narrator, is still shrewder. If he had regarded phrenology as pseudo, he would not have referred to it, for it would have spoiled his effect in this story. He must give the impression that he is more scientific than science itself. That he regards phrenology as suitable for reference is unmistakable from the fact that preceding the discussion of the analytical power he twice uses terms suggesting it. He discourses upon "the reflective intellect" and "the concentrative" chess player. And subsequently, in describing Dupin, he deliberately uses a phrenological term: "At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin."⁵⁴ Not to remark these minutiae of Poe's method is to lose the subtleties of his artistry. Modern knowledge of phrenology has faded, but thoroughly to understand Poe we must relearn the connotation of his allusions.

V

Indeed, it is the connotation of allusions which marks the most delicate refinement of Poe's writing. In the preceding discussion Poe's references to phrenology have been comparatively explicit. It is in his more exquisite writing that he makes use of phrenology in a far more subtle fashion. Allusion is veiled in indistinctness, but by its near-imperceptibility, it becomes more closely compacted in the delineation of character, and consequently in the exposition of artistic purposes. In "The Fall of the House of Usher" and in "Ligeia," phrenology plays a delicate but definite part. In both of these stories Poe employs phrenology with exact nicety to authenticate his character portrayal. The supposedly well-informed reader is given certain faint phrenological hints upon which his mind is intended to operate during the unfolding of the story, and which contribute both to his understanding and to his artistic excitement.

⁵³ *Works*, IV, 149.

⁵⁴ IV, 147, and 152.

We remember that as the narrator approaches the House of Usher he finds himself in "a singularly dreary tract of country"; it is pervaded with insufferable gloom. "I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible."⁵⁵ Now, according to the phrenologists, the organ of *Ideality* "consists in a taste for the graceful, the beautiful and the sublime. All things which partake of these qualities gratify it. The savage desolation of Glenco, the awful gloom and sublimity of Chamouni, the graceful loveliness of Windermere, a beautiful woman, a lovely child, the Belvidere Apollo—all such objects stimulate the organ, and give rise to emotions of the grand or the beautiful."⁵⁶ Observe that Poe has been at some pains to assert that the scenery surrounding the House of Usher is *not such* as will arouse pleasurable emotions in the mind of one who might be gifted with the organ of *Ideality*. It excites merely gloom. "There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into ought of the sublime."⁵⁷ What, we ask ourselves, would be the effect of such a scene upon a man who had a highly developed organ of *Ideality*? Poe has clearly set the scene.

Now for Roderick Usher. Usher had sent to his friend "a wildly importunate" letter.⁵⁸ "The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation." Notice that Usher was nervous. Usher has an "acute bodily illness," "a mental disorder"; he needs his friend for the "cheerfulness" of his society. Our minds immediately associate the gloom of the landscape with Usher's gloom. Poe describes Usher further: "I was aware that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late . . . in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of

⁵⁵ *Works*, III, 273.

⁵⁶ Robert MacNish, *An Introduction*, pp. 111-112; see MacNish's questions, "What is the character of a person who has a great endowment of Ideality?" and "What are the abuses of Ideality?" pp. 113-114.

⁵⁷ *Works*, III, 273.

⁵⁸ *Works*, III, 274.

musical science."⁵⁹ We are given to understand that Usher is an artist of considerable ability.⁶⁰ Turning to phrenology again, we find that the organ of *Ideality* conduces to "a sense of exquisiteness and enthusiasm requisite for the conceptions of the poet, painter, and musician."⁶¹ By this time we are well prepared for the description of Usher himself, and we are by no means surprised to discover that he has "an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple."⁶² Of course this region is none other than *Ideality*. Poe leaves us in no doubt about this, for later in the story he explicitly says: "An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous lustre over all."⁶³

But Roderick Usher is a complex creature of Poe's construction. He is not altogether to be explained by *Ideality*, no matter how highly developed it may be. Poe has recourse to further phrenological suggestions. In one of Combe's chapters there is a discussion of various temperaments, of which there are four types. One of these is the *nervous*. Combe thus describes the external signs of this temperament as follows: "The nervous is indicated by fine thin hair, small muscles, thin skin, paleness of countenance, and brightness of eye. This temperament gives great vivacity of mental action."⁶⁴ Recalling that Usher's letter had indicated "nervous agitation,"⁶⁵ we are not unprepared for the description of Usher with which Poe provides us: "The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity."⁶⁶ Can this parallelism be accidental? Clearly Poe has delineated for us a phrenologically correct *nervous temperament*. If we have any doubt Poe dispels it immediately by taking pains to point the matter. Usher is described at once as suffering from "an excessive nervous agitation."⁶⁷ At once Poe exposes his intention to portray Usher correctly according to phrenology by adding: "For something of

⁵⁹ *Works*, III, 275.

⁶⁰ Miles, p. 86; see also MacNish, p. 112.

⁶¹ *Works*, III, 279.

⁶² *Works*, III, 282.

⁶³ Combe, *Lectures*, p. 113.

⁶⁴ *Works*, III, 283.

⁶⁵ *Works*, III, 274.

⁶⁶ *Works*, III, 279.

⁶⁷ *Ibid.*

this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament."⁶⁸ The diagnosis is complete. Roderick Usher is of the highly *nervous temperament*, with an immoderately developed organ of *Ideality*. The gloomy scene in which he lives, the events which are taking place about him, accentuate his nature, and the art of Poe creates an amazingly intense story therefrom.

It is almost superfluous to point out the added details or interpretations with which phrenology supplies the author. Poe's first readers would have missed none of them. They would have recognized the exact propriety of characterization which made Roderick Usher facile in the improvisation of verses. Had not the phrenologist MacNish declared that a person endowed with a high degree of *Ideality* had conceptions which flowed from him "rapidly and eloquently"?⁶⁹ Had not Combe especially remarked the ability of such persons to compose verses extempore?⁷⁰ Small wonder that Usher produced such "rhymed verbal improvisations"⁷¹ as that exquisite allegory of the mind, "The Haunted Palace." Poe's first readers would have well understood the extreme suffering of Usher under the strain to which his sister's illness subjected him. An unsigned article in *The American Phrenological Journal*, published just two months before "The Fall of the House of Usher" appeared, treated extensively of the temperaments. Poe's readers knew all about the nervous temperament which Usher possessed. They knew that "a preponderance of this temperament gives a susceptibility of exquisite enjoyment, or extreme suffering."⁷² Yes, the nervous temperament of Usher and his "lofty and spiritual ideality"⁷³ were well drawn.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.* The delineation of the character of Usher is in keeping with Mrs. Miles's description of the abuses of *Ideality*: "Over-wrought sensibility; eccentricity: uncontrollable raptures, or wild flights of fancy; exaggerated notions of refinement; neglect of the duties and realities of life" (*Phrenology*, p. 85).

⁶⁹ MacNish, *op. cit.*, p. 113.

⁷⁰ Combe, *A System*, p. 245.

⁷¹ *Works*, III, 284.

⁷² "The Temperaments," unsigned article in *The American Phrenological Journal*, I, 368. See also J. G. Spurzheim, *Phrenology*, (London, 1908), p. 248.

⁷³ *Works*, III, 292.

VI

"Ligeia" is one of Poe's more successful tales. Poe himself once called it "undoubtedly the best story I have written."⁷⁴ In view of its fame, we may well scrutinize Poe's significant use of phrenology in the construction of the tale. He begins abruptly. He describes the raven-haired Ligeia. One of the first things about her to strike an impression is the "thrilling and enthralling eloquence of her low musical language."⁷⁵ We may prick up our ears at this, wondering whether Poe is going to say more about language. It is one of the organs of phrenology, and the eyes are the external index of it.⁷⁶ We have not long to wait. The description leaves us very soon peering "into the large eyes of Ligeia."⁷⁷ And very large eyes they were. "Far larger than the ordinary eyes of our own race"—"fuller even than the fullest of the gazelle eyes of the tribe of the valley of Nourjahad"—and so on. Clearly the organ of *Language* was fully developed in Ligeia, and we are well prepared for Poe's subsequent observation that she was deeply proficient in the classical tongues.⁷⁸ Now what is the purpose of all this? Ligeia's language has very little to do with the story. Is it possible that Poe had an ulterior purpose? Had he some reason for putting in these phrenological details? Very definitely, yes. Poe had an excellent reason for satisfying the reader's mind: Ligeia's eyes were large and full; she was facile in language. The reader would recognize at once that Poe knew what he was about. This was a person who was true to life, scientifically true according to phrenology. Now what was Poe's ulterior purpose? Let us take another glance at the Lady Ligeia. There is a great deal said about her beauty, but among the delectable details, one is very striking. There is a "gentle prominence of the regions above the temples."⁷⁹ Anyone who knew phrenology would know at once that this was significant. But in what way?

Turning to the chart prefixed to Combe's *Lectures*, let us examine the regions above the temples. We find various contiguous areas. That marked by the number *Nine* proves to be *Constructive-*

⁷⁴ Letter to Duyckinck, *Works*, XVII, 227.

⁷⁵ *Works*, II, 248.

⁷⁶ Combe, *A System*, p. 322.

⁷⁷ *Works*, II, 251.

⁷⁸ *Works*, II, 253.

⁷⁹ *Works*, II, 250.

ness. Number *Eight* is *Acquisitiveness*. The lower portion of *Seven* is near the temple. It proves to be *Secretiveness*. *Six* is not far away. It is *Destructiveness*. None of these seems to fit the character of Ligeia, and they may be dismissed. One area remains to be considered. It is very close to the temple, almost certainly the region to which Poe refers. It bears the number *Six*, followed by a letter which may be construed either as a small *a* or *b*. Now in the list of "affective propensities," we discover two regions, *6a*, and *6b*. The first is *Alimentiveness*, an area which denotes a taste for heavy feeding. This could hardly apply to the Lady Ligeia. The chart is confusing, because while the list enumerates both *6a* and *6b*, the chart pictures only one area, and this with the lettering ambiguous. If we are to rule out Ligeia's appetite, what then have we left? The area *6b* is described as *Love of Life*.⁸⁰

Phrenologists had speculated upon the existence of an organ denoting a tenacious desire to live. "That this feeling is manifested in different degrees by different individuals is certain," says Combe, "the bravest men being sometimes excessively attached to life, while the most timid are often indifferent to life."⁸¹ Gall, Spurzheim, Dr. Arthur Combe, George Combe, Shurtleff, MacNish, the Fowlers—all had recognized the existence of the organ.⁸² But—and hence the ambiguity in the chart—there had been considerable difficulty in locating the area. Possibly it lay beneath the mastoid process, not easily apparent on the surface. It was somewhere near the ear. In 1835 Combe had felt that in persons having small *Love of Life* "That part of the base of the brain which lies between the ear and the anterior lobe is generally narrow. . . ."⁸³ Presumably the converse would indicate some sort of protuberance. Doubtless the matter was definite enough for Poe's purpose.

Now let us proceed with the story:

Ligeia grew ill. The wild eyes glazed with a too—too glorious effulgence; the pale fingers became of the transparent waxen hue of the grave;

⁸⁰ I am indebted to Mr. Verner Clapp, of the Library of Congress, for aid in unraveling difficulties connected with this organ.

⁸¹ *Lectures*, p. 162.

⁸² See *ibid.*, p. 64; Spurzheim, *Doctrine* (Boston, 1832); A. Combe, "Case of Hypochondriasis," *The Phrenological Journal and Miscellany*, III, 467-472 (1826); N. B. Shurtleff, *An Epitome of Phrenology* (Boston, 1835); MacNish, *op. cit.*, O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *Phrenology Proved* (N. Y. 1837).

⁸³ George Combe, *The Constitution of Man*, 5th American edition (Boston, 1835), p. 199.

and the blue veins upon the lofty forehead swelled and sank impetuously with the tides of the most gentle emotion. I saw that she must die—and I struggled desperately in spirit with the grim Azrael. And the struggles of the passionate wife were, to my astonishment, even more energetic than my own. There had been much in her stern nature to impress me with the belief that, to her, death would have come without its terrors;—but not so. Words are impotent to convey any just idea of the fierceness of resistance with which she wrestled with the Shadow. I groaned in anguish at the pitiable spectacle. I would have soothed—I would have reasoned; but, in the intensity of her wild desire for life,—for life—but for life—solace and reason were alike the uttermost of folly.⁸⁴

Love of Life! How emphatically Poe marks the words! He could not have accentuated them more thoroughly if he had pointed with both hands at them. And what of the reader? He had already found Poe correct in the matter of eyes and language. Now comes this other point. The “gentle prominence of the regions above the temples,” carefully mentioned among the other details of Ligeia’s appearance, is suddenly invested with the deepest significance. The reader’s excitement is heightened. He has enjoyed the *recognition*. He might have known, perhaps had already guessed that *Love of Life* would be the dominating quality in the lady’s disposition. And now this corroboration!

But Poe is not yet satisfied. He will refer to *Love of Life* again to make the matter certain. And before his paragraph is done, come these last significant words: “Let me say only, that in Ligeia’s more than womanly abandonment to a love, alas! all unmerited, all unworthily bestowed, I at length recognized the principle of her longing with so wildly earnest a desire for the life which was now fleeing so rapidly away. It is this wild longing—it is this eager vehemence of desire for life—*but* for life—that I have no power to portray—no utterance capable of expressing.”⁸⁵

By this time the point has been made beyond all cavil. Ligeia will cling tenaciously to life. And now the story proper can begin. Ligeia dies and is buried. The hero of the tale marries the fair-haired Lady Rowena Trevanion, of Tremaine, who also, in the course of time sickens and dies. Her husband sits by her bier dream-

⁸⁴ *Works*, II, 254-255.

⁸⁵ *Works*, II, 256.

ing of Ligeia, when spasmodically the dead body of Rowena stirs with life. Time after time signs of life appear in the body only to be followed by "a sterner and apparently more irredeemable death."⁸⁶ At last the body of the dead Rowena actually comes to life sufficiently to "let fall from her head, unloosened, the ghastly cerements which had confined it, and there streamed forth, into the rushing atmosphere of the chamber, huge masses of long and dishevelled hair: *it was blacker than the raven wings of the midnight*, And now slowly opened *the eyes* of the figure which stood before me. 'Here then, at least,' I shrieked aloud, 'can I never—can I never be mistaken—these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes—of my lost love—of the lady—of the LADY LIGEIA.'"

Well, it is really pretty exciting. One has known all along that something would come of that "gentle prominence of the regions above the temples." But it was rather brilliantly thought up to have *Love of Life*, that organ which Spurzheim discovered, actually bring the lady back to life through the dead body of another woman.

One has known all along that something would come of it? No. One has known only if one understood the connotation of the allusions to phrenology. It is too bad that the subtleties of this fine story of Poe should be lost to the modern reader merely because he knows nothing more about phrenology than the word *bumps*. Interpretative footnotes are sometimes essential if we are to recapture those delicate meanings which only too often die with an age. But so long as poets will enter into the *Zeitgeist*, so long must we learn to read them historically if we are to discover true meanings. It is not the history which we want. That is a secondary matter when it comes to art. But we *do* want true meanings. And that is why it is illuminating to find out what Edgar Allan Poe had to do with the science of *cranoscopy*, or *craniology*, or, as it came to be known, *phrenology*.

⁸⁶ *Works*, II, 267-268.

THE SOURCE OF POE'S "THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK"

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POE'S STORY "Three Sundays In a Week" was first published in *The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* for November 27, 1841. It was built on the age-old theme of parental objection to the marriage of young lovers. The main characters in the story are the hero, a young man with an inkling for the Muses, his cousin Kate, with whom he is in love, and Kate's father, the grand-uncle of the hero. The old uncle, Rumgudgeon, is an obstinate, pompous, brow-beating old gentleman, who prides himself on strict adherence to the letter of the law and derives keen pleasure from opposing any plan not originating with himself. The young lovers, whose union the old gentleman heartily favors, make the mistake of proposing to him that a date be set for the wedding. He replies that the wedding shall be when, and only when, "three Sundays come together in a week."

It is not at once obvious to the lovers that the ultimatum of the old uncle is to be a direct means of obtaining his consent to the marriage. The solution occurs to Kate on the occasion of a visit from two friends who have recently returned from trips round the world. Captain Pratt, one of the friends, has sailed west in his circumnavigation of the globe and has lost a day; Captain Smitherton has sailed east and has gained a day. Kate makes this discovery and leads the conversation with her father into an explanation of three Sundays coming together in one week. Captain Smitherton explains the paradox to the old gentleman:

"Mr. Rumgudgeon, the matter stands thus: the earth, you know, is twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis—revolves—spins round—these twenty-four thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. . . .

"Well, sir; that is at the rate of one thousand miles per hour. Now suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding, in the same direction, yet

another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours—another thousand, and I anticipate it by three hours, and so on, until I go entirely round the globe, and back to this spot, when, having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the London sun by no less than twenty-four hours; that is to say, I am a day *in advance* of your time. . . .

"Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he had sailed a thousand miles west of this position, was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles west, was twenty-four hours, or one day, *behind* the time at London. Thus, with me, yesterday was Sunday—thus, with you, to-day is Sunday—and thus, with Pratt, tomorrow will be Sunday."¹

According to Professor George E. Woodberry, the suggestion of the idea underlying Poe's story came from "a passage in Herschel."² The passage to which he refers is, I take it, the following from Sir John Herschel's *Treatise on Astronomy*:

But astronomers and civilians, however, who inhabit different parts of the earth's surface, differ from each other in their reckoning of time; as it is obvious they must if we consider that when it is noon at one place, it is midnight at a place diametrically opposite; sunrise at another; and sunset, again, at a fourth.³

It is possible that Poe drew the suggestion of his story from this passage. But it is much more likely that he found his immediate source in an article published in *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* of October 29, 1841. This article, which is unsigned, bears the title "Three Thursdays in One Week," and runs to about a thousand words. The story begins with the following generalization:

Of all the paradoxes there is none more surprising or more calculated to disturb the mind than that which asserts the possibility of having three Thursdays in one week. It is, notwithstanding, possible, and during the last century it was demonstrated more than once. Circumnavigators, in their voyages round the world, have discovered the fact. The ancients never entertained an idea of the possibility of such a thing. It was a matter of astonishment to seamen sailing Eastward round the world, to find on their return to the place from whence they commenced their voyage

¹ *Poe's Complete Works*, ed. Harrison, IV, 234-235.

² George E. Woodberry, in *Poe's Works*, ed. Stedman and Woodberry, IV, 295.

³ John F. W. Herschel, *A Treatise on Astronomy* (Philadelphia, 1834), p. 77.

that they had gained a day: it was Thursday with them, and Wednesday at the place of their arrival.

On the contrary, those who sailed Westward round the world, counted on their return one day less to have passed than those did who continued all the while at the place from whence the ship set out, so that it was Wednesday with the circumnavigators, and Thursday at the place of their arrival. As the pilots and others kept journals, and paid strict attention to every occurrence during the voyage, they were in the first instance at a loss to account for the difference they found between the journals of those who sailed East, and those who had taken a Westerly course. They accused each other of negligence, and the dispute led to a strong contest. Several mathematicians at last discovered the cause. They found that the difference in time was occasioned by the laws of nature, and not the fault of the navigators.

The writer then gives a scientific explanation of the gaining or losing of a day, as the case may be, in the circumnavigation of the globe. Instead of reckoning by distance in miles, as Poe does, he reckons in terms of degrees. He shows that one hour of time is lost or gained for each fifteen degrees traversed, and that the trip need not be made round the globe upon the equator, but that all meridians must be crossed. The article closes with an explanation of three Thursdays coming together in one week, as follows:

For example: Suppose a traveller embarks at Rochelle to go to the East Indies, when he shall arrive at the distance of 180 degrees East longitude, half the circumference of the earth, it will be midnight there and noon at Rochelle. If it is Wednesday at Rochelle when he returns, it will be Thursday with him. The next day is Thursday at Rochelle; thus there are two Thursdays in a week. To find a third in this same week, we must despatch another navigator to sail from East to West. When he has reached 180 degrees of longitude he will find himself opposite to that of Rochelle, and it will be Tuesday midnight, when they will have noon of Wednesday at Rochelle. And, as the thing is very possible, if those who sailed East and those who sailed West should meet at Rochelle, they would find a difference of twenty-four hours between their reckoning. The Wednesday at Rochelle is Thursday for those who went to the East, because they gained a day. Secondly, the Friday at Rochelle is Thursday to those who sailed West, because they have lost a day. The Thursday at Rochelle is the third. Thus, according to time, there are three Thursdays in one week.

Two other articles on this subject printed by the *Ledger* may also have had some influence on Poe's story. On November 10, 1841, a writer who signs himself "X" asks if there is any particular place in the Pacific Ocean at which vessels adjust their dates, and in reply to this question an article signed "Naval" was published in the *Ledger* of November 17, in the course of which the following paragraph appears:

The United States Frigate Potomac, in her voyage round the world, when under the command of Commander Downes crossed the antipode meridian of Greenwich, on Sunday, the 4th of July, and upon that day she changed her dates; as her route was east, she had two 4ths of July in the same year. . . . This gave the Potomac two 4ths of July in one year; three Sundays within nine days, and one month of thirty-two days.

At the time of the publication of the articles, Poe was living in Philadelphia, where he was serving as editor of *Graham's Magazine*; and there is every likelihood that he saw the *Ledger* daily.

BURLESQUES IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN HUMOR¹

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I

DURING recent years, several writers on American humor have pointed out the important fact that America's boisterous nineteenth-century literary comedians, writing honestly of the life about them, were significant pioneers in the development of realism in American fiction.² It has not, however, been made sufficiently clear that these humorists attacked the ruling romanticism in still another fashion—by magnifying its absurdities in a flood of burlesques and parodies which swept into print during the latter part of the century. The number and the methods of the attacks deserve consideration, for a study of the work of the parodists not only indicates the methods of the humorists but also adds a significant detail to the story of the beginnings of American realism.

Most of the major humorists employed burlesques frequently. The first book, for example, of George Horatio Derby, *Phoenixiana* (1855), had as its sub-title, *or Sketches and Burlesques*, and twelve of the thirty-three sections of the book were burlesques.³ The proportion of burlesques in Derby's *Squibb Papers* was only slightly smaller. Artemus Ward wrote a series of burlesque novels, some published in *Vanity Fair*, nine of which are included in his complete works,⁴ and two of which have been salvaged by Mr. Seitz;⁵ and his

¹ Since no distinction was made between the burlesque and the parody by the humorists, it has seemed wise to follow the authors in using the terms synonymously.

² Professor Pattee hinted at the fact in *A History of American Literature since 1870* (New York: Century, 1915), p. 43. The point has been made more definitely in J. L. King's *Doctor George William Bagby* (New York: Columbia, 1927), p. 62, Napier Wilt's *Some American Humorists* (New York: Nelson, 1929), p. xi, and Franklin J. Meine's *Tall Tales of the Southwest* (New York: Knopf, 1930), pp. xxix-xxx.

³ "Official Report of Professor John Phoenix, A.M.," "A New System of English Grammar," "Musical Review Extraordinary," "Lectures on Astronomy," "Illustrated Newspapers," "Sandyago—a Soliloquy," "Fourth of July Celebration in San Diego," "Melancholy Accident," "A Full Account of the San Francisco Antiquarian Society," "Review of New Books," "Lectures on Astronomy Continued," and "A Legend of the Tehama House."

⁴ *The Complete Works of Artemus Ward* (New York: Carleton, 1883), pp. 157-189.

⁵ Don C. Seitz, *Artemus Ward* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1919), pp. 239-292.

works are studded with briefer bits of burlesque writing.⁶ Mark Twain, beginning his career as a humorist for *The Californian*, wrote seven burlesques for that paper, taking off orations, historical writings, answers to correspondents, and the Sunday School story.⁷ And burlesques are to be found in Clemens's later works. He parodied the playbill and dramatic criticism, for example, in *Innocents Abroad*, the Sunday School speech in *The Gilded Age* and *Tom Sawyer*; and the obituary poem furnished a target for his shafts on at least three occasions. And when Bill Nye, the last important funny man of the old school, published his first book in 1881, he parodied the ode, the fictional romance, the campaign song, the oration, the political speech, the biblical parable, the lyric, and the newspaper "answers to correspondents" department;⁸ and most of his later books were also sprinkled with burlesques.

Most of the comic papers printed burlesques by leading humorists and by minor figures as well. The first volume of *Vanity Fair*, to cite one of many publications which might serve equally as well, contained no less than eighteen burlesques, some of them continued through several issues.⁹ Somewhat later, a writer in *Vanity Fair* hardly exaggerated when he said:

To burlesque is now deemed sublime; to be serious is to be ridiculous. . . . We are engaged in a noble work. We are doing for literature what the actors are doing for the stage—we are simplifying matters—stripping them of their excrescences, and proving that everything is susceptible of being burlesqued.¹⁰

⁶ Note, for example, *op. cit.*, pp. 52-54 (burlesque oration), pp. 64-67 (burlesque dramatic criticism), pp. 78-79 (burlesque resolutions), and pp. 316-320 (burlesque autobiography).

⁷ The writings of Mark Twain for the paper are listed in Bret Harte and Mark Twain, *Sketches of the Sixties* (San Francisco: John Howell, 1926), pp. 219-221.

⁸ *Bill Nye and Boomerang* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co., 1881).

⁹ *Vanity Fair*, Vol. I, Dec. 31, 1859-June 16, 1860, included "Reynard the Fox" (burlesque fable), p. 5; "Song of the Locomotive" (Hood's "Song of the Shirt"), 20; "The Message Made Easy" (political speech), 24; "New Guide to Central Park" (guide book), 87; "Song of the Shirtless" (Hood's poem), 91; "Il Politico" (grand opera), 132-133; "Scene from the Political Drama of Romeo and Juliet," 157; "Conservative's Lament" (Tennyson), 181; "Counter Jumps" (Walt Whitman), 183; "The Gentle Shepherd" (Bible), 196-7; "The Doom of the Iron Law" (novel), 212; "Habits of Good Society" (etiquette book), 231, and continued in several issues; "The Counter Jumper Swell" (Aldrich's "Babie Bell"), 263; "Don't Give Up the Belt" (poem), 308; "Our Agricultural Column" (hints to farmers); "Punning Made Easy" (textbook on rhetoric), 356, and continued through several issues; "Life of Lincoln (Abraham)" (biography), 389.

¹⁰ "The Burlesque Business," *Vanity Fair*, IV, 245 (Nov. 20, 1861). The reference to the stage no doubt had to do with the burlesques of Brougham and others, which, as Mr. Walter

These facts indicate, in a general way, the eminence of the parody as a humorous form. A more complete understanding of the extensive use of the form, and of its chief devices, may be arrived at by tracing three important and prevalent types of burlesque through the period during which the native school of humorists was most active (c.1830-c.1896). A study of the burlesques of oratory, of history, and of fiction shows how the comic writers tilted at fine writing and pseudo-romanticism.

II

The oratorical style of the period was thus criticized by a hostile critic in 1889:

To beautify "elegant" sentiment with "elegant" if elephantine rhetorical frilligigs, is the highest delight of the "elegant" orator, who despises "plain" English. His interest in simple words becomes compound when he can use three syllables instead of one. . . . He thinks it more blessed to "donate" than to give, and more refreshing to bathe in a "natatorium" than in a bath.¹¹

Naturally such a style was a red flag to men blessed with humor, and the artificialities which the critic denounced were frequently sprinkled over pages intended not to inspire but to amuse.

Whole books by minor humorists were filled with hilarious apings of the popular orator. Even sermons were parodied extensively. Joseph F. Paige, writing under the pseudonym of "Dow, Jr.," published one volume of "short patent sermons" in 1841, and reissued them, with many additions, sixteen years later.¹² Two unidentified humorists put the high-flown words of ministers into Dutch and negro dialect.¹³ One of William Penn Brannen's parody sermons, frequently reprinted, gave a title to a famous collection of humor in 1858.¹⁴ Works other than sermons furnished inspirations

Prichard Eaton has remarked in *The Drama in English* (New York: Scribner's, 1930), pp. 230-231, "punctured the pontifical solemnity of the romantic tradition and constantly introduced a contemporary note."

¹¹ "Newpaper Americanisms," *The Critic*, XIV, 236 (May 11, 1889).

¹² *Short Patent Sermons* (New York: Lawrence Labree, 1841). The second edition was published by Peterson of Philadelphia in four volumes. Several of the sermons first appeared in *The New York Mercury*.

¹³ *Comic Lectures on Everything in General and Nothing in Particular*. By Deacon Snowball and Diedrich Lager-Blatter (New York: Frederick A. Brady, [n.d.]).

¹⁴ *The Harp of a Thousand Strings* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1858); reissued in 1865.

for other parodists. The popular publishers of dime novels, Beadle & Co., issued, in 1863, a *Comic Speaker* which contains nothing but burlesque oratory—"A Texan Eulogium," supposedly delivered by a pompous orator in the state legislature, and testifying to the greatness of the late "Solomon Dill"; "The United States," in which it is remarked, with flourishes, that ours is a fine country; the spiel of "The Mountebank" with testimonials; "Sermon on the Feet"; "Political Stump Speech"; and others. So popular was the oratorical burlesque that two examples crept into *Beadle's Exhibition Speaker* (New York, 1881), where they rubbed shoulders with specimens of the style they parodied.¹⁵ Dr. W. Valentine issued two volumes largely made up of burlesque speeches.¹⁶

Echoes of the oratorical style found their way into writings of authors who were not primarily interested in parody. Colonel Crockett's speeches, intentionally or unintentionally, resort to grandiloquence. Major Jack Downing recorded some of the flights of political spellbinders with whom he had contacts. *The Biglow Papers*, in the "Debate in the Sennit," which caricatures the bombastic oratory of the Southern Calhoun, and elsewhere, offers amusing parodies. Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* (1835), Hooper's *Simon Suggs* (1845), Baldwin's *Flush Times* (1853), the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* (1861-2), and Harris's *Sut Lovingood* (1867) contain brief passages in the conventional style. Artemus Ward's "The Crisis" and "A War Meeting" quote typically ornate speeches, and one is hardly surprised to hear the illiterate Petroleum V. Nasby roar: "Fellow whites, arowz! The inemy is onto us! Our harths is in danger! . . . Rally agin Conway! Rally agin Higler! Rally agin the porter at the Reed House!"¹⁷ Later Max Adeler, Robert Burdette, and Bill Nye frequently used the oration as humorous material.

One particular variety of the oration was more prevalent and more pretentious, perhaps, than any other during the period—the Fourth of July Address of the type commented on in Cooper's *Home as Found* in 1838. The Independence Day orator, a necessary part

¹⁵ "The Orator of the Day" and "The Disconcerted Candidate" show an elegant orator being interrupted by a vulgar audience whose remarks are painfully uncouth.

¹⁶ *A Budget of Wit and Humor* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald [c. 1857?]) and *Comic Lectures and Comic Metamorphoses* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald [n.d.]).

¹⁷ *Struggles* (1871), p. 42.

of every celebration of the Fourth, felt, as James Bryce said, "bound to talk his very tallest" in order that the eagle might scream while the perspiring audience applauded. Famous orators such as Webster, Everett, and Sumner, and orators famed only in their own villages summoned all their artistry to praise their country. And after the speaker's thunder had died, the committee, with his permission, embalmed his words in little pamphlets destined to grow dusty on library shelves.

As early as 1856, George H. Derby ("Phoenix") parodied all the elements of the printed pamphlet of this type in his "Fourth of July Oration in Oregon," which contains the request by the local committee that John Phoenix appear and orate, John's condescending compliance, and, finally, the highly embroidered speech.¹⁸ The same day, according to Artemus Ward, the genial showman spoke in Weathersfield, Connecticut, famous "for her onyins and patritism the world over."¹⁹ In 1875, *Mose Skinner's Centennial* preserved an oration which began, auspiciously, "One hundred years ago the spot where we now stand was located elsewhere" and in 1881, *Beadle's Exhibition Speaker* recorded the remarks of "The Orator of the Day."

Typical as an example of these parodies was the address included in Bill Nye's "How the Fourth Was Celebrated at Whalen's Grove Last Year," delivered by "a self-made man from Hickory township" and embodied in a burlesque country newspaper account.²⁰ The opening words remind one of the beginning of an actual address given July 4, 1824, in New York, in which Dr. Hooper Cumming, the orator, said:

Auspicious Morn! which witnesses the noblest declaration that ever issued from the lips of patriotism. Auspicious morn! which gilded the manly brows, and dilated the benevolent bosoms . . . of . . . Jefferson, and Adams, and Franklin . . . which heard three millions of freemen exclaim, "The sword of the Lord and of Washington."²¹

¹⁸ *The Squibb Papers* (New York: Carleton, 1865), pp. 13-42. The address was published in newspaper form nine years earlier.

¹⁹ "Fourth of July Address," *op. cit.*, pp. 116-119. The article was first printed in *The Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, July 16, 1859, and later in *Vanity Fair*, in 1861.

²⁰ *Bill Nye's Chestnuts* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co., 1887), pp. 21-29.

²¹ Quoted by Mr. Edmund Pearson in *Queer Books* (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1928), pp. 27-28. Mr. Pearson's amusing essay, "Making the Eagle Scream," in which the quotation appears, gives a brief history of the Independence Day oration and some satires on it.

Said Nye's Hickory township orator:

Fellow Citizens: This is the anniversary of the day when freedom towards all and malice towards none first got a foothold in this country. And we are now to celebrate that day. I say that on that day Tirenny and usurpation got a set-back they will never recover from. We then paved the way for the poor, oppressed foreigner, so that he could come to our shores and take liberties with our form of government. . . .

A moment later, Nye's orator asked why the country had been blessed as it was:

Why are we today a free people, with a surplus in the treasury that nobody can get at? . . . Why are our resources so great that they almost equal our liabilities? Why is everything done to make it pleasant for the rich man and every inducement held out for the poor man to accumulate more and more poverty? Why is it that so much is said about the tariff by men who do not support their own families?

Years before, on July 4, 1814, similarly puzzled, Robert Y. Hayne had asked a Charleston audience:

In what then, my countrymen, does your superior lot consist? Does the verdure of your field delight the eye? The vineyards of France . . . display equal beauty. Are your mountains the objects of your admiration? . . . in the glaciers of Switzerland you will behold nature in her grandeur and simplicity. . . .

He answered his perplexing question as follows: "The United States . . . is the only free country on earth."²² Nye's orator was less considerate; he did not get around to a reply to his question, being, perhaps, too eager to conclude on the note that "whatever may be said about our refinement and our pork, our style of freedom is sought for everywhere. It is a freedom that will stand any climate. . . ."

Nye's system of parody is similar to that employed by others who burlesqued oratory. With the grand style he mingled homely words and phrases, and for the picture book version of contemporary conditions he substituted the realist's knowledge of facts. Then he ended the speech, not with a hair-raising peroration, but with an absurd anti-climax.

²² Quoted by Pearson, *op. cit.*, pp. 25-26.

III

The treatment of history by the humorists presented as much of a contrast to the ornate romantic historical works of the period. Comic treatments were numerous after "A Comic History of the United States" ran through several issues of Volume II of *Yankee Doodle* (1847-48). At least six books published between 1861 and 1894 were occupied with a recounting of the nation's story by burlesque historians.²³ Furthermore, many humorists made briefer excursions into historical writing—Mark Twain, Orpheus C. Kerr, Artemus Ward, George H. Derby, and Max Adeler among them.

The humorous historians were consistently irreverent; they made historical events comical by stressing foibles of honored leaders; they constantly mingled the realistic with the romantic, the colloquial with the elegant. Washington's appearance, asserted Derby, might be discovered by looking at "a portrait by Gilbert Stuart, of this great soldier and statesman . . . taken when the general was in the act of chewing tobacco, the left cheek distended. . . ."²⁴ Hopkins noted that "Washington crossing the Delaware furnished a very good subject for a very bad painting, which may be seen among other bad paintings in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington . . . at first sight . . . mistaken for an advertising dodge of some ice company. . . ."²⁵ Artemus Ward, his "bossum" heaving "with sollum emotions" as he views the spot "where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blut," is reminded that the sacred ground is "good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, 't'aint worth a dam."²⁶ Mark Twain, writing in about 1870, of "The Late Benjamin Franklin," remembers with rancor Franklin's industry, his maxims which "were full of animosity toward boys," his stove "that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock."²⁷ The parodists were

²³ [Willis Hazard], *Herod Otis . . . Pictorial History of the United States . . .* (New York: Leavitt & Allen, 1861); [John L. Newell], *Orpheus C. Kerr's Smoked Glass* (New York: G. W. Carleton, 1868), which treated the Reconstruction period; John D. Sherwood, *The Comic History of the United States* (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1870); Livingstone Hopkins, *A Comic History of the United States* (New York: American Book Exchange, 1880); *Bricktop's Comic History of America* (New York: M. J. Ivens & Co., 1893), and *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1894). Internal evidence seems to indicate that *Bricktop's History* first appeared in 1876.

²⁴ *Squibob Papers* (New York, 1865), p. 32. ²⁵ *Op. cit.*, p. 111. ²⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 80.

²⁷ *Sketches New and Old* (Author's National Edition), (New York: Harper, 1903), XIX, 211-215.

most joyous when they found a chance to tie up homely material with glamorous figures or romantic moments of history.

Often the grandiloquent style affected by popular historians was travestied in anticlimaxes. Gazing upon the figure of Garibaldi, Orpheus C. Kerr passionately told his reader: "Behold him, then, at his tasks"—and then he added a few details—"in a red shirt amputated at the neck, and two yellow patches . . . flaming from the background of his seat of learning."²⁸ Bricktop painted a beautiful picture of Washington at Valley Forge, "his army reduced by sickness and desertion. . . . Add to this the terrors of one of the severest winters ever known, and understand that his army was half naked and had hardly any shelter from the winter, and you have only a portion of the picture, for starvation threatened them" Then the tone changes as the writer adds: "Strip a man's back and pinch his belly, and you have a very good test of his patriotism if he stands without kicking. The men at Valley Forge didn't kick—they lacked the strength to."²⁹ And Nye found a part of a Fourth of July address fitted quite nicely into a history:

All over that little republic, so begun in sorrow and travail, there came in after-years the dimples and the smiles of the prosperous child who would one day rise in the lap of the mother-country, and, asserting its rights . . . place a large and disagreeable fire-cracker under the nose of royalty, that, busting the awful stillness, should jar the empires of the earth, and blow the unblown noses of future kings and princes. (This is taken bodily from a speech made by me July 4, 1777, when I was young.—THE AUTHOR.)

Certainly, if attitude and manner are considered, these playful chroniclers were, in their way, predecessors of modern realistic writers on history. In a period when most American histories were written in the romantic tradition and the grandiloquent style, the humorists worked for realism by looking at the past through worldly eyes and by poking fun at the gilded mannerisms and heightened materials of serious historians.

²⁸ "Life of General Garibaldi," *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* (New York, 1862), pp. 297-304.

²⁹ *Op. cit.*, p. 45.

³⁰ *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (Philadelphia, 1894), p. 41.

IV

But if the humorists found affectations and impossible romanticism in the orations and the histories of the century, they found even more absurdities in the popular novels of the time. Many an impassioned writer of romance in the period, after a few moralizing paragraphs, began his story in something like the following fashion:

. . . Surrounded as he (the hero) was by hills on every side, naked rocks dared the efforts of his energies. Soon the sky became overcast, the sun buried itself in the clouds, and the fair day gave place to gloomy twilight, which lay heavily on the Indian Plains. . . . The mountain air breathed fragrance—a rosy tinge rested on the glassy waters that murmured. . . . Beside the shore of the brook sat a young man about eighteen or twenty, who seemed to be reading some favorite book, and who had a remarkably noble countenance—eyes which betrayed more than a common mind.³¹

Nye, perceiving the excellence of such an opening, thus started his burlesque novel, "Pumpkin Jim; or the Tale of a Busted Jackass Rabbit:"

It was evening in the mountains. The golden god of day was gliding slowly adown the crimson west. Here and there the cerulean dome was flecked with snowy clouds.

The flecks were visible to the naked eye.

Meanwhile the golden god of day, hereinbefore referred to, continued to glide adown the crimson west, with about the same symmetrical glide. It had done so on several occasions previous to the opening of this story.³²

Nye, too, showed a partiality for heroes with noble countenances: a little later,

All at once, like a flash of dazzling light, a noble youth came slowly down the mountain side, riding an ambling palfrey of the narrow gauge variety.³³

The palfrey unfortunately stumbled and sat down upon the young man.

³¹ The passage is quoted from a novel which pleased Mark Twain so much with its unconscious humor that he reprinted the whole in *The American Claimant and Other Stories and Sketches—The Enemy Conquered; or, Love Triumphant* (New Haven, 1845), pp. 7-8. Clemens thought it an unusual book, but it is not difficult to find many which are as amazingly bad.

³² *Bill Nye and Boomerang*, p. 90.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 105.

"Curses upon thee, thou base and treacherous mule!" he muttered, brokenly. "By my beard, thou hast poorly repaid me for my unremitting kindness to thee. Ah, alack, alack, alack—" ³⁴

This was the proper sort of language for a hero to use. The hero here had another idiosyncrasy: he was Jesse James in disguise. He was therefore good heroic material. In 1861, Orpheus C. Kerr had pointed out that writers of popular fiction had a genius—

. . . a power of creating an unnatural and unmitigated ruffian for a hero, my boy, at whose shrine all created crinoline and immense delegations of inferior broadcloth are impelled to bow. Such a one was that old humbug, Rochester, the beloved of "Jane Eyre." The character has been done over scores of times since poor Charlotte Bronte gave her novel to the world, and is still "much used in respectable families." ³⁵

And Kerr had indicated the justice of his criticism in a burlesque, "Higgins. An Autobiography. By Gushalina Crushit," in which a very innocent woman adores a perfect monster. ³⁶ Artemus Ward had discovered the tendency, and had complimented *The Atlantic Monthly* because: "It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots. . . ." ³⁷ Ward parodied the despised type of story in "The Fair Inez," ³⁸ the hero of which is a picturesque corsair; in "Moses the Sassy," ³⁹ "Roberto the Rover"; ⁴⁰ and "Red Hand," ⁴¹ wherein elegant desperadoes and "piruts" play important parts.

Another type of hero, the lover who "isn't handsome, but . . . very good," is the hero of Nye's "The Lop-Eared Lovers of the Little Laramie." ⁴² His remarks still "sound so much like reading from a manuscript, that the reader can't help pitying him," ⁴³ but his

³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 106.

³⁵ *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*, p. 64.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 66-73.

³⁷ Browne, *The Complete Works of Artemus Ward* (New York, 1883), pp. 81-82.

³⁸ First published in *Vanity Fair*, Vol. IV (July 27, 1861-August 24, 1861), and reprinted in Seitz, *op. cit.*, 239-276.

³⁹ *Vanity Fair*, III, 273 (June 15, 1861), and Browne, *op. cit.*, pp. 157-161.

⁴⁰ Browne, *op. cit.*, pp. 169-173.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 173-177.

⁴² *Bill Nye and Boomerang*, pp. 118-126.

⁴³ Quoted from Bill Nye's essay, "Fiction," in *Forty Liars and Other Lies* (Chicago, 1893), p. 228, first published in 1882. The article shows that Nye had definite critical ideas concerning the current fiction which he parodied.

eloquent elegance makes him no less red-blooded or brave. In "The True Tale of William Tell,"⁴⁴ another type of hero and another type of story—the historical romance—are parodied. And "Patrick Oleson" makes light of the deserving and persevering young man who works his way up to great success.⁴⁵ Thus Nye burlesqued a fairly wide range of fictional types.

In thus making light of the romantic nineteenth-century fiction, Nye was in line with other humorists of the American school. As early as 1858, a collection of humorous skits, *The Harp of a Thousand Strings*, had included three examples of parodied popular fiction.⁴⁶ *Vanity Fair*, during its entire career, had published a steady stream of burlesque tales.⁴⁷ Artemus Ward had created not only the parodies treating rascally heroes cited above but also six other burlesques, two of which held up to ridicule the popular French novels and the choppy style later to furnish capital for Bret Harte. In the three series of *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*, Newell had included ten burlesque novels of various types, including two parodies of Dickens, and in 1870, he had devoted an entire volume to a parody of Dickens's last work.⁴⁸ C. H. Webb had issued, in two separate volumes, parodies of very popular novels,⁴⁹ and had later reprinted the two with another burlesque novel and some poetic parodies in one volume.⁵⁰ In 1867, Bret Harte, as much in the tradition as Nye was to be, had published his *Condensed Novels*. Mark Twain, using some of the tricks which were to be useful in *A Connecticut Yankee*,

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 158-160.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 75-80. Of course, according to the realistic Nye, Patrick's perseverance, much to the hero's surprise, brought him nothing.

⁴⁶ "The Skeleton in the Cupboard, a Tale of Crinoline" (152-155), "Nautical Novel" (227), and "My Elopement" (349-363).

⁴⁷ Every volume of the magazine between Dec. 31, 1859 and June 2, 1862, excepting Vol. II, contained burlesque fiction. Seven parodies in all were published, four of them continued through several issues. Notable works were two by Artemus Ward, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow's "The Pimpenny Family" (14 installments), McArone's "Rantanquero de Boom-Jing-Jing; or the Wrath of the Rebel Rival," and "A Quarter of Twelve" by Orpheus C. Kerr.

⁴⁸ Orpheus C. Kerr, *The Cloven Hoof: Being an Adaptation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"* (New York: Carleton, 1870).

⁴⁹ *Liffith Lank; or, Lunacy* (New York: Carleton, 1866), a parody of *Griffith Gaunt*, and *St. Twel'mo; or, the Cuneiform Cyclopedist of Chattanooga* (New York: C. H. Webb, 1867), a parody of *St. Elmo*.

⁵⁰ John Paul [C. H. Webb], *Parodies, Prose and Verse* (New York: Carleton, 1876). The other parody in the volume was "A Wicked Woman."

in a burlesque novel had poked fun at the medieval romance.⁵¹ The humorous periodicals had continued the attack.⁵² And Robert Burdette, in 1877, had mocked the ghost story and the romantic novel.⁵³ The list of burlesque tales might be continued almost indefinitely.

The passages quoted from Nye's mock fiction indicate the method of attack used by all of the parodists of the novel. Like Nye, they exaggerated the unlikeliest characterizations, the absurd plots, and the water-color backgrounds which were fashionable, until their absurdity, thus magnified, became quite evident. They treated the lacy style of novelists as they had treated the unnatural styles of orators and historians, demonstrating its artificiality by mingling with it the natural everyday speech of human beings. An extended consideration would indicate that other romantic expressions were just as consistently attacked by the rough-and-tumble humorists—the "pious editorial," the moral tale, the obituary poem which was an off-spring of the graveyard school of poetry,⁵⁴ and others.

It is evident that the burlesque was an important form in the work of humorists in America in the nineteenth century. It is evident, too, that in an age when recognized critics felt that almost every review of fiction must be laudatory, these unlettered comic men were the most important adverse critics of popular fiction. And their attacks, in the form of burlesques, hit squarely at the worst features of contemporary romantic writing, in behalf of the realism which they practiced and encouraged.

⁵¹ "Awful, Terrible Medieval Romance" first published in *Mark Twain's Burlesque Autobiography and First Romance* (New York: Sheldon & Co. [1871]), pp. 24-46. Clemens here took off the grandiloquent style and the complicated plot, getting his heroine into such a mess that he could not finish.

⁵² *The Boneville Trumpet* (1868-9) was full of burlesques. *Puck* was a valiant parodist throughout its career; a volume picked at random—Vol. VIII (1880-1881)—contained eight burlesque novels, three of them serialized, "Fresh as the Dew, by Arthur W. Zola Black Lot," "N. Dymion, by Penchamin Tisraeli," and "A 19th Century Boom."

⁵³ *The Rise and Fall of the Moustache* (Burlington: Burlington Publishing Company, 1877), pp. 210-249, 173-176.

⁵⁴ The burlesque obituary has been traced in a sketchy fashion in *The Sweet Singer of Michigan*, ed. and with an introduction by Walter Blair, (Chicago: Pascal Covici, 1928), pp. xvii-xxiv, where mock obituaries by Clemens (1870, 1883, 1896), Max Adeler (1874), Eugene Field (1880), Knox and Sweet (1882) and Bill Nye (1884) are treated. To the list of parodists mentioned may be added Phoenix, Nasby, Eli Perkins, and Burdette.

BEFORE GODEY'S

BERTHA-MONICA STEARNS

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WHAT THE rank and file of early American women read may seem, at first thought, a matter of small concern to anyone. But when that reading is closely connected with the development of American fiction and with the growth of a reading public, it assumes a certain significance. From the moment that periodicals appeared, enterprising publishers began to look about for possibilities of extending their circulation, and they were not slow to recognize the opportunity offered them by a group ready and willing to take the culture of the country under its protection. Most of the early magazines catered in some way to the lady-reader, but it was not until after the Revolution that they addressed her courageously in their titles. Once begun, however, such periodicals grew apace. From 1784, when *The Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country Magazine* begged the Fair Sex to lend "the elegant polish of the female pencil"¹ to its aspiring columns, few years passed without some special offering to this increasing body of readers. Between that date and 1860 at least one hundred periodicals designed for women appeared in America.

Some of these one hundred are well known. Everyone has heard of *Godey's Lady's Book*, of *Graham's*, of *Leslie's*, perhaps even of *The Ladies' Repository*, but few people know that the success of these well-known publications was prepared for by a constant succession of short-lived offerings designed to "amuse and instruct" the ladies of America. With the exuberant output of the 1830's and the 1840's the present paper is not concerned. Its purpose is merely to point out the ancestors of these better known magazines, to suggest what they were like, and to call attention to the influence they may have had in providing later writers with an audience.

Perhaps the number of these early offerings is, after all, the most significant thing about them. Every center of publication made its contribution, and many smaller towns reproduced on local printing presses the experiments of the larger cities. Boston led off with *The*

¹ *The Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country Magazine*, May, 1784.

Gentleman and Lady's Town and Country, in 1784, as soon as business picked up after the Revolution. This monthly enterprise was an obvious imitation of the English magazines for women—for such publications had been frequent in London ever since John Dunton supplied weekly answers to "the ladies' questions on love and courtship" in *The Athenian Mercury* at the end of the seventeenth century. Like *The London Lady's Magazine and Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex*, which had begun its long career in 1770, this Boston periodical had its sentimental tale, its travel article, its column of advice, its "Poetical Essay," enigmas, riddles, rebuses, and its page of domestic and foreign news. Like its predecessor, too, it assumed the responsibility of warning gentle ladies against the perfidious male and of helping them to guard against "the furious menace of the seducer."

A second *Gentlemen and Ladies' Town and Country*—plural this time, instead of singular—was launched in Boston in February, 1789. This magazine was much like the earlier one in make-up, having the usual features of "selected material," little essays of about a column in length, and a plenteous supply of fiction; but the short tales that formed a substantial part of this offering took a decidedly new tone. Seduction, insanity, murder, and sudden death recurred with insistent emphasis, supplying the ladies who read these effusions with vicarious excitement and sensational delights. Such titles as "Conjugal Infidelity Detected," "The Fatal Effects of Seduction," "The Successful Female Angler," and many similar ones show that Boston readers were well prepared for the early American novels which appeared during the closing years of the eighteenth century. Poetry and precept abounded, interspersed with anecdotes and enlivened by a special department in which "The Matron" (borrowed without acknowledgment from the London *Lady's Magazine*) replied with identical answers to the identical questions printed some months before in the English periodical.

These two Boston magazines of the eighteenth century were followed by one from Philadelphia in 1792—*The Ladies' Magazine and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge*, recommended to boarding schools as "containing everything requisite to the dissemination of knowledge of real life, everything that tends to form accomplished woman, the complete economist, and that greatest of treasures, a

good wife."² By borrowing from English periodicals—again without acknowledgment—such helpful material as a series of Letters from a Brother to his Sister at Boarding-School,³ and by reprinting some of the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu under the heading "Specimens of Female Literature,"⁴ the paper lent a certain dignity to its trivial essays and silly tales.

In 1796 New York offered its ladies a share in a monthly magazine called *The Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Magazine of Literature and Polite Amusement*, since, the editor declared, "Persons of discernment perceive nothing of higher importance to a nation than the education, the habits, the amusements of the Fair Sex."⁵ In addition to tales, poems, and a serial that promptly began its course, the paper offered sober articles, urging particularly to take thought for the education of young women, to erect academies and universities for them "under the sole direction and instruction of their own sex," since, in the opinion of the editor, "One month with a well bred and amiable lady is of more use to an untutored girl than a year with some of the best male preceptors."⁶ Productions of female correspondents found hospitable welcome in this little *Pocket Magazine*, although advice continued to be offered freely and warnings generously distributed to novel readers.

The first decade of the nineteenth century followed up these attempts valiantly. *Repositories*, *Visitors*, and *Miscellanies* sprang up to bear testimony to the interests that were supposed to engage the women of the time. A *Ladies' Museum* made five numbers in Philadelphia in 1800, but in general, New York and New England were more energetic than Pennsylvania during the first years of the century. New York led off with a *Ladies' Magazine and Musical Repository* in January, 1801. It displayed particular interest in the kinds of literature that American ladies selected, deplored the over-indulgence in novel reading, and advocated history as "particularly suited to those who are debarred from sterner studies by the tenderness of their complexions and the weakness of their education."⁷ *The*

² *The Ladies' Magazine and Repository of Entertaining Knowledge*, May, 1792.

³ *Ibid.*, June-November, 1792.

⁴ *Ibid.*, June, 1792.

⁵ *The Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Magazine*, August, 1796.

⁶ *Ibid.*, September, 1796.

⁷ *The Ladies' Magazine and Musical Repository*, February, 1801.

Ladies' Monitor of New York ran a weekly course from August, 1801, to May, 1802, designed to be, its patrons were informed, "an agreeable companion to fair readers and a vehicle for the communications of such lucubrations as opportunity may enable them to bestow."⁸ No advertisements were to sully its pages, but fiction, memoirs, theatrical news, literary intelligence, and "Parnassian Garlands of Original Poetry" were to appear regularly, "with whatever else was calculated to form the mind to virtue, expand the heart, or correct the taste."⁹ Lists of books "adapted to the use of ladies" were regularly inserted, made up largely of fiction "which should give no offense" and the outstanding poetry of the time, although travel and biography also found a place.

The same year saw *The Connecticut Magazine, or Gentleman's and Lady's Monthly Museum of Knowledge and Rational Entertainment*¹⁰ somewhat hesitatingly offering its devotion to lady readers, and *The Toilet, A Weekly Collection of Literary Pieces Principally Designed for the Amusement of the Ladies* asserting loudly from Charlestown, Massachusetts, that it was determined to assist Female Delicacy to assume its proper influence among the fairest ornaments of society. With the help of this periodical it was hoped that Boston ladies might free themselves from a too constant attention to novels and turn to such reading as would supply them with "a useful and elegant amusement."¹¹

The life of these earliest publications was short, seldom more than a year, but longer-lived ones soon followed. *The Boston Weekly Magazine*, designed to be "peculiarly grateful to fair Patronesses," flourished, under the guiding hand of Mrs. Susannah Rowson, author of *Charlotte Temple*, the best-seller of its day, from 1802 until 1805, when its proprietors relinquished their fourteen hundred subscribers to other owners. *The Weekly Visitor or Ladies' Miscellany* of New York "instructed the understanding, refined the taste, and embellished the minds of Fair Readers" from 1804 till 1811 by drawing largely, its editors declared, "from Fiction's Fount, paying its devoirs at the shrine of Apollo, and not neglecting the theatres, fash-

⁸ *The Ladies' Monitor*, October 10, 1801.

⁹ *Ibid.*, November 7, 1801.

¹⁰ Published in Bridgeport, Conn., January, 1801. It ran one year.

¹¹ *The Toilet*, January 24, 1801.

ion, and enlivening anecdotes."¹² In every way, it may be truly said, this paper attempted to live up to its motto:

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart.

While this little miscellany was succeeding in New York, *The Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet* of Newburyport (1805-1806), and *The Ladies' Visitor* of Boston (1806-1807) did what they could for New England ladies. The former offered its patrons a share in "the elegant trifles of literature and the pleasing amusements of harmless wit," counseling the young ladies in particular to beware "of abstract learning or thorny researches" that tended to change "female delicacy into pedantic coarseness," and recommending "poetry, history, and natural philosophy" as furnishing "an agreeable kind of study, particularly suitable to the female mind."¹³ The latter gave itself up largely to theatrical news and "original poetry," with the solemn promise to "the female part of creation" that they should always find the pages of the *Visitor* rigorously closed against "everything which might cause the crimson fluid to stain the cheek of unaffected modesty."¹⁴

During the second decade of the century the War of 1812 interrupted these efforts to build up a new clientele for periodicals, but by 1814 Philadelphia was again in the field with *The Intellectual Regale or Ladies' Tea-Tray*, edited by a Mrs. Carr. This doughty lady assured her readers that although some ill-disposed persons predicted a brief life for the *Tea-Tray*, she had on hand "a stock of solid matter sufficient to fill it for five years," all the production of her own pen, and this happy state enabled her to smile derision to malevolence and to pursue her avowed aim of giving encouragement to native genius.¹⁵ A *Ladies' Literary Museum, or Weekly Repository* in 1817, and a *Ladies' and Gentlemen's Weekly Literary Museum and Musical Magazine* in 1819 carried on the instruction and amusement of Philadelphia ladies so valiantly begun by Mrs. Carr. In 1816 Boston announced a *Ladies' Miscellany*, designed to afford the Fair an amusing guide to innocent pleasures and useful knowledge. New

¹² *The Weekly Visitor, or Ladies' Miscellany*, October 22, 1808.

¹³ *The Merrimack Magazine*, December 21, 1805.

¹⁴ *The Ladies' Visitor*, December 4, 1806.

¹⁵ *The Intellectual Regale or Ladies' Tea-Tray*, December 3, 1814.

York continued its campaign by means of a *Weekly Visitor and Ladies Museum*, in 1817, and with a *Ladies' Literary Cabinet* that ran a vigorous course under the direction of Samuel Woodworth from 1819 till 1822. Savannah, Georgia, inspired apparently by these efforts, also put forth a *Ladies' Magazine* in 1819, determined that the "honorable, intelligent, and patriotic matrons" of the South should be led from the reading of idle tales to more improving literature.¹⁶

Periodicals for ladies multiplied with great rapidity during the 1820's. Most of these ventures were slight and ephemeral; many have disappeared completely leaving as clues to their existence only some chance references to their titles in other magazines. A sufficient number remain, however, scattered about in various dusty corners, to show that the growing body of women readers had attained considerable importance. In 1820 *The Ladies' Portfolio*, a Boston weekly, offered itself as a literary influence in the lives of the Fair Sex. It gave conspicuous place to announcements of new books, especially those of American authorship, and seemed tactfully to imply that the growing culture of the country could be safely entrusted to female judgments. In 1821 a *Masonic Miscellany and Ladies Literary Magazine* of Lexington, Kentucky, acknowledged its willingness to defer to feminine influence, offering to women little stories, essays, and much advice. In 1822 *The Minerviad* saluted Boston ladies every fortnight and urged them to a serious consideration of literature even while it offered them in its own columns stories of "deluded innocence" and "infamous seduction" as entertainment. *The Ladies Magazine* of Providence struggled during 1823 and 1824 to aid the cause of piety, religion, and morality, under the direction of a "Lady of Providence," who repeatedly assured her readers that in their hands rested the future of the nation. *The Ladies' Museum* of 1825, likewise of Providence, urged its subscribers to consider the incalculable influence of the female character upon society, and offered them purposeful poems and stories, designed to "prepare the Female Character to wield its powerful influence." *The Boston Spectator and Ladies' Album* offered itself in 1826 as a work intended "to entertain the hours of leisure with original essays on life, manners, religion, and morals." It gave much

¹⁶ *The Ladies' Magazine*, February 13, 1819.

consideration to the subject of "Female Education," called attention through its literary notices to a wide variety of publications, and welcomed aspiring female writers to its pages. By 1828 this paper had become so entirely devoted to feminine culture that a new name seemed proper. Accordingly, it was known thereafter as *The Bower of Taste*.

During the year 1828, as though some force that had been quietly simmering had suddenly become ebullient, magazines for women seemed to spring up in every direction, many of them under the guidance of impeccable ladies. Mrs. Katherine Ware presided over the chaste pages of *The Bower of Taste*, in which correct stories, character sketches, book-notices, conservative comments on fashion, and the usual pages of verse furnished the literary fare.¹⁷ *The Toilet, or Ladies' Cabinet of Literature* (1828-1829) with a "Lady of Providence" as joint editor supplied genteel entertainment to the ladies of Rhode Island and called upon them "to rise in their native purity and discountenance everything having a tendency to vitiate the mind of virtuous woman."¹⁸ A *Ladies' Miscellany* professed itself ready to furnish "amusement and instruction and unexceptionable reading to the ladies of Salem and vicinity."¹⁹ An Albany *Minerva* (1828), a Philadelphia *Ladies' Literary Portfolio* (1828), and an *Album and Ladies' Literary Gazette* (1828-1829), also of Philadelphia, attempted to capture their share of the growing audiences. Most important of all the periodicals for women that had yet appeared, *The Ladies' Magazine*²⁰ of Boston, under the direction of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, later to become editor of *Godey's*, began in 1828 its nine-year career. This paper with its sensible stories and its campaign for the better education of women is still worth reading. Its literary notices were thoughtful and well considered, for Mrs. Hale was an intelligent, although very proper, guide to whatever was being written during her time, and her prompt recognition of the promise revealed in the earliest work of Hawthorne and Poe shows that her judgments were not to be disregarded.

¹⁷ *The Bower of Taste*, 1828-1830. The proprietorship was transferred to *The Amateur* in 1830.

¹⁸ *The Toilet, or Ladies' Cabinet of Literature*, January 3, 1829.

¹⁹ *The Ladies' Miscellany*, November 7, 1828.

²⁰ *The Ladies' Magazine* was begun January, 1828, and continued until January, 1837.

Small wonder, with the ladies taking possession in so many directions that the satirical John Neal cried out in 1829: "Verily, verily, if our sister-editors get along so merrily, merrily, they will soon be obliged to kill their own mutton. What need have they of our guardianship, the guardianship of he-editors, now they are able not only to mend their own pens, but to mend our manners along with them? Would that we had fifty more of these female magazines, all at work together, all charged with brilliant fire works and ready to be let off, one after another, till our whole northern sky were in a blaze."²¹

Louis Antoine Godey, astute young business man that he was, must have felt opportunity in the air, when, in 1830, he began the publication of *The Lady's Book*. A reading public was ready and waiting for him. What Hawthorne later called "the damned mob of scribbling women" were eager to burst into print whenever occasion offered. Godey provided the medium for bringing that public and those writers together. If *The Lady's Book* became, as its owner boasted, "the Book of the nation," it seems clear after a glance at the first thirty years of the century that its success was prepared for by a long line of humble ancestors.

²¹ *The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette*, October, 1829.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS LITERARY RIVALS IN THE OLD SOUTH

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I

OFFENDED by the grandiloquence of a newspaper reporter in New Orleans, Mark Twain, believing him an apprentice of Scott, gave vent to a remarkable antipathy. According to the exasperated humorist, Scott "set the world in love with dreams and phantoms," with "decayed and swinish systems of government"; with "silliness and emptiness, sham grandeurs, sham gauds, sham chivalries of brainless and worthless society long vanished."¹ In a word, Scott was probably the most harmful of writers, for in a preceding passage we read this:

Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character as it existed before the war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war. It seems a little harsh toward a dead man to say that we never should have had any war but for Sir Walter; and yet something of a plausible argument might, perhaps, be made in support of that wild proposition. The Southerner of the American revolution owned slaves; so did the Southerner of the Civil War; but the former resembles the latter as an Englishman resembles a Frenchman. The change of character can be traced rather more easily to Sir Walter's influence than to that of any other thing or person.

The splenetic outburst might be forgotten if the animus had been momentary, but that it persisted we may infer from a comment of William Dean Howells after Clemens's death.² Oddly enough the accusation has been reëchoed, even very recently,³ but never challenged, so far as I have been able to learn. Perhaps this initial study will provoke further investigation by enquiries into both the social and the literary history of the South, a field by no means completely harvested.

¹ *Life on the Mississippi*, Harper's Edition, 1917, p. 369 ff.

² William Dean Howells, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, p. 339.

³ John Trotwood Moore, *The Saturday Evening Post*, March 30, 1929, in an article on Andrew Jackson.

In a recent study of the Confederacy, H. J. Eckenrode calls Scott the "anti-Rousseau, answering the *Social Contract* with *Ivanhoe*." But for him "the American nation would be farther on the road to the solution of great problems of human life"; that is, the Southern planter would have kept "faith in democracy."⁴

A few years later Eckenrode (again without references) expands and emphasizes this view. "The planters," he says, "who were democratic in the nineties were hunting up their coats of arms fifteen years later. . . . Without Scott there would have been slaves and slaveholders and broad, snowy cotton fields," (a surprising admission!) "but," he continues, "without Scott the South would have continued to be prosaic and commonplace as it had been in the eighteenth century."⁵

The lack of dates in this interesting article somewhat discredits Eckenrode's actual knowledge of Scott, since he envisages the revival of coats of arms before Scott's novels had appeared and would thus ascribe enormous influence to his poetry alone. Similarly Dodd lacks chronology in generalizing about Scott as an influence in the mid-century:

The Lay of the Last Minstrel and *The Lady of the Lake* stirred the Southern men to think of themselves as proud knights ready to do or die for some romantic ideal; and the long list of novels from *Waverley* to *The Fair Maid of Perth* seemed to reflect anew the old ideals of fine lords and ladies whom Southerners now set themselves to imitate. . . . Few men ever had greater influence over the cotton planters than the beloved Scottish bard and novelist.

Dodd gives only "before 1850" as the time of wide-spread reading of Scott and appends no reference even of a general sort.⁶

No other poet or novelist has been accredited with such tremendous influence on an important phase of nineteenth-century civilization. To present the truth in the case, as I see it, I shall touch upon sales of Scott in the South; criticisms copied into Southern papers; poems and fragments of his reprinted there; opinions concerning him expressed by littérateurs and by Southerners of exceptional im-

⁴ Hamilton James Eckenrode, "Sir Walter Scott and the South," *The North American Review*, October 1917, p. 599 ff.

⁵ Jefferson Davis, *President of the South*, p. 10 ff.

⁶ William Edward Dodd, *The Cotton Kingdom*, p. 62 ff.

portance. I shall attempt to ascertain, at least in part, what the South knew and thought of him and of his rivals, Byron and Bulwer, and whether his influence was for good or ill.

II

A study of newspaper advertisements of Scott's work leads to definite conclusions. Sales of his poetry began early and flourished well. J. B. Hubbell has said that the novels were most influential in the thirties, at least as far as certain literary influences are concerned.⁷ I incline to think that Southerners in general bought him more eagerly at a later date, though the influential class may have purchased him earlier, at a higher cost. The novels were obtainable in 1828 at seventy-five cents a volume, but by May 3, 1845, one could secure the whole number for two dollars and a half! By 1859, surely, people of very small means could purchase on such terms as a weekly volume at twenty-five cents. Again, a complete set would be forwarded "*free of postage, by mail* to any part of the United States, to any one by the publishers, on receiving a remittance of five dollars for the twenty-six volumes. . . . We commend the determination of this Philadelphia firm," so runs the advertisement, "to furnish the works of an author like Walter Scott at a price so reasonable that all persons whatever may possess a full set."

Dickens's works also were offered on a weekly twenty-five cent plan,⁸ but advertised less urgently.⁹

Any one familiar with old libraries in Southern country and city homes remembers the inevitable rows of the Waverley novels. In the drawing room and "the chamber," as the mistress's room was often called, families read Scott around the fire of lightwood knots, by lamplight and candlelight. How much of the material, devoured so eagerly, influenced thought and feeling?

To ascertain this (if possible), it seemed to me advisable to see what assimilated knowledge of Scott might be revealed by an examination of one of the most influential of all Southern newspapers, *The Richmond Enquirer*, whose issues for half a century I have examined with some care. Early criticisms of Scott were copied here

⁷ *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, January 1927, p. 25.

⁸ *The Richmond Enquirer*, September 16, 1859.

⁹ Dodd, *op. cit.*, p. 62, says one publisher claims to have sent Scott's works South in car-load lots. He gives no reference.

from British periodicals, in the timidly imitative spirit of an early American paper.¹⁰ Spontaneous choice of poetry for reprinting is more illuminating. The editor chose independently "The Way was Long" (in July 26, 1805, the year of its publication); "The Cypress Wreath"; "O Woman in Our Hours of Ease"; "Woe to the Youth" (from *Rokeby*); the Christmas passage from *Marmion* (December 27, 1815); Stanza XX of "The Field of Waterloo"; lines from "The Dance of Death"; "The Barefooted Friar"; "Merrily Swim We"; "Maid of Isla"; "The Troubadour"; "The Foray"; "Song of Harold Harfager"; "Love Wakes and Weeps"; "Ah, Poor Louise"; "The Death of Keeldar"; "Vision of the Coronation"; "Breathes There the Man with Soul so Dead."¹¹

Research among ante-bellum biographies and autobiographies affords testimony to Scott's wide vogue. A distinguished Presbyterian clergyman wrote enthusiastically of *The Fair Maid of Perth* and later of his intense interest in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, though he lamented that "so much drinking and cursing are henceforth to be associated in the minds of the young with such a genius and such a gentleman, and that amid all his sorrows he seems not to have received one ray of divine light."¹²

A cultured Virginia woman told of an aunt who had beguiled her into reading history by offering Scott as a reward, though (she confessed) the remarks of Captain Clutterback and Dryasdust "barred the door to the enchanted palace," especially since she really preferred Dickens.¹³ (That certain young South Carolinians knew him early in school life we learn from a Charleston juvenile magazine).¹⁴

An influential woman educator in Kentucky testified that Scott had purified her "taste in fiction."¹⁵ On the other hand, a contemporary Kentuckian of high distinction preferred Cervantes, Fielding, and Goldsmith to Scott, "with his immense spectacular

¹⁰ See, for example, the issues for October 29, November 1, 1805; several in 1831 and 1832, at the time of Scott's illness and death.

¹¹ This passage naturally made an indelible impression. It was quoted at a Jamestown Jubilee (see *The Richmond Enquirer*, May 27, 1834), at a banquet in Williamsburg in 1838. Its continued use in toasts may be readily inferred.

¹² James W. Alexander, *Forty Years of Familiar Letters*, I, 111.

¹³ Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, *Reminiscences of a Long Life*, p. 47.

¹⁴ *The Rosebud, or Youth's Gazette*, Vol. 12, 1832.

¹⁵ Mrs. Julia A. Tevis, *An Autobiography*, p. 140.

displays and impossible chivalry."¹⁶ Other persons of more or less influence in their time who revealed in some way their reading of Scott are John P. Kennedy,¹⁷ the Maryland author, Mrs. Burton Harrison,¹⁸ and her fellow Virginians, Robert Lewis Dabney,¹⁹ and M. R. H. Garnett.²⁰

Some personalities, far better known generally, testified to Scott's spell. A story survives that Henry Clay, pleading in the Virginia legislature for justice to his adopted state, Kentucky, repeated "Breathes there the man" with passion and magical effect.²¹ Audubon, a Southerner at least by courtesy, wrote ecstatically of his desire to see Scott, and of his yearning for description by the poet of the natural beauties of America "for the sake of future ages."²² Commodore Maury, though chary of fiction, read Scott's novels and poems to his daughters (along with the poetry of Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans).²³ Raphael Semmes, Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States, dramatically described himself as influenced by "Breathes there the man" in the great moment of his decision to resign from the United States Navy to support the South.²⁴ Jefferson Davis's keen delight in Scott has been recorded in some detail by his widow. Favorite passages were the fight at Coilantogle Ford, the interview of James Fitz-James with Blanche of Devan, and "Douglas's contempt for the fickle crowd who deserted him."²⁵

An intimate picture of the home life of General Lee depicts charmingly a knowledge of Scott: "When we were a little older," so his son writes, "Sister told us one winter the ever delightful 'Lady of the Lake'; our father . . . would come in at different points of her tale and repeat line after line of the poem, much to our disapproval, but to his great enjoyment."²⁶

As the beloved author suffered financial rebuffs, lost his health, and sought restoration (fruitlessly) in a foreign voyage, the public

¹⁶ *Life of Cassius Marcellus Clay* (compiled by himself), I, 553.

¹⁷ *Life of William Wirt*, II, 216 (edition of 1850).

¹⁸ *Recollections Grave and Gay*, I, 11.

¹⁹ Thomas Cary Johnson, *Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney*, p. 22.

²⁰ See J. M. Garnett's *Life of M. R. H. Garnett*, p. 7.

²¹ George D. Prentice, *Biography of Henry Clay*, pp. 217-218.

²² *Audubon and his Journals*, I, 182.

²³ Diana Fontaine Maury, *Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury*, p. 153.

²⁴ Colyer Meriwether, *Raphael Semmes*, pp. 106-107.

²⁵ *Jefferson Davis, A Memoir by His Wife*, II, 302 ff.

²⁶ Captain Robert E. Lee, *Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee*, p. 10.

of the South followed him with unflagging interest.²⁷ Sorrow at his death was inevitable. *The Richmond Enquirer* for November 20, 1832, edged its columns heavily with black as in honor of a departed figure of national importance. A British poem, "Dryburgh Abbey," which depicted Scott's characters as gathered at his bier, was reprinted many times. That he was known and loved beyond any other contemporary author, I do not doubt. That love of him led to "sham grandeurs, sham gauds, sham chivalries of brainless and worthless society long vanished," I hope to disprove conclusively.

III

Love begets imitation. To trace Scott's literary influence upon the major authors of the South is beyond the scope of this article, though it would have been valuable to follow this, especially in the case of Simms. (Incidentally, I believe the matter has been neglected.) To pursue it through a mass of extremely inferior publications would be as unprofitable as tedious. However, a few imitations have so thrust themselves upon my notice that I have listed them briefly.²⁸

The Civil War lyrics naturally challenged some attention. Yet of some fourteen or fifteen hundred conveniently offered for study, fewer than forty seem to me to have been directly inspired by Scott.²⁹

²⁷ For notices and comments at the time of his death, see also *The Richmond Enquirer*, Nov. 13, 1832; Dec. 4, 1832; *The Macon Telegraph*, November 21, 1832; *The Baltimore American and Daily Advertiser*, Nov. 26 and 27, 1832; a poem in *The Charleston Courier*, quoted in *The Richmond Enquirer*, December 8, 1832. Later references occur in this paper for June 9, 1835; Aug. 23, 1836; March 28, 1837. See *The American and Commercial Advertiser* of Baltimore, Nov. 1832, for a contrast between Ferdinand VII of Spain (who died Sept. 19, 1832) and Scott, whose seat is "among the highest of the gifted in intellect, as well as the pride of the human race."

²⁸ Armistead C. Gordon, Jr., "Imitation of Helvellyn," *Virginia Writers of Fugitive Verse*, p. 78. See a poem inspired by *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *The Richmond Enquirer*, Oct. 1, 1811; see also the issues of Oct. 22, 1813; Feb. 25, 1815; April 10, 1816; April 27, 1816; Jan. 21, 1817; "On the Grave of Di Vernon," copied from *The Charleston Courier* in *The Richmond Enquirer*, May 14, 1824; *The Georgia Messenger*, Oct. 6, 1823.

For parodies, see *The Southern Literary Messenger*, I, 612 (1835); *ibid.*, XXV, New Series IV, p. 474.

See also as showing possible influence, verses in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, IX, 252 (1843); *The Daily Constitutionalist*, Augusta, Ga., April 5, 1864; May 8, 1864; and *The Georgia Telegraph*, May 11, 1858, in prose, *Tale of Tillietudlem*.

²⁹ Esther Parker Ellinger, *Southern War Poetry of the Civil War*, University of Pennsylvania dissertation, 1918. The author gives the title and the first two lines of each poem. I have not gone beyond her tabulation. For the influence of Scott on military ideas of the South, see an editorial of John M. Daniel, in *The Richmond Examiner*, May 12, 1863:

One at times detects easily the guiding spirit of Byron, Burns, Moore, Campbell, as well as that of Bayard Taylor and Fitz-Greene Halleck. Clearly the influence of Scott upon small versifiers was not marked at the time the great conflict raged. But the imitation of Scott not in lyric, romance, or drama but in real life was my starting-point, and to this I must return.³⁰

IV

Dr. Frank Pendleton Gaines, in a recent study of Southern plantation life, restates the view that the great landowners believed their society resembled that of the days of chivalry and exemplified Carlyle's ideal.³¹ Dodd also mentions the Carlylism of the period.³² J. B. Hubbell dates the Southerner's increasing belief in the descent from his Cavalier progenitors from the period of Scott's greatest popularity (the thirties, he thinks) and from the advent of the Virginia romancer, Caruthers, "who introduced the Virginia cavalier into fiction."³³ Whatever be the cause, or causes, literary or economic, Jeffersonian simplicity in the South clearly evolved into aristocratic predilections.³⁴ Superficially, Scott may be held accountable, since he was the innocent godfather of some Virginia estates, Deloraine and Waverley, for instance.³⁵ Walter Scotts, Rowenas, Ellen Douglasses, Flora MacIvors sprouted on family trees—a Richard Ivanhoe Cocke was commencement orator at William and Mary in 1831—and have propagated themselves vigorously in Virginia to this day.

"While it is not for the South to fight with any mean advantage, it is time for her to abandon those polite notions of war which she has got from the Waverley novels, and to fight with fire and sword. If any retaliation is to be made for the recent Yankee raids (and present opportunities invite it), its history should be written in broad tracks of blood and destruction."

³⁰ I have found only one comment on Scott's dramas and dramatic sketches. See *Russell's Magazine*, II, 479 (1858). His dramas as published in the South are scarcely mentioned in Henry Adelbert White's recent study, *Walter Scott's Novels on the Stage* (Yale University Press, 1927). *The Lady of the Lake* was played in Macon on Nov. 16, 1863; *The Heart of Midlothian* in Richmond, May 27, Sept. 15, 1864. Charleston papers would no doubt yield valuable data.

³¹ Frank Pendleton Gaines, *The Southern Plantation. A Tradition*. Columbia University dissertation, 1924.

³² *Op. cit.*, p. 63.

³³ *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, January 1927, p. 25.

³⁴ Phillip Alexander Bruce, "Social Life in Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," *William and Mary Quarterly*, XVI, 146-147.

³⁵ See a letter from Sally S. Kennon to Ellen Mordecai, March 17, 1809, *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, XXI, 300 (Dec. 3, 1922).

But the spectacular manifestation of the power of *Ivanhoe* was the tournament. This is still popularly attributed to seventeenth-century origin; but I am inclined to believe, awaiting further proof, that Eckenrode is right in deriving this from the immortal combat at Ashby de la Zouche,³⁶ and not from English survivals.³⁷ The earliest record of a tournament I have found appeared in *The Richmond Examiner*, August 30, 1845, but described a well established, not an embryonic pastime. Mark Twain would have been driven to scorn by the description of heralds, steeds of noble blood, bright falchions, lances at rest, and by mention of "tourneys that Ivanhoe witnessed and Sir Walter Scott celebrated." The phraseology in general smacks rather of Byron and Moore than of Scott. (Incidentally, the knights were rather inharmoniously matched: a Chipewewa, beside a Lone Heart, a Knight of the Everglades, and one of Rappahannock. Elsewhere, too, there is evidence that an American Indian battled with a crusader.)

This gallant and brilliant affair, at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, could no doubt be paralleled by many another at Virginia summer resorts; whether or not promoted by hotel keepers for mercenary reasons, I dare not say, but unquestionably charming. That Scott was clearly remembered in such a celebration is proved by several points in a "Charge to the Knights in the Late Tournament at Hampton," printed in *The Richmond Enquirer*, January 14, 1859:

Some dreamy admirer of the past, some fond enquirer among the ruins of a by-gone age, would fain tell us that the days of chivalry are gone; some "Old Mortality" dwelling among deserted hall and tenantless castle will lament in mournful numbers the degeneracy of the present. . . . And yet methinks even now there are gallant hearts and as manly forms, surely

³⁶ *The North American Review*, October 1917, p. 602.

³⁷ Thomas A. Ashby, *Life of Turner Ashby*, pp. 34-35:

"The spirit of chivalry was kept alive by the outdoor life and by the practices of the tournament—a sport that had come down to these Virginians from their forefathers in England. It is probable that no social custom had more to do with the purity and manliness of the Southern boy and with the grace and loveliness of the Southern girl than the old-time tournaments in Virginia. It developed the grace, the skill, and the daring spirit of the rider, as well as the heroic nature of the man."

The gallant young Confederate, whose death in action early in the War was widely lamented, often participated in tournaments: "In these contests he usually took as a title the name of the Knight of the Black Prince, or Knight of Hiawatha; and in his costume and make-up he assumed the appearance of an Indian warrior."

as fair faces as in the days of yore. Modern manners and modern politeness have their origin in the heroic past of which I speak. Thus, in the elegant language of Sir Walter Scott, the institution may be looked upon as "a beautiful and fantastic piece of frost work."³⁸

This delightful mimicry of an age long past could not have influenced thought and feeling to an important degree. It was but the flowering of the imagination out of a soil already enriched by a belief that an aristocratic society should exist, but which perhaps needed a justification for its own existence. There is a parallel in a kindred mimesis of our own time, the wide-spread celebration of May Day by college, school, or community group. This pleasant resurgence cannot in any way be regarded as the cause of the genuine revival of pageantry in the last twenty years, but only a manifestation of it. Not all the study of costumes, folk-music, morris dances, has had an appreciable effect on anything so vital, for instance, as a craving for more sympathetic Anglo-American relations. Nor did the participation in tournaments provoke aristocratic yearnings. It was only a charming expression of sentiments already established.³⁹

V

If the South became "Walter Scotland," to quote Eckenrode's phrase, her own ante-bellum critics and reviewers were never aware of transformation. By way of proof, let us turn to their evaluations of Scott as poet, novelist, thinker. Since all the important literary magazines, (except *The Southern Review*) arose after his death, ripened judgment awaits our investigation.

Praise for his general excellence is ample indeed. The rapid multiplications of editions of Scott were welcomed, though many outcries arose against dissemination of inferior material.⁴⁰ Even the

³⁸ Tournaments before the War occurred certainly at Capon Springs (now in West Virginia), and at Warrenton, as well as Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. Today they exist, in greatly modified form, in the counties of Accomac, Northampton, Nansemond, Warwick, Gloucester, Isle of Wight, Dinwiddie, and doubtless in other sections of Virginia.

An eye-witness has described to me a tournament held in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1854; another eye-witness, one at Macon, Georgia, July 4, 1881.

For an amusing account of the degeneracy of the tournament in Virginia in the seventies, see Beverly D. Munford, *Random Recollections*, p. 138 ff.

³⁹ May Day celebrations in Georgia occurred at least in the thirties. Did the popularity of Tennyson's "The May Queen" have an effect?

⁴⁰ See *The Southern Quarterly Review*, XX, 270 (1852).

fear as to a possible exhaustion of his powers a critic rejected at length after a reading of *Anne of Geierstein*.⁴¹ Scott's general acceptability, his purity, his magic gift of interesting readers elicited praise from the religious press.⁴² Special merits provoked admiration, such, for instance, as his restraint in the use of supernatural claptraps.⁴³ To his power of characterization many critics paid tribute. One admired his poetry not only "for the interest exerted by . . . battles," but for the delineation of James Fitz-James, Marmion, Roderick Dhu.⁴⁴ Again we read that character, not incident was his aim; that his creations equaled Shakespeare's in individual consistency, if not in truth to nature, and might be compared favorably in this respect with those of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett.⁴⁵ A spirited defender combatting George W. Curtis's views in his *Portrait of Sir Walter Scott* admitted the novelist's general failure in delineation of women characters, but argued for success in the handling of Jeanie Deans, Di Vernon, Edith Bellenden, Lady Peveril, Rebecca, Green Mantle, Margaret Ramsay, Jenny Dennison, Mrs. Saddletree and "Mr. Meg Dods."⁴⁶ One discerns indeed a faint jealousy of other novelists as they successively claimed public attention: of Manzoni, called the Sir Walter Scott of Italy;⁴⁷ of Cooper;⁴⁸ of Bulwer;⁴⁹ of G. P. R. James;⁵⁰ and of Simms.⁵¹

Additional proof of sincere admiration of Scott could be presented.⁵² Yet, though reviewers praised him with unction, agreed always that his great excellences overbalanced his faults, they were not blind to the latter in either his poetry or prose, in his general literary methods, or in his attitude as a political thinker. One critic

⁴¹ *The Southern Review*, IV, 512 (1824).

⁴² *The Christian Repository*, Louisville, Kentucky, I, 39 (1852).

⁴³ *The Southern Literary Journal and Monthly Magazine*, II, 237 (May 1836).

⁴⁴ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XII, 715 (1846).

⁴⁵ *The Southern Review*, IV (1829); XII, 520.

⁴⁶ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XXII, 293 (1856). For special praise of Effie Deans, see *ibid.*, I, 511 (1835); of the Black Dwarf, *The Southern Review*, II, 24 (1828).

⁴⁷ *The Southern Quarterly Review*, IX, 281 (1846).

⁴⁸ *The Southern Review*, IV, 520 (1829).

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*

⁵⁰ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, VIII, 344 (1842).

⁵¹ *The Southern Literary Journal and Monthly Magazine*, I, 44 (1835); *The Southern and Western Monthly Magazine and Review*, I, 375 ff. (1845).

⁵² *The Southern Review*, I, 160 (1828); VIII, 1846 (1831); *The Southern Quarterly Review*, IV, 217 (1843); VII, 341; XX, 252 (1852); *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XV, 587 (1849); *The Religious Herald* of Richmond, Va., July 11, 1828.

dared call his later poetry decidedly inferior, even "insufferable doggerel."⁵³ A Charleston writer, apologizing, as usual, for adverse criticism of Scott, judged him inferior to Richardson and Fielding in depicting softer lights of the female character.⁵⁴ He is charged also with lack of "insight" into his characters, which though not at all harming him as a narrator, debarred him from a "spiritual world," except in the moments of action.⁵⁵ His plot devices and *dénouements* did not escape criticism, for we read that he had never been pardoned for introducing into *The Monastery* the "machinery of the old romances," out of date in modern fiction.⁵⁶ In an especially lengthy but interesting review of *Anne of Geierstein* he was condemned for having devised as clumsy *dei ex machina* "busy-bodies" whose presence he sometimes forgot to explain.⁵⁷ Another reviewer compared him unfavorably with G. P. R. James in point of historical accuracy.⁵⁸ So early as 1835 a harsher note had been sounded to the effect that after the Radcliffe "dynasty" had come the Edgeworth, then the Scott, "each like the family of Caesars passing from good to bad; and from bad to worse until each has run out."⁵⁹

Napoleon, like all Scott's other works, had eager readers. They praised generously the handling of Bonaparte's military genius, but found in the general workmanship precisely the faults later critics enumerated. They discerned further limitations. Though at least one admirer (not a professed literary figure) judged him fair to Napoleon,⁶⁰ a reviewer, apropos of the great emperor's code, noted that Scott had shown a "humble prostration of the intellect" so well becoming "a courtly writer, with that convenient time-serving deference to the superior wisdom of men in high stations."⁶¹ A dozen years later some one denouncing the servility imposed upon writers by "the literary powers" of the day mentioned Scott as "bowing before Tory influence to introduce himself among the tinsel ornaments

⁵³ *The Southern Review*, II, 216 ff. (1828).

⁵⁴ From an article copied into *The Richmond Enquirer*, Nov. 1, 1829.

⁵⁵ *The Southern Quarterly Review*, XV, 1849, p. 82.

⁵⁶ *The Southern Literary Journal and Monthly Magazine*, I, 39 (1838).

⁵⁷ *The Southern Review*, IV, 515 (1829).

⁵⁸ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XIII, 535 (1847).

⁵⁹ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, I, 520 (1835).

⁶⁰ *Op. cit.*, p. 105.

⁶¹ *The Southern Review*, V, 414 (1830).

that hang around a court, and following close on the heels of the exquisite author of *Pelham*."⁶²

The story of a trivial act of Scott in the presence of royalty found its way into *The Richmond Enquirer*, from which, as often happened, it floated to a Georgia paper. Scott on one occasion requested George IV for the gift of a glass out of which His Majesty had just drunk a pledge—Scott, "the first man in the British Empire, and as far superior to the King as the King is to a clown!"⁶³ Doubtless, the story did Scott harm. An outspoken critic of what he judged kindred subserviency in Scott was young Linton Stephens of Georgia, beloved half-brother and ward of the vice-president of the Confederacy. In a letter from Linton to Alexander Hamilton Stephens we find:

I have just read St. Ronan's Well. . . . The hero, Francis Tyrrel, is portrayed as a gentleman, and a man of *sense*, and yet he is made to play the fool on a point of sentiment. He made himself wretched and brought the woman who loved him to the most tragical end by refusing to marry her because she, by mistake of the man, had passed through a marriage ceremony with his treacherous brother. . . . The truth is that Sir Walter Scott was not a gentleman, and he didn't know how to paint the character.⁶⁴

Linton Stephens was, however, sufficiently interested in Scott to be reading his biography by Lockhart, and continued in another letter:

I think he [Scott] was a *canny Scotchman* with keen observation, a teeming memory, a fertile fancy, a stock of good healthy common sense, and had an easy flow of words—possessions which, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, made him a most entertaining companion.

More illuminating, because more dispassionate, is his insistent objection that Scott makes Tyrrel ruin himself and his beloved "by a foolish, fastidious *punctilio*." We cannot blink the fact that Stephens called Scott "a sycophant." (Shades of Mark Twain!) Whether young Stephens's great brother shared his view I have not determined, but he once observed in a letter to Linton that Bulwer's mind

⁶² *The Southern Quarterly Review*, III, 433 (1843).

⁶³ *The Messenger*, Macon, May 12, 1823.

⁶⁴ *Biographical sketch of Linton Stephens*, by James D. Waddell, p. 25 ff.

was "of a higher order . . . more profound, more metaphysical, in a word more Platonic—while Scott is easier, more descriptive and can deal successfully in a much greater variety of character. Scott's best characters—that is, the best drawn—are his *lowest*. Bulwer's best are his highest."

VI

Critics who have easily assumed that Scott, though most beloved of contemporary British writers, had no rivals, have failed to take into account two formidable ones—Bulwer and Byron.

To track the popularity of Byron⁶⁵—and I have only begun this investigation—I turned again to the files of *The Richmond Enquirer*. Its remarkable editor for forty years, "Father Ritchie," praised by Jefferson for his taste and discrimination in selecting quotable material, served his public well by offering them in practically every issue verses from both British and American contemporary poets (as well as original effusions from subscribers of many degrees of talent and mediocrity). Frequent poems from Byron indicate not only Ritchie's taste but public interest in the poet. The last of the sixty or more poems or excerpts appeared in 1844. There is other evidence of his popularity. Imitations appeared in the newspapers; original poems were evoked by his death. During the Civil War Southern patriots loved to quote "Freedom's battle once begun"; to describe cavalry raids in Byronic terms; to fashion battle songs by his patterns. He was clearly a potent influence on the martial spirit. But he had won critical attention in Virginia long before the war, at least by 1815, for we read:

Lord Byron is one of the first poets of the age, less circumstantial and striking than Scott, his lyre not struck to such greater measures as Southey's, he surpasses them all in gloomy grandeur and mysterious wildness of his conceptions. . . . Like other poets of the day, Campbell excepted, he is too fond of coming before the public.

Don Juan might have repelled conservative readers, but Ritchie offered parts of it in installments, though he found some passages "utterly reprehensible."⁶⁶ Oddly enough Byron, "the libertine and sceptic," and Mrs. Hemans are mentioned together as most popular

⁶⁵ William Ellery Leonard's *Byron and Byronism in America* takes but slight account of Southern critical opinion of the poet.

⁶⁶ Issue for Nov. 16, 1819.

with godly Presbyterians in a Virginia piedmontese county.⁶⁷ Before Byron's death Scott "in all his place of pride with the ever-blooming wreath of Waverly [*sic*] must shrink into secondary station before the burning spells of the magician of the passion," we read in an issue of *The Enquirer* in 1823.

The most brilliant of all Southern⁶⁸ letter writers, John Randolph of Roanoke, discussed animatedly with Francis Scott Key the comparative merits of Byron and Scott. An earlier reference to Scott, however, occurs in Randolph's letter to a "young relative," dated October 20, 1811: "My friend Keddar has sent me 'Don Roderick,' *proximo longo intervallo* to the *Lady of the Lake*, herself as far removed from *Marmion* as *The Lay*."⁶⁹ In December, 1813, Randolph commended to Key *The Giaour*, whose author he deemed a poet as emphatically as Patrick Henry was an orator.⁷⁰ Key replied, without having read *The Giaour*, that he admitted fine passages in *The Bride of Abydos*, but objected to the abundance of "crooked-named, out-of-the-way, East Indian things," and maintained stoutly a preference for Scott against any rival.⁷¹ Randolph rejoined vigorously:

I cannot yield the precedence of Lord Byron to Walter Scott. . . . No poet in our language, (the exception is unnecessary) Shakespeare and Milton apart, has the same power over my feelings as Byron. He is like Scott *careless*, and indulges himself in great license, but he does not, like your favorite, write by the piece. I am persuaded that his fragments are thrown out by the true spirit of inspiration, and that he never goads his pen to work.⁷²

Later he praised *Childe Harold* "for every variety of interest, well expressed."⁷³ He was less favorable to *The Corsair*, which revealed "errors ascribed to him [Byron] by Walter Scott."⁷⁴ *Manfred*, on the other hand, stirred Randolph to such "interest in the unhappy author" that he "actually projected writing him a letter, such a one as could perhaps have displeased no man, and might perhaps have

⁶⁷ E. S. Nadal, *A Virginian Village and Other Papers*, p. 70.

⁶⁸ William Cabell Bruce, *John Randolph of Roanoke*, I, 61-69, II, 435; Hugh A. Garland, *Life of Randolph*, I, 15 and *passim*.

⁶⁹ See *Letters of John Randolph to a Young Relative*, p. 113.

⁷⁰ Hugh A. Garland, *op. cit.*, II, 24.

⁷¹ *Ibid.*, p. 29.

⁷² *Ibid.*, p. 35.

⁷³ *Ibid.*, p. 173.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 40.

done good."⁷⁵ Finally in a letter to another correspondent, dated March 4, 1848, he wrote ardently: "I am a passionate admirer of both [Byron and Burns]."

Difficult as it might be to conjecture the influence of Randolph's literary opinions—for this great reader, thinker, recluse, and would-be dictator was decried, feared, and admired—the rivalry between Scott and Byron in the South is none the less generally important. That the South read Byron enormously is certain. He undoubtedly captured readers of amorous yearnings. Thus Byron must have had a share in fashioning the ante-bellum concept of woman. He by no means exalted her, but he so stressed her fairness and her frailties that he may, perhaps, be charged with contributing to some of the weak sentimentality of her superficial admirers. He died too early for contemporary studies by Southern reviewers. Unquestionably, we have missed illuminating comment.

Bulwer, however, arose late enough to challenge them overwhelmingly and to lead them back to Scott (occasionally even to Maria Edgeworth⁷⁶), for detailed comparison. *Pelham* took the South by storm in less than a year. Bulwer, we learn, saw that readers had grown "weary of gallant knights pricking over the plain to the relief of the distressed damsels, rare samples of perfection, excelling in tapestry and tears. We have no sympathy with these iron-clad knights of the olden time, with hard hands and harder hearts, but regard them as the pictures of our grandmothers, very faithful likenesses no doubt, but more apt to find their way into the garret than the parlor. Bulwer saw that chivalry had strutted off the stage and was not to be hissed off."⁷⁷

In the year of the above comment, 1842, *Zanoni*, with a circulation of forty or fifty thousand readers, had been carried "by cheap reprints into almost every cottage."⁷⁸ The author of *Alice* was likened to the "renowned 'liquor mixer' of a neighborhood, whetting the appetite of youth."⁷⁹ Apropos of *The Last of the Barons*, a re-

⁷⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

⁷⁶ For praise of her, see *The American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, Baltimore, Sept. 29, 1832; *Letters of John Randolph to a Young Relative*, p. 34; *The Southern Literary Messenger*, IV, 417 (1838), XV, 580 (1849).

⁷⁷ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, VIII, 344 (1842).

⁷⁸ *The Southern Quarterly Review*, I, 178.

⁷⁹ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, IX, 19 (1843).

viewer spoke of the universal approval of Edward Bulwer, "Scott's legitimate successor and unenvying rival."⁸⁰ A few years later a retrospective mind declared that *Pelham* had produced an extraordinary sensation:

No such flood tide of literary enthusiasm had occurred amongst young readers since the era of the ardent misanthropies of Byron. And as the old Byronic enthusiasms had put Scott's verses out of fashion, so did the new threaten to dispose of his immortal prose romances. It is somewhat humiliating to know the author of *Pelham* came very near supplanting with a large class of readers, the author of *Ivanhoe*. Time and truth, however, have adjusted positions; the divine Sir Walter holds the throne and pinnacle; Bulwer has receded and holds a position far beneath him.⁸¹

But the vogue had not ceased, for in the same year, with special emphasis on *The Last of the Barons*, a critic remarked that "these works of Bulwer are in every hole and corner of the land." Further evidence of popularity comes from a reviewer who, observing that *My Novel* had been read by the "boarding school misses and city dandies and abandoned by them for something new," reassigned it to "a rightful place on the shelf, by the side of the novels of Cervantes, Fielding and Scott."⁸² Eight years later Bulwer was termed "too brilliant and exceptional to be herded with the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease'."⁸³ That the South still craved him, in the heat of the Civil War, is clear from a notice that a publishing firm in Mobile was bringing out in serial form his *Strange Story*, late in December, 1862.⁸⁴

Omitting the interest of the South in his poetry and dramas,⁸⁵ we turn to the inevitable blending of praise and blame. Readers were bidden even not to "search microscopically for personal blemishes in an author whose work, though sometimes objectionable, inculcated meanwhile pure and lofty morality."⁸⁶ Admitting his

⁸⁰ *The Southern Quarterly Review*, IV, 219 (1843).

⁸¹ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XIII, 267 (1847).

⁸² *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XXV (1849). But see *The Southern Quarterly Review*, IX, 17 ff. (new series, 1854) for a less favorable view.

⁸³ *Russell's Magazine*, I, 276 (1857).

⁸⁴ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XXXVI, 689 (1862).

⁸⁵ See *The Richmond Enquirer*, Nov. 11, 1834; Dec. 2, 1834; Sept. 26, 1837, in which Scott's "blazing cross of Roderick Dhu" is compared unfavorably with Clytemnestra's description of beacon fires. See also *The Southern Review*, VII, 191 (1831).

⁸⁶ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, VIII, 344 (1842).

genius, scholarship, intellect, another critic condemned hasty workmanship, bad taste, artificiality in *What Will He Do With It?*—a work inferior to *The Caxtons* and *My Novel*.⁸⁷ Practically all voices agreed that Bulwer surpassed Scott in “the conceptions of female character.”⁸⁸ Scott admirably depicted “bold, stern, masculine traits of women,” but was marked by “embarrassment and failure” in the love passages of *Anne of Geierstein*, the novel under consideration.⁸⁹ “We fear that he is by nature cold—of a tenderness the reverse of erotic.”⁹⁰ Again, not only Bulwer, but Moore, surpassed Scott and “all other writers ancient or modern in profound conceptions of the master passion of love in all its multiform freaks and incidents.”⁹¹ Though Scott was praised for the greater vitality of his characters in general, and for his sincerity, he was judged inferior to Bulwer in what we today call psychological power.⁹² That Bulwer was rebuked as an agent of “demoralization and degradation,”⁹³ that he fell into a certain disfavor, I cannot deny.⁹⁴ Yet when Thackeray’s growing fame called forth many comparisons unfavorable to Bulwer, a reviewer in *Russell’s Magazine* rose to his defense.⁹⁵ The influence of this “most gifted and most remorseless, the most imaginative and seductive of novelists”⁹⁶ was far-reaching for at least thirty-five years. Why not charge Bulwer with falsetto notes in the strains of “Southern chivalry”?

VII

In conclusion, Mark Twain’s indictment of Scott has been continued by some professed students of the South who have accepted uncritically the tradition of his predominant and unfortunate influence. By chance, but not by the right of first-hand investigation,

⁸⁷ See *The Southern Literary Messenger*, VII, 154 ff. (new series, 1859) for a more favorable view.

⁸⁸ See *The Southern Review*, IV, 517 ff. (1829); p. 108, for an early judgment.

⁸⁹ Scott was aware of his deficiency, if Mark Twain was not. See *Poet Lore*, 1926, XXVI, 45-46 (1926).

⁹⁰ *The Southern Review*, IV, 517 (1829).

⁹¹ *The Southern Literary Journal and Monthly Magazine*, II, 136.

⁹² See *The Southern Quarterly Review*, I, 178 (1841); IV, 220 (1843); *The Southern Literary Messenger*, II, 197 (1835-6); XII, 367 ff. (1847).

⁹³ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, XIV, 401 (1848).

⁹⁴ *The Southern Quarterly Review*, VII, 537 (1851); XV, New Series IX, 18 ff. (1854).

⁹⁵ See *Russell’s Magazine*, I, 276 (1857), for an article of unusual interest.

⁹⁶ *The Southern Literary Messenger*, IV, 420 (1838).

they may be judged correct in their insistence on the South's devotion to him. But they have based their ideas on publishers' accounts of loads of Scott's novels sent into the South, without comparing sales there with those of other sections.⁹⁷ They have ignored testimony of ante-bellum periodicals as to the range of reading in the South, and as to the influence upon it of other literary idols, notably of Byron and of Bulwer. They have failed to see the critical temper of Southern reviewers, even when honoring Scott in fullest measure. That the latter were keen-minded, though to our taste extravagant in expression, no reader of the Southern literary journals can deny. They saw in the god of their idolatry the very faults that modern critics condemn. They emphasized excellences in his portrayal of humble characters, to whose real natures Dodd was blind when he said, "the poor and ill-placed were rough and brutal without finer feeling." The truth-telling of Jeanie Deans or the unselfish devotion of Wamba doubtless influenced the hearts of Southerners "much and lite" more than all the tournaments combined. A penetration into the value of reality led sometimes to a condemnation of the exaggerated chivalry of the Waverley novels. For this reason, when Thackeray appeared, one able reviewer, in 1851, though still warmly appreciative of the greatness of Scott, considered the new novelist "in all probability a greater benefactor to his kind than gentle Walter Scott or any other novelist of this century or the last." A decade later a gifted young essayist in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, though convinced of the popularity of Scott for all time and in far-off lands, suspected that present-day admiration of him was hereditary and dutiful.

If it be objected that these expressions came from only a small group, the writers, I reply that this number belonged naturally to the privileged classes, that the reviews drew their readers largely from their ranks. Opinions expressed in writing doubtless reflected sentiments discussed in the high-bred, leisurely fashion which distinctly marked Southern intercourse, where, to be sure, political topics, not literary, dominated. If it be argued that the critical estimates quoted earlier in this article postdated the period of Scott's dominant influence, let me say that its limits have not been conclusively set. They may be determined more definitely than "the

⁹⁷ Dodd, *op. cit.*, p. 62.

thirties" and "before 1850," by a further study of the newspapers and other contemporary material. In the meantime, the unsubstantial fabric of Mark Twain's criticism should crumble. True, indeed, all over the South Scott gave rein to the happy fancies of all sorts of readers. He deserves unbounded gratitude because of his power to stimulate, to charm, to bring the phantasmagoria of the Old World to the eager eyes of the New. He increased the stock of home-bred goodness and joy as he made the plantation fireside a veritable palace of dreams. Through his fascination, his harmless glamor, he made more beautiful the daily thought of several classes—of those who read him in the sumptuous isolation of manorial estates; of others who lived in the freer intercourse of the small farms and humble rural dwellings; of high-bred circles in the most charming days of Richmond, Savannah, Charleston, New Orleans; and of comfortable unpretentious folk in the straggling little cities of every state in "Walter Scotland."⁹⁸

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⁹⁸ The writer is, of course, aware that the Ku Klux Klan has been thought to owe its origin in part to the influence of *Anne of Geierstein*. Since the organization postdates the War, the question is not pertinent here. Incidentally I may say I have found no proof of the influence of the novel upon the Ku Klux Klan.

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I have examined Southern newspapers from 1804 practically to the close of the Civil War. I have sampled leading organs in five cities; namely, Augusta, Baltimore, Charleston, Macon, Richmond—but intensively only in the case of *The Richmond Enquirer* (1804-1848), and *The Macon* (or Georgia) *Telegraph* for a quarter of a century, 1823-1850. I do not claim unfailing thoroughness.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "AN OCCASIONAL LETTER ON THE FEMALE SEX"

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IN A PREVIOUS article I presented materials indicating the scope of Thomas Paine's authorship in America before *Common Sense*.¹ Some ascriptions were given as only tentative, since they were based on the intangible evidence of thought and style. I can now bring forward conclusive proof disposing of one important case.

"An Occasional Letter on the Female Sex" appeared anonymously in the August, 1775, issue of *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, which Paine edited. With a force and clarity transcending the ornateness of eighteenth-century verbiage, the essay presents perhaps the first plea for the emancipation of women published in America. The article reposed in the magazine without fame or father until 1892, when Moncure D. Conway attributed the authorship to Paine. Conway merely said that it is "unsigned, but certainly by Paine. His trick of introducing a supposititious address from another person, as in the following extract, appears in many examples."² All subsequent writers on Paine have unquestioningly followed in Conway's footsteps. W. M. Van der Weyde stated, "Paine undoubtedly wrote it, although it appears without signature."³ From claiming this pioneer essay for Paine, it has been a facile transition to forgetting that the authorship may even be doubted. M. A. Best flatly declared, "The first lance broken on this continent in the cause of feminism was probably his *Occasional Letter on the Female Sex*."⁴ And an elaborate thesis has been concocted that "His 'Occasional Letter on the Female Sex,' in the March [*sic*] issue, is important as the first published plea for equal suffrage in America," is "typical of

¹ "New Light on Thomas Paine's First Year in America, 1775," *American Literature*, I, 347-371 (January, 1930).

² *The Life of Thomas Paine* (New York, 1892), I, 45. Conway reprints the essay in *The Writings of Thomas Paine* (New York, 1894-96), I, 59.

³ *The Life and Works of Thomas Paine* (New Rochelle, 1925), I, 23. Van der Weyde reprints the essay in II, 85.

⁴ *Thomas Paine, Prophet and Martyr of Democracy* (New York, 1927), p. 43.

his later work," has "biting irony which anticipates the *Age of Reason*," and is "marked by autobiographic significance."⁵

Thomas Paine, however, did not write "An Occasional Letter on the Female Sex." Except as editor of the magazine, he had no hand in the matter at all. His reputation as the first champion of women's rights in America is based on a false attribution.

Robert Aitken, publisher of *The Pennsylvania Magazine*, used to advertise his other wares on its covers. In the August, 1775, issue Aitken announced that he had printed and was selling the "*Essay on the Character, Manners, and Genius of Women in Different Ages*. Enlarged from the French of Mr. Thomas, by Mr. Russell." Investigation reveals that "An Occasional Letter" in that same issue is the introduction of Thomas's book as translated by Russell. This filler is correctly to be regarded as an item of the naturalistic enlightenment in France and its influence in America.

In 1772 M. Antoine Léonard Thomas, an elegant and (except in this particular) orthodox Frenchman, published at Paris his *Essai sur le Caractère, les Mœurs, et l'Esprit des Femmes dans les Différens Siècles*.⁶ Russell's translation came out in Philadelphia in 1774. Under the pretext of adapting the French book to English readers, the translator pads out his original by inflating its already inflated style, indulging in occasional sentimentalities, and quoting copiously from "professors." But the translation is in the main a fairly close one, as will be seen from a comparison of the French and English openings.

THOMAS

Si l'on parcourt les pays & les siècles, on verra presque par-tout les femmes adorées & opprimées. L'homme qui jamais n'a manqué une occasion d'abuser de sa force, en rendant hommage à leur beauté, s'est par-tout prévalu de leur foiblesse. Il a été tout à la fois leur tyran & leur esclave. La nature elle-même en formant des êtres si sensibles & si doux, semble s'être bien plus occupée de leur charmes que de leur bonheur. Sans cesse environnées de douleurs & de craintes, les femmes partagent tous nos maux, & se voient encore assujetties à des maux qui ne sont que pour elles. Elles ne peuvent donner la vie sans s'exposer à la perdre. Chaque révolu-

⁵ A. G. Violette, *Economic Feminism in American Literature Prior to 1848* (University of Maine Studies, 2d Ser., No. 2, 1925), Chap. II, "Thomas Paine: 'Occasional Letter on the Female Sex,' 1775."

⁶ See *La Grande Encyclopédie*, XXXI, 24.

tion qu'elles éprouvent, altère leur santé & menace leurs jours. Des maladies cruelles attaquent leur beauté: & quand elles échappent à ce fléau, le tems qui la détruit, leur enlève tous les jours une partie d'elles-mêmes. Alors elles ne peuvent plus attendre de protection que des droits humilians de la pitié, ou de la voix si foible de reconnoissance.

RUSSELL

If we take a survey of ages and of countries, we will find the women—almost without exception—at all times, and in all places, adored and oppressed. Man, who has never neglected an opportunity of exerting his power, in paying homage to their beauty, has always availed himself of their weakness. He has been at once their tyrant and their slave.

Nature herself, in forming beings so susceptible and tender, appears to have been more attentive to their charms than their happiness. Continually surrounded with griefs and fears, the women more than share all our miseries, and are besides subjected to ills which are peculiarly their own. They cannot be the means of life without exposing themselves to the loss of it. Every revolution which they undergo alters their health, and threatens their existence. Cruel distempers attack their beauty—and the hour which confirms their release from those, is perhaps the most melancholy of their lives. It robs them of the most essential, and, in some respects, the most endearing characteristic of their sex. They can then only hope for protection from the humiliating claims of pity, or the feeble voice of gratitude.

These quotations form about one-eighth of the introduction in Thomas and about one-tenth in Russell. They are typical of the remainder, except for Russell's quotations; Russell translates Thomas, with separate additions drawn from others.

"An Occasional Letter on the Female Sex" is lifted bodily from the Russell translation. Only negligible differences appear. The passage quoted above is changed in the magazine version in two particulars. The sentence, "It robs them of the most essential, and, in some respects, the most endearing characteristic of their sex," becomes simply, "It robs them of the most essential characteristic of their sex." I have often puzzled over the inane paradox in the opening sentence of the magazine article: "If we take a survey of ages and of countries, we shall find the women, *almost—without exception*—at all times, and in all places, adored and oppressed."⁷ In the

⁷ The italics are mine. Conway and Van der Weyde, of course, adopt the magazine form.

Russell book it is written intelligibly, following the French: "If we take a survey of ages and of countries, we will find the women—*almost without exception*—at all times, and in all places, adored and oppressed." The changes are never greater than these, and to the superficial eye the readings in Russell and *The Pennsylvania Magazine* are identical.

What, then, is left to the credit of Thomas Paine in "An Occasional Letter on the Female Sex"? As editor of the magazine, he may have suggested to his employer Aitken inserting the Russell introduction as a separate essay, and may have provided the title; but these are matters of little consequence. The article is headed by a quotation from Otway, which does not appear in the French or English book.

O Woman! lovely Woman!
Nature made thee to temper man,
We had been Brutes without you.

But even this must be denied to Paine. The August, 1775, number of *The Pennsylvania Magazine* appeared in September.⁸ In the *Supplement to The Pennsylvania Journal*, August 16, 1775, the last two lines head *A Letter to the Ladies, Whose Husbands Possess a Seat in Either House of Parliament*. So that what may remain to Paine is the first line,

O Woman! lovely Woman!

which after all, entitles him who quotes it to no glory.

⁸ See my article in *American Literature*, *loc. cit.*

NOTES AND QUERIES

WHY ISHMAEL WENT TO SEA

S. FOSTER DAMON

Brown University

IN 1836, Herman Melville, aged seventeen, went to Pittsfield, where he lived on his uncle's farm, and also taught school for a brief while. In Melville's own account of this year,¹ he did not mention his attempt at pedagogy; the information comes from J. E. A. Smith's *Biographical Sketch of Herman Melville*,² where we are told:

Besides his labours with his uncle in the hay field, he was for one term teacher of the common school in the "Sykes district" under Washington mountain, of which he had some racy memories—one of them of a rebellion in which some of the bigger boys undertook to "lick" him—with what results, those who remember his physique and character can well imagine.

Melville did not mention the episode; Smith left the outcome to our imaginations, though with a strong implication that Melville preserved order. Arthur Stedman³ was positive he did so:

He taught for one term at Pittsfield, Mass., "boarding around" with the families of his pupils, in true American fashion, and easily suppressing, on one memorable occasion, the efforts of his larger scholars to inaugurate a rebellion by physical force.

Maybe so; but there were other rumors afloat in Melville's lifetime about the outcome of the rebellion. *The Boston Museum* for January 31, 1852 (vol. IV, no. 34, p. 862), told the story thus, in its column entitled "Editorial Splinters":

—Herman Melville, the popular author, was once a pedagogue in a country town in Massachusetts, and was driven out of school by two naughty boys. Just imagine the author of *Typee*, *Omoo*, &c., making his exit from a schoolhouse, followed by two pairs of cowhide brogans!

¹ Contributed to *The History of Pittsfield*, 1876; quoted in Raymond Weaver's *Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic* (New York, 1921), pp. 45-46.

² *The Evening Journal*, Pittsfield, Mass., for 1891; quoted in Weaver, *op. cit.*, p. 72.

³ *Typee* (Boston, 1892), "Introduction," pp. xvii-xviii.

There is no reason to suspect malice in this notice. Melville was at the very peak of his fame: *Moby-Dick* had appeared, but *Pierre* had not. The editor merely jotted down an anecdote that was going the rounds.

If the anecdote were true, then we can understand better why the youngster ran away to sea. He had tried alternating school with a job clerking in the New York State Bank; losing that job, for he was never good at mathematics, he had then tried clerking in his brother's shop, with no better success; then he tried haying on his uncle's farm; then teaching—for one term. He had failed at everything. Going to sea was his "substitute for pistol and ball."

It is true that Stedman dates the affair later; but as he got his information from Mrs. Melville, while Smith got his from Melville himself, Smith's dating would seem preferable. Yet even were Stedman right, the importance of the episode is undiminished, for Stedman dates the affair immediately before the second voyage instead of the first.

Such desperation accords ill with the common notion (wisely questioned by Mr. Weaver) that Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* (1840) inspired young Melville anew with the romance of foc'sle life. Melville knew already what it was like; he fled to it merely as an escape from a greater evil. Yet as Dana's book did start a vogue of seafaring, it may not be impertinent to record here one interesting bit of evidence.

It seems that after *Two Years before the Mast* was published, Boston fathers of difficult sons began to think that what did the Dana boy so much good ought to help straighten out their own bent twigs. Consequently in 1854 the famous⁴ Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis felt obliged to proclaim her disapproval of the practice on page 158 of her novel, *The Barclays of Boston*. Her model hero has been unjustly accused of privately marrying one of the neighbor's girls, and his guardian uncle threatens him with "a voyage around the world." The youth's magnificent answer, let us hope, put an end to this Bostonian method of reforming flaming youth.

⁴ "Without doubt by far the most brilliant and well-known society leader of her day, if not in all American history" (William A. Otis: *A Genealogical and Historical Memoir of the Otis Family in America* (Chicago, 1924), p. 199).

'I am perfectly willing, Sir,' said the young man, who had become thoroughly aroused and angered, 'to leave this old house, which has sheltered me, and very little else, during many years. For your hospitality, such as it has been, I am sufficiently grateful; but I entirely deny your right to order me any where; and I tell you, in your teeth, I will not be sent to the Sandwich Islands, or the Northwest Coast, by you or any one else. I know,' he resumed, 'that those long voyages are considered to be, by yourself and others, the schools of reform for all wild youths, and also that you have counselled many a father to do this same thing, to the utter degradation and ruin of his son. One case came under my own immediate cognisance, where a youth of great refinement and sensibility was banished, for some very venial and juvenile offence, from a luxurious home to a fore-castle; and what with the contamination of its atmosphere—which, I grant, he had not the moral courage to resist, that quality being rare in the spring-time of life—and his own despair, he entirely succumbed. I saw him the last week even, a vulgar, degraded wreck,—and that was your own doing, Sir. I never saw a China merchant, who did not firmly believe in the efficacy of this plan; and I now reiterate my assertion,—I will not go!'

Evidently the first page of *Moby-Dick* had not sunk deep into the social consciousness; nobody had heeded Melville's warning that such a life served only to save from suicide the Ishmael who had found "every man's hand against him."

A NOTE ON JOSEPHINE POLLITT'S *EMILY DICKINSON: THE HUMAN BACKGROUND OF HER POETRY*

MARY A. BENNETT

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IT WOULD be useless to quibble over Miss Pollitt's interpretations of her sources in her recent biography of Emily Dickinson. There are, however, some discrepancies between the biography and the sources which have come to my notice. I should like to call attention to these facts:

(1) Concerning the Rev. Lyman Coleman's residence in Philadelphia at the time of Emily Dickinson's visit in 1854, Miss Pollitt makes this statement: "He now conducted the Presbyterian Academy of Philadelphia at his residence, 1008 Chestnut Street" (p. 104). In the appendix, the Philadelphia city directory is given as an authority for the setting of Emily Dickinson's visit to Philadelphia.

The entries concerning Coleman in the Philadelphia directory during all the years of his residence there are these:

1851, 1852

Coleman, Lyman, Rev., teacher, S. W. 12th and Chestnut
h. [home] 29 Clinton

1853

Coleman, Lyman, Rev. D.D., teacher, 341 High,
h. W. Rittenhouse sq.

1854, 1855, 1856, 1857

Coleman, Lyman, Rev. D.D., teacher, 341 Market,
h. 19 bel Chestnut

1858

Coleman, Lyman, Rev. D.D., teacher, 1008 Chestnut,
h. 113 S. 19th

1859

Coleman, Lyman, Rev. D.D., teacher, 113 S. 19th

Coleman, then, never lived at 1008 Chestnut Street, and he taught there four years after Emily Dickinson's visit.

(2) In treating of Emily Dickinson's education at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, Miss Pollitt states that "Emily kept no journal of these months, so far as we know, but a Miss Tolman did."

This was not a journal of a schoolmate, kept by chance, as one would suppose, and only a part of it was written by Miss Tolman. In *The Power of Christian Benevolence Illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon*, compiled by Edward Hitchcock, D.D., and others, which Miss Pollitt consulted, is the statement (p. 359) that it was the custom for one of the teachers to keep a journal of events occurring in the seminary to be sent to members who had become missionaries. There follows (p. 360) this statement: "Up to May, 1848, this journal was kept by Miss Susan L. Tolman, at which time her successor in this work, Miss Rebecca Fiske, remarks that Miss Tolman had 'decided to become a reader rather than a writer of the Holyoke Journal.'" Miss Pollitt's quotations from the journal extend from September, 1847, to December, 1848.

These quotations are far from accurate. A change of tense or the omission or addition of a word frequently occurs. "She spoke of the inclemency of a New England climate in comparison with that under a more genial sky, and of the necessity of additional

clothing" (see the memoir of Mary Lyon, before mentioned, p. 367) becomes in Miss Pollitt's quotation "She spoke of the inclemency of the New England Climate and the necessity of additional clothing" (p. 48). This inaccurate sort of quotation occurs also in portions taken from the *Letters and Journals of Thomas Wentworth Higginson*. Again, Leonard Humphrey is said to have been designated "the last Valedictory" by Emily Dickinson (p. 61), while he is called "the last valedictorian" in *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Mrs. Todd (p. 24); *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*, by Mme. Bianchi (p. 121); and in *Amherst Academy*, by Frederick Tuckerman (p. 112).

(3) Miss Pollitt regards it as significant that "When Emily came home to reënter the Academy in 1848, Leonard Humphrey had also returned to Amherst from a year in Andover."

On the other hand, *Amherst Academy*, by Frederick Tuckerman, which was published only a few months before Miss Pollitt's book and which she did not consult, states that "He [Leonard Humphrey] studied theology at Andover Seminary one year, returning to Amherst as a tutor in 1849."

(4) Miss Pollitt speaks of the loss of Mrs. Jackson's letters from Emily Dickinson, and regrets finding "the only letter from Emily Dickinson to her friend which did manage to struggle through, split at the sentence that contains the word 'forgiven' and republished in *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson* as two letters, with the second addressed 'To —', though the two are one letter to 'H.H.' on page 425 of the *Letters* edited by Mrs. Todd" (p. 127).

The letter has been printed as one in both books. "To —" at the top of page 373 in *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson* indicates, in accordance with the plan of the book, that the first letter which begins on that page is to an unknown person. It has nothing to do with the letter to Mrs. Jackson which is continued from the preceding page.

(5) Miss Pollitt notes (p. 208) that in "Going to Heaven!" Emily Dickinson writes of two whom she loved who died in the autumn. She believes these to be Leonard Humphrey and Major Hunt, adding, "By way of parenthesis it is helpful to note that her father died in June, and the noted clergyman [Dr. Wadsworth] in April."

She failed to note the less helpful fact that Emily Dickinson's mother died in November, 1882, and her nephew, Gilbert, in October of the next year.

MR. LEWIS MUMFORD AND MELVILLE'S *PIERRE*

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IN THE issue of *AMERICAN LITERATURE* for November, 1929, Mr. A. H. Starke has "A Note on Lewis Mumford's Life of Herman Melville," in which he points out an instance of Mr. Mumford's somewhat curious use of his source material, and "raises a deeper question concerning Mr. Mumford's fitness for the rôle of scholar and biographer."

No one, as yet, seems to have observed the strange discrepancies between the synopsis of Melville's *Pierre* which Mr. Mumford gives in his book and the novel itself as Melville wrote it. Since these differences are important, as well as revelatory, I am noting them below.

Mr. Mumford (*Melville*, p. 202) tells of the relations of Pierre and his mother: "... there is more than familiar fondness in their touches." To the unobsessed and healthy-minded reader, there is nothing of the sort in the novel.

Ibid. He calls Lucy Tartan "a simple, dewy country girl." In *Pierre*, pp. 28-29,¹ Lucy is described as living "in a very fine house in the city . . . every spring, this sweet linnnet girl did migrate inland" to spend "several months at Saddle Meadows" with her Aunt Llanyllyn.

Melville, loc. cit. According to Mr. Mumford, Pierre goes "to call for his mother" at "a village sewing-bee." In *Pierre*, pp. 49-50, however, he escorts his mother to the sewing-bee at the Miss Pennies'.

Melville, loc. cit. The mystery of the fainting Isabel, says Mr. Mumford, "becomes oppressive when Pierre gets a secret summons from her" and "an interview with . . . the girl . . . topples the whole Elysium of family relationships within whose rainbow Pierre had lived." But in *Pierre*, pp. 70-72, Isabel reveals to Pierre, before their first interview at the Ulver farmhouse, in her letter summoning him to her, that she is his sister.

Melville, p. 203. Mr. Mumford tells us that the Ulver family is "about to cast off its own daughter, Delly . . . because she has conceived a child

¹ References are to my edition of *Pierre*, published by Knopf (New York, 1930).

out of wedlock." In *Pierre*, p. 174, the Ulvers are said by Isabel to be "worse than dead and gone" to Delly. "They would have turned her forth, I think, but for my own poor petitionings, unceasing in her behalf," Isabel adds. Delly's child had been born perhaps five weeks earlier and it had died three weeks before Pierre's second visit to the farmhouse.

Melville, loc. cit. It is said by Mr. Mumford that Mrs. Glendinning's "spiritual counsellor, the Reverend Mr. Folsgrave [*sic*], gives the world's reasons for refusing to compound Delly's mistake." In fact, however, in *Pierre*, pp. 112-115, 182, Mr. Falsgrave deliberately avoids making a definite answer to Pierre's question regarding his opinion of Delly's misfortune. And the meeting at breakfast when Delly's fate is discussed occurs on the morning of the day at the end of which Pierre first visits Isabel, instead of afterward, as Mr. Mumford's synopsis would indicate.

Melville, p. 204. Mr. Mumford says that "Pierre returns to the town guardhouse," where he had left Isabel and Delly. It might have been better to call this place "the Watch-house of the ——— Ward," as does Melville (*Pierre*, p. 267).

Melville, loc. cit. According to Mr. Mumford, Pierre secures for himself and "his house-mates" "a little flat in an old church building." But in *Pierre*, p. 300, for example, it is specifically stated that Pierre's quarters are in the annex, the "rear building of the Apostles'," which is described at pp. 295-297.

Melville, p. 205. Mr. Mumford tells us that Pierre "writes a book, not unlike Pierre [*sic*], with an author for hero." But Pierre never completes the work; and there is no evidence that its hero, Vivia, is by profession an author. Vivia is the supposed teller of the story; its "apparent author-hero," Melville terms him (*Pierre*, p. 336).²

Melville, loc. cit. We learn from Mr. Mumford that Lucy "flies for refuge to Pierre, to beg a place as humble servitor in Pierre's . . . household." In fact, Lucy does not intend to act as a "humble servitor," but wishes to live near Pierre and by the use of her "tools"—her drawing-kit—to "work," and so to contribute to the welfare of all (*Pierre*, p. 345). This determination of hers is expressed in her letter to Pierre before her arrival at the Apostles'.

Melville, loc. cit. Mr. Mumford says: "Pierre finishes his own book, and his author, Vivia, finishes his!" It is, however, plainly stated on p. 387 of *Pierre* that the book is not completed; consequently Pierre's novel is not done, and Vivia's autobiography is not finished.

² By Mr. Mumford's reasoning, one would call Jim Hawkins, narrator of the adventures on *Treasure Island*, an "author-hero"!

Melville, loc. cit. According to Mr. Mumford, Pierre's publishers, "on getting his masterpiece, denounce Pierre as a rascally impostor." The truth is, as we learn from *Pierre*, pp. 376, 396, that the printers have been setting up the first part of the unfinished manuscript, and the publishers have made "cash advances" to Pierre. Steel, Flint, and Asbestos have examined only such a part of the book as is in type, and on that they base their repudiation of their contract with Pierre.

Melville, loc. cit. It is asserted by Mr. Mumford that "Lucy's brother and his cousin threaten Pierre's life." No threat against Pierre's life is reported of them when they attempt to drag Lucy back from the Apostles'; and no threat is contained in their letter to Pierre (*Pierre*, pp. 361-362, 396-397).

Melville, loc. cit. It is said that "Pierre's mother dies in an insane grief." This event Mr. Mumford leads his reader to believe, is among the tragic occurrences which are huddled into the last few pages of the novel. Mrs. Glendinning had died some months before, in the late summer. After Pierre had been "engaged some weeks on his book," which he began upon taking lodgings at the Apostles', he heard of his mother's death and burial, the latter of which had taken place some twenty-five days earlier (*Pierre*, pp. 317-318). It was after this event that autumn succeeded summer (p. 328).

Melville, pp. 205-206. Mr. Mumford tells us: "In self-defence, Pierre arms himself, and when attacked in the open by the two virtuous espousers of Lucy's honour [*sic*], Pierre empties a pistol into each of them." In reality, Pierre has been turning over in his mind with pleasurable anticipation the deaths of Frederic Tartan and Glen Stanly, since his rescue of Lucy from them. Melville makes this clear (*Pierre*, pp. 373-375). Their insulting letter adds to the desperation and rage resulting from his publishers' letter, and, after robbing his neighbor of his pistols, Pierre goes in search of the two young men, with the intention of shooting them on sight. They encounter Pierre, but Glen attacks him so furiously as to be able to strike him before Pierre can fire. Pierre discharges both pistols into Glen's body and kills him. Contrary to Mr. Mumford's statement, Frederic Tartan does not attack Pierre and is not shot by him (*Pierre*, pp. 396-400).

Melville, p. 206. Mr. Mumford ends his résumé of Melville's novel thus: "Pierre and Isabel swallow poison together in the prison cell, and Pierre passes out, entwined in Isabel's dark hair." Without considering either the accuracy or the elegance of "passes out," one should note that, according to Melville, Isabel, in dying, falls upon Pierre's corpse, "and her

long hair ran over him, and arbored him in ebon vines" (*Pierre*, p. 403), which, although spectacular, is not so remarkable as Mr. Mumford's entwining *Pierre* in his half-sister's dark locks.

It is evident, from what has been said above, that in relating the plot of *Pierre*, Mr. Mumford has twisted it badly. No further comment seems necessary.

NOTES: POE AND BLACKWOODS

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REFERENCES to Poe's letters, to his critical work, and to his tales clearly show that *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, more than any of the other foreign periodicals, intensely interested him. More than one attempt has been made within recent years to prove Poe's indebtedness to *Blackwood's*, but the resulting evidence, except in a very few instances,¹ has been interesting, rather than convincing.

The notes which follow, for the instances with which they are concerned, may help to indicate more accurately than has yet been shown Poe's use of *Blackwood's* as a source for his own material. In addition, these notes seem to offer evidence as to the accuracy of Poe's memory, as well as to substantiate Earl Leslie Griggs's statement² that Poe, being a busy magazinist, skimmed in his readings.

(1) Poe, in a letter³ to Judge Beverley Tucker, dated "Richmond Dec: 1.35," writes, "Did you ever see a *critique* in *Blackwood's Mag*: upon an Epic Poem by a cockney tailor? Its chief witticisms were aimed not at the poem, but at the goose and bandy legs of the author, and the notice ended, after innumerable oddities in—ha!ha! ha!—he!he!he!—hi!hi!hi!—ho!ho!ho!—hulhu!hu! Yet it was, without exception, the most annihilating, and altogether the most effective Review I remember to have read."

The "critique" to which Poe refers appears in *Blackwood's* for January, 1830. It is a review by Christopher North of "The Age—A Poem—In Eight Books," and Professor Wilson does, as Poe charges,

¹ Margaret Alterton, in her *Origins of Poe's Critical Theory* (Iowa City, 1925), has made an extensive examination of the subject of Poe's indebtedness to *Blackwood's*.

² "Five Sources of Edgar Allan Poe's 'Pinakidia'" in *American Literature*, I, 196-199 (May, 1929).

³ "Unpublished Letters of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by James Southall Wilson in *The Century Magazine*, CVII, 653 (March, 1924).

play mercilessly on the tailor-poet's occupation. The review, however, does not end in "ha!ha!ha!—he!he!he!" etc., nor does such an expression of laughter occur in the review. It must be assumed, then, that Poe had seen elsewhere this unusual rote-use of the vowels for recording laughter, and is tricked by his memory in assigning it to the *Blackwood's* review. Another *Blackwood's* review may be the source, although a first search has not revealed it. An account of the source, when discovered, must be added to the list of Poe's borrowings, because the Devil in "Bon-Bon" is made to laugh in exactly the same manner.

(2) In "How To Write A Blackwood Article," Blackwood, as a character in the satire, in speaking to Miss Zenobia, is made to say:⁴ "And then there was '*The Man in the Bell*,' a paper by-the-bye, Miss Zenobia, which I cannot sufficiently recommend to your attention. It is the history of a young person who goes to sleep under the clapper of a church bell, and is awakened by its tolling for a funeral. The sound drives him mad, and, accordingly, pulling out his tablets, he gives a record of his sensations."

"The Man in the Bell" appeared in *Blackwood's* for November, 1821. Poe does not correctly summarize the story, but his paraphrase is close enough to convince one that he is recalling it from memory. In the *Blackwood's* story, two bell-ringers arrive at the church to perform their duties, only to discover that the bell had been muffled for a funeral which had taken place earlier in the day. One of the young men climbs aloft to remove the muffle, but before his task is accomplished, the one below is suddenly called away, forgetting, in his haste, to advise the messenger that the other is in the belfry. The messenger, acting as relief ringer, proceeds to ring the bell, thus causing the predicament in which the one aloft, by no means asleep, finds himself.

(3) In the same satire, Blackwood speaking to Miss Zenobia refers to five titles as having appeared in his magazine: "The Dead Alive," "Confessions of an Opium-eater," "The Involuntary Experimentalist," "The Diary of a Late Physician," and "The Man in the Bell." Of these titles, the third appeared in the issue of *Blackwood's* for October, 1837; the fourth was run in instalments from 1830 to

⁴ James A. Harrison, *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe* (New York, 1902), II, 274.

1837; the appearance of the last was in the issue for November, 1821. I find no title "The Dead Alive" in *Blackwood's*. Poe may have confused this title with "Buried Alive" which appeared in the issue for October, 1821. "Confessions of an Opium Eater" appeared in *The London Magazine* for September, 1821. I doubt whether Poe would have confused this title with "Confessions of an English Glutton" which appeared in *Blackwood's* for January, 1823. More than likely, if he were of the impression, when he wrote this satire, that DeQuincey's title had appeared in *Blackwood's*,⁵ the confusion rested on DeQuincey's association with the magazine, and the appearance of The Opium Eater as a character in "Noctes Ambrosianae."

(4) In "Von Kempelen and His Discovery" appears this sentence: "The family is connected, in some way, with Maelzel of Automaton-chess-player memory." Then follows a bracketed note, which I take to be Poe's: "If we are not mistaken, the name of the *inventor* of the chess-player was either Kempelen, Von Kempelen, or something like it."⁶

Poe, in his "Maelzel's Chess-Player,"⁷ refers invariably to the inventor of the machine as Baron Kempelen.

In *Blackwood's* for February, 1819, is a review of a book or pamphlet titled, "Account of An Automaton Chess Player Now Exhibited at No. 4, Spring-Gardens, London." The work is said by the reviewer to have been printed for J. Hatchard, Piccadilly. The name of the author is not given. In the course of the review, it is stated that "The inventor or rather, it should be said, the father of this creature was Wolfgang de Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Being at Vienna in the year 1769, he offered to the Empress Maria Theresa, to construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had previously witnessed; and accordingly within six months, the Automaton Chess Player was presented at court."

⁵ Nearly three years before the first publication of "How To Write A Blackwood Article," then "The Psyche Zenobia," in the *American Museum* for November, 1838, Poe had written to White of the *Messenger* that the "Confessions of an Opium Eater" was to be found in *Blackwood's*. This letter is quoted by Professor Pattee in his *Development of the American Short Story*, p. 140.

⁶ *Works*, VI, 249.

⁷ Consult also for evidence on the genesis of Poe's "Maelzel's Chess-Player," Allen and Mabbott's *Poe's Brother*, pp. 87-91.

"Wolfgang de Kempelen," it seems to me, is just close enough to "Kempelen, Von Kempelen or something like it" to be interesting to the student of Poe. In the *Blackwood's* article enough from the subject is quoted to leave no doubt that Poe and the unnamed author of the work reviewed were concerned with identical chess-players. If a copy of that work could be turned up, a comparison with Poe's elaborate solution certainly would be worth making.

AN UNPUBLISHED CALIFORNIA LETTER OF JOSEPH GLOVER
BALDWIN

WILLIAM BRASWELL

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WHEN JOSEPH Glover Baldwin (1815-1864)¹ went to California in 1854, he had already gained considerable fame as the author of *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* (1853), a book composed mainly of humorous sketches of frontier society and characters. He had also completed *Party Leaders*—the Preface is dated July, 1854—which was to appear in 1855. The latter is a serious work uniting biography with political history in dealing with Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, and Randolph. Both books were significant in their day, and *The Flush Times* is now well established as a minor classic to be ranked with Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes*.

At the age of twenty-one Baldwin had set out from his home in Virginia for the newly opened Southwest; and from there, eighteen years later, had migrated to California. It was a few months after his arrival in San Francisco that he wrote to Dr. A. M. Garber the letter now published.² Dr. Garber himself as a young man had left Virginia for the Southwest and had built up a good medical practice in Livingston, Alabama. That a close friendship had long existed between the two men is manifest in the fact that Baldwin's wife and children were staying with the Garber family until he could make suitable arrangements for them in California.

The letter is evidence enough that Baldwin was doing well and enjoying the turbulent life about him. His reputation as an able

¹ Unless otherwise indicated, biographical facts are taken from Geo. F. Mellen, in *The Library of Southern Literature* (New Orleans, 1907), I, 175-181, and J. H. Nelson, in *The Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1928), I, 538-539.

² The owner of the letter is Colonel Alex M. Garber, of Birmingham, Alabama, who has kindly permitted me to publish it and has given me facts about his father, the addressee.

lawyer grew rapidly, and if he did not become "the first lawyer in California," as he aspired to be, he surely attained eminence. On October 2, 1858, he became associate justice of the supreme court, a position he filled until January 6, 1862, when he returned to private practice. Legal affairs occupied most of his time from his arrival in California to his death in 1864; but he did not wholly give up writing,³ and even planned a work to be called *The Flush Times of California and Nevada*.⁴ It is a pity that he never accomplished this, for he probably should have given a far more realistic picture than Bret Harte later gave.

San Francisco Jan'y 27/55

My Dear Garber,

I have been intending to write to you for a long time, but I have been so busy and my pen is so occupied that I have scarcely had time, and when I did I was so fagged out that I felt disqualified for it; besides I had to write to my wife and knew you would see my letters of course. I write now merely to say that I have rec^d. letters from my wife expressing so warmly her obligations for your kind and affectionate conduct towards her and the family and Mrs. G[arber]'s kindness that I seize a moment to express my profound sense of your brotherly regard. I have always esteemed you as one of my best friends, & shall ever hold you in the kindest remembrance.

I am getting along quite well. I am associated in business with . . . [illegible]⁵ a lawyer of talent and in good practice. I have appeared in several important cases in which I acquitted myself with credit, and am beginning to be regarded as a lawyer of the first standing in California. I think my success here assured. My ambition is to be the first lawyer in California, and I have to labor very hard—All my life heretofore has been child's play to what I am doing now. I study from morning till night. I

³ *The Southern Literary Messenger* for May, 1856 (XXII, 371), gives the following editorial footnote to an article by Baldwin on "The Genius and Character of Alexander Hamilton": "Our old correspondent, the author of the 'Flush Times of Alabama', has renewed his intercourse with the readers of the *Messenger* from California, in this strongly drawn sketch, which was originally prepared as a lecture for a literary society in Sacramento."

⁴ This fact is revealed in a letter from Mrs. Cornelia Baldwin Gray (Baldwin's only surviving immediate descendant), Oakland, California, to Colonel Garber, dated January 7, 1930.

⁵ "Associated in business with" may not mean *in partnership with*, for in a letter (dated December 17, 1929) to my friend J. C. Mathews, at the University of California, Milton J. Ferguson, California State Librarian, says: "There was no San Francisco directory published in 1855. The 1856-57 directory gives Joseph G. Baldwin as practicing law alone. In 1858 the firm is Crockett, Baldwin & Crittenden, three very distinguished men. . . . It would seem that Judge Baldwin had no other partners prior to his election to the Supreme Court."

have several cases in which I am to get if I succeed all together some 40 or \$50,000—besides a pretty good money paying business on smaller certainties. I have made a good many friends, and am spoken of for the Supreme Court by some of my friends election next Sept.; but I dont count on any thing of this sort. I hope though to be able to get along after a while and make a competency in the course of 3 or 4 years if I have luck.

This is the finest country in the world, & I w^d. rather live here than in any part of the Globe There are more intelligent clever people than I ever knew collected together. And the climate is unequalled. Times are dull here just now, and the failure of rain has operated badly for the miners; but I think it will improve as the winter advances. We have the most brilliant days and nights you ever saw. The weather is neither summer or winter, but between both, & the country very healthy. I got a long letter from home: and am glad some progress has been made in settling up my accounts & business. Sid⁶ will probably start out in April. Money is worth here 2-½ per cent per month well secured. Tell Mr Rhodes if he will come out with 50,000 he can make ½ million on *that* in 10 years: besides being in the finest country in the world.

I think on you all with great kindness & affection

Remember me to my old friend Sherard Mr R[hodes]. Mrs G[arber] & the boys & believe me

Your affe friend

JO G BALDWIN

LETTERS TO WILLIAM FRANCIS CHANNING

GRANVILLE HICKS

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

I

WILLIAM Francis Channing (1820-1901), the only son of William Ellery Channing (1780-1842) who lived to maturity, entered Harvard, but decided to study medicine, and attended the University of Pennsylvania. He was active in the anti-slavery movement, and in 1842-1843 he and Henry Ingersoll Bowditch (1808-1892) edited *The Latimer Journal and North Star*, a tri-weekly periodical devoted to the abolitionist cause and especially to agitation on behalf of the fugitive Latimer.¹ He also engaged in two geolog-

⁶ Baldwin married Miss Sidney White in 1839. She was a daughter of Judge John White, one of the first circuit judges of Alabama.

¹ *The Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1929), II, 493—article on H. I. Bowditch.

ical surveys, and from 1845 to 1851 he worked with Moses G. Farmer (1820-1893) on the fire alarm telegraph. He was interested in other inventions and wrote a few scientific articles. The latter part of his life was spent in Providence, Rhode Island, and in California. The following letters to him are in a collection of letters, for the most part either to him or to his father, now in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

The first of these letters in chronological order is from Frederika Bremer (1801-1865), the Swedish novelist, who visited this country in 1849-50 and recorded her impressions in *The Homes of the New World* (New York, 1853).

Mr. W. F. Channing:

Permit me, my dear Sir, to express to you—as far as [illegible] words can do—my grateful sense of the unexpected and generous gift of the works of your Father. His name has reached my far off native country as well as those of Washington and Niagara, and we know, at least, that he is one of the grandeurs of the great western world. I have learned here to know more of him, and to know that in his works I shall learn to know one of the wisest and best of men. Happy shall I be to converse with him, and to learn by him, in my native home, happy to have his mind there with me, and feel its influence as one of the noblest from your country. And that I for this benefit have to thank you, his son, has indebted me to you, and bound me to you with a kind and grateful feeling for ever.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

6 Jan. 1850
Pinkney Str., Boston.

II

The letter from Louis Kossuth (1802-1894) is similar in occasion and in tone. The Hungarian patriot, who came to the United States in December, 1851, arrived in Boston on April 27, 1852, and remained until May 17, making some twenty-five speeches in the vicinity.² That Channing should give Kossuth his father's works is a little surprising in view of the fact that Kossuth's fraternization with slave-owners had offended the abolitionists.³

² The information about Kossuth's visit to Boston is drawn from the issues of *The Boston Advertiser* from April 27 to May 18, 1852.

³ See, e.g., W. L. Garrison *et al.*, *Letter to Louis Kossuth* (Boston, 1852); and Wendell Phillips, *Kossuth*—speech at the anti-slavery bazaar, Dec. 17, 1851 (Boston?, 1852?).

William F. Channing, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I accept thankfully the gift of your distinguished father's works: I assure you, Sir, these books are highly regarded by myself and will be treasured among the most satisfactory additions to my library made in America.

I thank you for the communication accompanying these books: my duties forbid that I should properly answer it at this time, but I hope I may be able at some future time to do so in such a manner as I could wish.

I remain Sir

Your obedient Servant

L. KOSSUTH.

III

The letter in the collection from Emerson is simple and friendly.

Concord, 1 September, 1853.

My dear Sir,

Your kind letter would almost decide my course for the next week, if I were free, and draw me to your Mountains. But I promised my brother William in New York, a month since, that I would make a little excursion with him in September; and it is to the Cape, I believe, he is bound.⁴ But I am pleased at heart to have been so kindly remembered by you, and in the interesting spot you have chosen. I know something of the scenery, & climbed Kearsarge many years ago. So I hope you will keep your invitation open, and in another year I mean to claim it. With kind respects to Mrs. Channing, Yours gratefully,

R. W. EMERSON.

W. F. Channing.

IV

Channing had been associated with Theodore Parker in the abolition movement.⁵

Boston, 12 Sept. 1858.

My dear Dr. Channing,

I thank you heartily for the Lives of the two Mathers. I did not own either of them—& both are now rare & costly Books. I shall value them not only for their own sake, but for their association with your Honored Father, &, tho' last not least, because you gave them to

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

⁴ Emerson did make the trip to Cape Cod: see *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Boston, 1912), VIII, 399 ff.

⁵ John Weiss, *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker* (New York, 1864), II, 97.

The Record of the Vigilance Com.⁶ I place with many similar documents.

V

Another friend in the anti-slavery movement was William Lloyd Garrison.

Boston, Oct. 15, 1863.

Dear Sir:

I am very much obliged to you for your letter, and for mailing me a copy of the Providence Journal, (especially as I do not have that paper on my Liberator exchange list,) containing a letter of John Quincy Adams to your father, written in 1837.⁷ Of course, I shall promptly and gladly republish the letter in the Liberator of next week, together with the editorial reference to it in the Journal. It is of historical interest, and its appearance at this time is peculiarly opportune.

None of the statesmen of his day seems to have so comprehended the monstrous designs and aims of the Southern slave oligarchy as John Quincy Adams.

Your much obliged friend,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Dr. Wm. F. Channing.

VI

Channing's knowledge of Walt Whitman began in 1855, when, on R. W. Emerson's recommendation, he purchased a copy of *Leaves of Grass*.⁸ The biographies of Whitman furnish little information as to his activities in the autumn of 1868.

New York,

September 27, 1868.

My dear Dr. Channing:

I yesterday received your kind note. I gladly accept your invitation & hospitality. My leave of absence continues for some time yet, & I should probably like to visit you for a few days, just subsequently to the middle of October.—But I will write you a day or two before I come.

⁶ Presumably the Boston Vigilance Committee, which was organized to combat the Fugitive Slave Law. See Weiss, *op. cit.*, II, 92-94.

⁷ The original of this letter from J. Q. Adams to W. E. Channing, dated August 11, 1837, is in the possession of the Rhode Island Historical Society. The letter was published, at W. F. Channing's suggestion, in *The Providence Journal* for October 13, 1863. Garrison published it in *The Liberator* for October 23, 1863, and it was reprinted in *The New York Evening Post* for September 17, 1898.

⁸ Bliss Perry, *Walt Whitman* (Boston, 1906), p. 98, footnote.

I send my best respects & love to Mrs. Channing.—As I write we are having a rainy dark sulky Sunday—after a rainy night. I am well & quietly enjoying holiday. I wish you & wife to read my last piece in *The Broadway* London Magazine for October.⁹ You can get it at any good bookstand.

WALT WHITMAN.

VII

Whittier's friendship with Channing began with their common interest in abolitionism.

Amesbury
22nd 3rd Mo. 1871.

My dear friend Channing,

I was pleased to hear from thee, & thy pleasant & kind letter wd. have been answered before but for illness, which I am sorry to say still continues.

I allude to thy father in my introduction of J[ohn] W[oolman]'s Journal:¹⁰ I wish he had been able to write as he contemplated an essay upon the man & his book.¹¹

Our fd. Dr. Bowditch¹² was here the other day, & we talked over the old anti-slavery days, when thee & he & others good & true, fought the fugitive slave law.

It is barely possible that I may be in Providence this Spring, when I shall hope to see thee.

Always & cordially
thy fd.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE YEAR OF BRET HART'S BIRTH

W. L. WERNER

The Pennsylvania State College

IN THE issue of *American Literature* for March, 1929 (I, 78), Mr. George W. Stewart, Jr., presented two items of evidence for placing Bret Harte's year of birth as 1836 instead of 1839. I offer a

⁹ See *The Broadway. A London Magazine*. New series, Vol. I, no. 2, pp. 21-22. The piece is "Whispers of Heavenly Death," but it includes only five of the sections printed under that title in the inclusive edition of *Leaves of Grass* (Garden City, 1928). An editorial note states that the poem was "written expressly for this magazine," but Mr. Holloway, in the edition cited, dates one of the five sections, "A Noiseless Patient Spider," as 1862-63. There are minor variations in punctuation.

¹⁰ *The Journal of John Woolman*, with an introduction by John G. Whittier (Boston, 1871), p. 2.

¹¹ See W. H. Channing, *The Life of William Ellery Channing* (Boston, 1880), p. 448.

¹² Henry Ingersoll Bowditch. See introductory note above.

third proof for the earlier year. In *Life in the Letters of William Dean Howells* (Garden City, N. Y., 1928, I, 159) is a letter written by Howells on March 5, 1871, that says in part:

It came out one day at dinner that we [Mr. and Mrs. Howells and Mr. and Mrs. Harte] were all of the same age—all born in '37.

Since Howells was born on March 1 and Harte on August 25, half of this sentence is probably wrong. The reader has his choice of interpretations. If both were "of the same age" on March 1, Howells must have been born in 1837 and Harte in 1836. If both were "born in 1837," then on March 1, 1871, Howells was thirty-four years old and Harte only thirty-three.

I prefer the 1836 to the 1837 year. The dinner discussion referred to in the letter probably occurred on Howells's birthday four days before the letter was written. Howells perhaps told his age and Harte said that his own age was the same. Mrs. Howells also would be thirty-four years old in only two months, on May 1. In writing of this dinner to his father, Howells no doubt recalled that his wife was not yet "of the same age" on March 5; hence he added the correction, "all born in '37," unaware that this correction did not fit Harte.

We may accept the year 1836 as the more probable of the two interpretations of Howells's letter, and as consistent with Merwin's biography, the biographical sketch by Geoffrey Bret Harte in *The Letters of Bret Harte* (Boston, 1926, p. xiv), and Mr. Stewart's two items. The year 1837 has no support elsewhere, nor does the Howells letter fit the year 1839, given in Pemberton's biography of Harte.

RESEARCH IN PROGRESS

I. DISSERTATIONS ON INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS:

George W. Cable. Rosa Lee Walston (Duke). Miss Walston has given up *The Southern Mountaineer in Fiction*.

John William De Forest. Anne Carabillo (Pennsylvania).

Emerson and the State. J. T. Flanagan (Minnesota).

Some French Influences upon Emerson. Ruth Jackson (Yale).

Hawthorne's Culture. Dorothy Cutler (Yale).

J. G. Holland, Harry F. Fore (Chicago).

- Helen Hunt Jackson: Humanitarian and Author. Ruth Odell (Nebraska).
 Frank Norris, a Biographical and Critical Study. F. D. Walker (California).
 The Peabody Sisters. Queenie Bilbo (New York University).
 The Influence of Disraeli on Edgar Allan Poe. Emily Calcutt (Virginia).
 George Santayana. George W. Howgate (Pennsylvania).
 Harriet Prescott Spofford. Elisabeth Halbeisen (Pennsylvania).
 Walt Whitman and the *Bhagavad Gita*. Dorothy Mercer (California).

II. DISSERTATIONS ON TOPICS OF A GENERAL NATURE:

- The Development of the Idea of Union in American Poetry. Dorothy Werner (Pennsylvania).
 The Establishment of Realism in American Fiction. W. A. Thomas (Pennsylvania).
 The History of the Philadelphia Theater, 1856-1876. W. D. Coder (Pennsylvania).
 The History of the Philadelphia Theater, 1876-. Robt. Warnock, Jr. (Pennsylvania).
 The Utopian Element in American Literature. H. H. Eddy (Harvard).

III. DISSERTATIONS COMPLETED:

- America through British Eyes: A Study of the Attitude of *The Edinburgh Review* toward America, 1802-1861. P. M. Wheeler (Johns Hopkins) 1930.
 Fitz-Greene Halleck. N. F. Adkins (Yale). Yale University Press, 1930.
 The History of the Philadelphia Theater in the Eighteenth Century. Thomas C. Pollock (Pennsylvania). University of Pennsylvania Press, 1930.
 A Critical Edition of Hawthorne's American Notebooks. Randall Stewart. (Yale) 1930.
 Osman in America: A Study of the Contemporary Reputation of Emerson's Poetry. Bess Thomas (Yale) 1930.
 The Critical Opinions of Edgar Allan Poe. Joseph Lee Vaughan (Virginia) 1930.
 The Sonnet in American Literature. L. G. Sterner (Pennsylvania). Privately printed, 1930.
 John Reuben Thompson, Poet, Editor, Essayist. Joseph Rodney Miller (Virginia) 1930.

John Trumbull: A Biographical Study. Alexander Cowie (Yale) 1930.

Diary of William Wood, Manager of the Chestnut Street Theater. R. D. James (Pennsylvania) University of Pennsylvania Press, 1930.

Life and Letters of H. C. Bunner (not a dissertation). G. E. Jensen (Connecticut College). To be published.

IV. OTHER RESEARCH IN PROGRESS:

R. E. Spiller (Swarthmore) has editorial supervision over *The Critical Prose of Fenimore Cooper*, in eight volumes, with critical introductions and notes, to be published by the Oxford University Press, New York. Volumes I and II, *Gleanings in Europe, France*, and *Gleanings in Europe, England*, have already appeared. He has in preparation a bibliography of the writings of Cooper, to include: (1) A descriptive and annotated bibliography of the first editions; (2) A check-list of all editions, including translations, periodical contributions, and works about Cooper. (c) He is making special studies of: (1) The finance controversy; (2) Fenimore Cooper and international copyright.

Professors J. T. Hatfield (Northwestern) and O. W. Long (Williams) are studying the Germanic Origins of New England culture.

Ethyn Williams Kirby, 152 Elmgrove Ave., Providence, R. I. is making a study of George Keith.

N. F. Adkins (New York University) is investigating the social, political, and religious backgrounds of the Knickerbocker School, 1807-1830.

Milton Ellis (Maine) reports the following Master's theses as having been authorized for publication in the *Maine Studies*:

Constantia: the Life and Work of Judith Sargent Murray, by Vena Bernadette Field.

Philenia: the Life and Work of Sarah Wentworth Morton, by Emily Pendleton.

Additional Chapters on Thomas Cooper, by Maurice Willyle Kelley.

At the University of Nebraska a master's thesis, "Folk-lore in the Works of Mark Twain," by Victor R. West, was published as Number 10, *The University of Nebraska Studies in Language, Literature, and Criticism*.

ERNEST E. LEISY, *Bibliographer*.

Southern Methodist University.

BOOK REVIEWS

EMERSON THE ENRAPTURED YANKEE. By Régis Michaud. Translated from the French by George Boas. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1930. xvii, 444 pp.

Probably few of the recent "lives" in the somewhat painfully eager manner now conventional among makers of popular biographies have been written from a wider knowledge of the subject than that possessed by the author of *La vie inspirée d'Emerson*, which appears in English dress as *Emerson the Enraptured Yankee*. This is by no means the first time that M. Michaud has written on Emerson; and, besides, he has published books about other American writers and has won recognition from the French Academy. The statement in his foreword that his retelling of the story of the Concord sage "*is the result of several years of my life spent in intimacy with Ralph Waldo Emerson,*" though it cannot mean what the casual reader might well suppose, is easy to believe in its proper sense and constitutes a claim to be heard. Moreover, this author, as a Frenchman well informed about America, possesses a point of view which should be of great value to American readers. And he has fallen into the hands of a translator who has kept pretty faithfully, I think, to the French text, adding only—so far as I have been able to compare the two versions—a little embellishment of his own quite in the spirit of the original.

And yet, with all these things in its favor, the book is a disappointing performance. In spite of the familiar assurances of the foreword that the author could "*give references*" for "*each line*" and that he has "*neither embellished nor added anything*" but "*merely dramatized,*" students of Emerson are likely to be more impressed by a certain exaggeration of manner and vagueness or even inaccuracy of statement than by any marked virtues of style or matter.

To give only a few examples of what I take to be inaccurate statement—at the risk of finding myself confronted later with references which the author could have given but preferred to withhold. Perhaps a fairly characteristic passage is the undeniably picturesque one (p. 8) in which we are allowed to witness, in company with the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Battle of Concord, fought "between the American minute-men and King George's Hessian grenadiers, six feet tall, with red coats, white leggings, a shako all brass like a skyscraper. Bang! bang! bang! (The shot heard round the world.)" It is true that the somewhat juvenile

onomatopœic phrase proves, upon comparison with the original, to be from the workshop of the translator, who is also responsible, through a slight error, for the interesting suggestion of a skyscraper made wholly of brass.¹ But the Hessians appear in the original version, though one would like to know what historic right they have to a place at Concord or any other battle of the opening year of the Revolution.² Turning from the paternal to the maternal side of the family, M. Michaud (p. 11) discovers another colorful fact: "Emerson's maternal grandmother had had her thirteenth child at the age of twenty-eight. People had not yet practised birth control, malthusianism, in America." If, however, David Greene Haskins is correct (*Ralph Waldo Emerson his Maternal Ancestors*, 1887, pp. 32-33 and 146-148), Hannah Haskins, the maternal grandmother of Emerson, was born May 6, 1734, and gave birth to her thirteenth child July 2, 1773, when she was thirty-nine and not twenty-eight. The difference may seem trifling, but it would have been great to the mother in actual life. A little farther on (pp. 13-14) the account of *Fortus* offers fresh difficulties. The marked discrepancies between what seems to be given here as the title of the poem and the title-page as reproduced from a photograph and described in some detail by Horace Howard Furness (*Records of a Lifelong Friendship*, 1910, pp. 177 ff.) may possibly be satisfactorily explained; but it would probably be difficult to defend 1815, "the same year as Waterloo," as the date of composition, and it is obviously beside the point to admire the blank verse of a poem in which two hundred out of two hundred and four lines actually rime in couplets while the remaining four lines were perhaps intended by the young author to rime in the same manner. The assertion (p. 17) that Mary Moody Emerson made her nephews learn Byron's *Don Juan* by heart seems to need proof, or at least qualification, if it is easily to be accepted by any one who has read that lengthy and miscellaneous poem and who is acquainted with the dates of publication. Cabot (p. 59) repeats at third hand (as he is careful to note) the assertion by John B. Hill that Emerson, Hill's classmate in college, "knew Shakespeare almost by heart"; but M. Michaud (pp. 29-30) claims all of Shakespeare for Emerson without qualification.

M. Michaud must have known very well the story of Achille Murat. He had, in fact, once written an article on him, in which he stated, cor-

¹ It is only fair to state that in none of the other passages which I shall cite as examples of inaccuracy do I find that the translator has materially departed from his original.

² In search of some slight justification for this passage, I went in vain to recent authoritative books on the battle—books by Allen French, Harold Murdock, and Frank Warren Coburn. In reply to an inquiry, Mr. French assures me that there were no Hessians at Concord Fight. Edward J. Lowell (*The Hessians and the Other German Auxiliaries*, 1884, p. 46) states that "The first German troops to start for America . . . marched from Brunswick on February 22d, 1776."

rectly, as I think, that Murat married a grandniece of Washington ("A French Friend and Inspirer of Emerson," *University of California Chronicle*, April, 1921, p. 122). Yet in the present work (p. 68) he makes the surprising assertion that it was a granddaughter of Washington whom Murat married. Of three dates for Ellen Tucker (pp. 79-80), two are wrong if the *Journals* and letters of Emerson are to be accepted as authority. The betrothal clearly occurred not in September but in December, 1828; and Ellen died on February 8, not in January, 1831. It is easier to excuse the statement (p. 81) that Emerson was appointed assistant pastor of the Second Church in March, 1829; for his ordination did take place in that month, and probably the biographer found available no other version of the letter of acceptance than the wrongly dated and otherwise erroneous³ one printed in the *Uncollected Writings*.

In the *Journals* there is a sufficiently colorful account of how Emerson, who had come from Edinburgh and Stirling through the Trossachs, had the misfortune to lose his cap during the voyage on Loch Lomond and used a handkerchief to protect his head during at least a part of the remainder of the trip to Glasgow. It is apparently this source which M. Michaud has used; but, if so, he has transformed it (p. 111) into a picture with more human interest: "He had crossed the Highlands in a continual downpour without a hat, a handkerchief knotted about his head, through the Trossachs and the lakes, over the uplands pink with heather." In the *Journals*, it may be added, one may read that there was indeed plenty of rain during the tour across Scotland; but, as a matter of fact, Emerson records that he had fair weather for the Trossachs, and apparently there was no more rain as far as Inversnaid. After the tour in the Highlands, according to M. Michaud (p. 111), Emerson reached Dunscore by Dumfries and Carlisle. But this makes curious geography. The young American traveler had, indeed, some difficulty in finding "the youth" he sought and was probably none too certain of his Scotch geography; but he did not, I think, make the mistake of going more than sixty miles out of his way, from Dumfries to the English town of Carlisle and back again, to reach a place actually some fifteen or sixteen miles northwest of Dumfries—at least the *Journals* and other standard sources indicate no such thing.

That Margaret Fuller "had shown her mettle in Horace Greeley's workshop on the New York *Tribune*" before she became editor of *The Dial* (p. 172); that Emerson wrote her life—there is no mention of the other men who collaborated in the *Memoirs* (p. 217); that Brook Farm

³ My authority for this account of the letter as published in *Uncollected Writings* is the original letter itself, which I hope to print, together with a collection of the hitherto unpublished letters of Emerson, in the near future.

and Fruitlands came after the collapse of *The Dial* (p. 173); that Hawthorne, journeying to Brook Farm in April, 1841, 'arrived in any "great hall of the phalanstery" (p. 177)—these and many other statements and implications are interesting but certainly not convincing.

There are likewise numerous judgments with which I am tempted to quarrel, but in such matters debate could hardly be decisive. I do not regard *Nature* as quite so dogmatic in its idealism—to take the term in Emerson's own sense—as M. Michaud (p. 242) seems to think it. I understand Emerson, in his chapter on "Spirit," to recommend idealism, in one of its aspects at least, "merely as a useful introductory hypothesis." Nor do I agree with the estimate (p. 342) of the lecture on Swedenborg as a haunting portrait in which "Emerson outdid himself." It seems to me that both Mr. Lewisohn, who wrote a preface for the book, and M. Michaud are guilty of serious exaggeration in charging Emerson with timidity—"Emerson, so heroic and heartening in theory, so timid and chill, except on one historic occasion, in all else," says Mr. Lewisohn; and M. Michaud (p. 10) speaks of "the timidity that was to paralyze" the apostle of self-reliance. In spite of the promise in the foreword that this book shall be "the history of a thought," there is little, if any, new light on the forces that molded Emerson's mind. The author is conscious of many streams of influence—Oriental, Greek, German, French, English, American—and he does not wholly ignore individuals like Swedenborg, Sampson Reed, and William Ellery Channing the elder. He overstresses, if anything, the importance of Mary Moody Emerson in her nephew's development and elevates Achille Murat to the rank of Emerson's first superman. Yet there seems to be no serious attempt to work toward a solution of fundamental problems of influence. The anatomy of American melancholy at the end of the first third of the nineteenth century (pp. 115-121) is a good example, it might be contended, of a too familiar kind of national *post-mortem*, amusing but superficial, so much more rhetoric which one finishes only with the conviction that the problem is not so simple.

Some striking elements of style deserve notice. There are passages (one, for example, on p. 7) written in a rhythm suggestive of the most masculine of free verse. At other times there is a languorous movement, as in the prose poem (pp. 190-205) describing a day of Emerson's life against the background of his home and the Concord countryside. And this picture of a day in "early summer" is also remarkable for its nature lore: the bluebird is nesting, blackberries are ripe (infested with mosquitoes which give point to the doctrine of compensation), the rhodora is spreading her purple petals, oak trees are budding. It is interesting to

compare the patient observations of Thoreau, who carefully recorded times and seasons, in that same countryside. Perhaps less characteristic of the book, but significant, are the apostrophes and catchwords, like "O *Ile de France*, O *Leviathan*!" (p. 92) and the somewhat hackneyed "Lafayette, I am here!" (p. 102), which illustrate very well the feeling of the modernistic biographer that he must set the past to the tune of the present rather than labor patiently to make his modern reader live for the moment wholly in the past. And, finally, the style is, as one would expect from the author's foreword, almost always vivid, dramatic.

RALPH L. RUSK.

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FRANKLIN, THE APOSTLE OF MODERN TIMES. By Bernard Fay. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. 1929. xvi, 547 pp. \$5.00.

M. Fay's study of Franklin is based upon unpublished state papers, diaries and correspondence of statesmen, and "between six and nine hundred" unpublished Franklin letters, in addition to the usual sources, and represents the fruits of many years of labor. The life of Franklin is seen in four phases: "The Rearing of An XVIII Century Radical" (1706-1726), in which we see young Franklin imbibing deism and pythagoreanism at home and in England; "The 'Way to Wealth,'" (1726-1757), in which Franklin becomes the prudent bourgeois—the *bon homme* of legend (astonishingly translated as "good fellow" on p. 144); "Dr. Franklin Builds an Empire" (1757-1775), in which Franklin is eminently the imperialist, endeavoring to change mercantilist England into a kind of commonwealth of nations; and "His Excellency, Doctor Franklin, the Patriarch" (1775-1790), in which Franklin is the world-famous sage and philosopher.

M. Fay naturally stresses those elements in Franklin's story of most interest to himself. He has rewritten in more detail the story of Franklin's activities as a Pennsylvania politician; emphasized Franklin's imperialism; argued at some length that Free Masonry was an intellectually powerful force of which Franklin availed himself; penned a detailed and somewhat Gallic account of Franklin's relations to women, and, in part at least, brought Franklin's ideas more directly into connection with the stream of eighteenth-century intellectual life. He has had a difficult book to write, for Poor Richard's story is crowded with events; it stretches over two continents and among three nations, it touches not merely politics and literature, but science and social history, theology and international law, and it must be at once a narrative, a history, a commentary, and a study of comparative literature.

Where M. Faÿ has done so much, it is ungracious to wonder why he has not done more; yet, despite the many shrewd hits and flashes of insight (as when he writes, p. 119, that "in this theatrical century Franklin had the gifts of comedy and travesty, and he made use of them, shocking those who did not understand the tricks of the stage"), despite many passages of brilliant synthesis, one lays the volume down with a feeling of disappointment. On the one hand, M. Faÿ is so concerned with Franklin and French thought that he tells us little about the visit to Germany and the profound effect of Franklin upon the Germans, just as he tells us little of Franklin's relations to such English thinkers as Locke and Adam Smith.¹ On the other hand, one does not see precisely what relation the mass of unpublished material which M. Fay has consulted bears to the problem as a whole, nor, amid this brilliant heaping up of detail, does one see that M. Fay has substantially changed the main outlines of Franklin's personality and career as these are now known to historians and scholars. I can but feel that the book would have been a clearer work if M. Faÿ had resisted the temptation to heap up detail, however engaging, and given us a study in which the focus would have been Franklin's mind, as Professor Chinard has done in the case of Jefferson. We would then know better how to evaluate these innumerable contacts with intellectual men which M. Faÿ relates with so much *esprit*.

Perhaps the difficulty lies with the translator, by whom M. Faÿ has been wretchedly served. A book of this importance is surely entitled to something more than the wooden-headed literalness which has been brought to it. Not to speak of the vulgarisms and colloquialisms which abound (often to the confusions of tenses), what are we to say to such sentences as "Franklin didn't have good business in his German printing shop" (p. 248), or such phrases as "virtues defined thusly" (p. 117). Sometimes the difficulty arises from sheer ignorance. King's College appears somewhat surprisingly as the "College of the King," a literal rendering of *Collège du Roi* (p. 239) and—most delightful of absurdities—William Temple, Franklin's illegitimate grandchild, makes his appearance as a babe "whose father and mother were unknown!" (p. 292). These are bad enough, but there are many sentences which scarcely make sense:

Franklin was thought to be a sage, because the measures went through, and coming events were burdened with the verification of his views (p. 132).

¹ His discussion of the negotiation of the preliminaries of the Treaty of Paris (pp. 470-7) seems strangely confused; and it takes close reading to see that the reason for Vergennes' irritation with Franklin (p. 475) is that the American commissioners, in violation of their understanding with the French, concluded a separate peace with England and informed Vergennes afterwards. Even if Vergennes' anger was stage anger, M. Faÿ is not clear. This chapter is the least satisfactory in the book.

Hanna Penn, pushed on by Logan, already his deadly enemy, was meditating his ruin and gave threatening signs. He still hoped to save himself (p. 80).

Sometimes their [American preachers] information was not quite exact. Increase Mather preaching on the death of Louis XIV when the latter was still quite alive. But the monarch died shortly afterwards as the Holy Ghost hadn't abandoned his faithful servant.²

M. Faÿ has been so overwhelmed with materials that he has abandoned making references to them, except in isolated instances—a method which makes it impossible to determine in all cases without prodigious labor, when his statements are based upon new material and when upon old; and a method which also confuses the student, since it is hard to know when M. Faÿ is "psychologizing" and when he is not. When he writes (p. 62):

To be himself and to become a leader [Franklin] would have to leave the city. It was a kind of treason but there was nothing else to do. Didn't James often justify his actions in the name of "Liberty"? And hadn't he rendered many services for which he would never be paid? God was nothing but a distant image for him then, and morality a personal interest. At last nothing held him back. He would leave. . . .

one is at a loss to know upon what documents this passage is based, or whether M. Faÿ is tracing Franklin's thoughts (in the manner of the new biography) according to his own imaginative reconstruction of them.³

It is regrettable that this truly able and brilliant study should contain a number of elementary errors. Of course, in handling so vast a mass of material, error is inevitable. M. Faÿ's love of dramatic statement has, however, betrayed him into superlatives which awaken doubt, nor has he escaped positive mis-statements of well-recognized facts. The peculiar arrangement of his critical apparatus makes it difficult to check him, but I may note such queries as the following:

Thus, M. Faÿ seems to me to ask us to believe a good deal when he says, apropos of little Benjamin's requesting his father to shorten the bless-

² One relegates to the decent obscurity of a footnote such cacophony as "Mrs. Silence Do-good . . . was going to have a good time informing an important gossip the art of doing good" (p. 45); such logical absurdities as "The honest Denham had deluded him involuntarily just as the rascally Keith had done" (p. 114); and such unidiomatic infelicities as "He almost reproached himself of treason to Miss Read" (p. 133) and "To flatter Keimer's mania for religion and to make fun of him . . . Benjamin discussed Socratically with him" (p. 72).

³ M. Faÿ informs us (p. 517) that "every sentence of this book is based upon a document—and generally upon several of them." At the same time it is difficult to believe that Franklin left behind him a record of his thoughts in Boston in 1723 in which they took precisely this shape and order. It is a tempting method of historical reconstruction, and one in which M. Faÿ frequently indulges (see, for example, p. 65, p. 200, p. 263 for representative instances), but one, the dangers of which every careful student will recognize. In the case of Franklin's appearance before the Privy Council, January 29, 1774, M. Faÿ informs us of the dramatic consequences hanging on the stars: Franklin's mind in these two hours "changed its orientation," "the insults of Wedderburn and the lords had awakened all his middle-class hatred for the nobility" (p. 367); yet Franklin continues peacefully to labor with the nobility, and in France scarcely exhibits any class hatred.

ing, that this six-year-old boy "revealed already a rapid and ironic intelligence" (p. 10). On the next page we are roundly told that the elder Franklin has determined to make Benjamin a minister in order to "make a good man of his son"; but one page later (p. 12) we are informed with equal positiveness that he is to become a merchant. On the same page we read that "kings and ladies had their poets, not their geometricians" at the opening of the eighteenth century—a statement which, in view of the patronage of Leibniz by various German princes and of Newton by Prince George of Denmark (not to mention Queen Christina, who, it is true, died in 1689), is a little sweeping. One wonders on what evidence M. Faÿ is entitled to remark, when Franklin's Catholic landlady in London defended the miracles, that "it was one more bond with his past, and also with the future which he began to foresee vaguely" (p. 103). One longs also to know the evidence by which M. Faÿ is able to tell us that some of the letters from readers in Franklin's newspaper are by readers and some by Franklin himself (p. 155), nor can one quite agree that Franklin's management of his newspaper was unusual, in view of common colonial practice (pp. 151 ff.) Is it true, in the common meaning of the words, that in 1733 Franklin believed in "the equality of men, the rights of the people, the danger of kings, and the public menace of the Clergy?" (p. 162). And surely M. Faÿ is overstepping the modesty of nature when he tells us (p. 161) that Franklin's imitation of Swift's Bickerstaff predictions possesses a "suavity" lacking in the Dean's "more rough-shod" performance. How does M. Faÿ know (p. 311) that Franklin's bitterness against America in 1764 was "revealed in certain accents of his voice," or that, under parliamentary ill-usage, the Americans were now "white with fury, but silent, and now exploding in an anger that knew no bounds?" (p. 333). Such writing is beyond the bounds of the sober historian.

Confusions and mistakes recur with distressing regularity. We are troubled to learn that when little Benjamin stole some paving stones, he broke the seventh commandment (p. 11)—a tribute to his precocity as unexpected as it is undeserved—until we remember that M. Faÿ was presumably using a Douai Bible. The pirate Blackbeard was not killed in November, 1717 (p. 34), but November 22, 1718. Mrs. Dogood's first essay (p. 45) is surely a reminiscence of the first *Spectator* paper, which Franklin read in his youth, rather than of Thomas Gordon as the passage seems to imply. To say (p. 66) that eighteenth-century travelers were never troubled by the police or by passports is to overstep the facts. By comparison with the colonies literature "flourished in London" in 1725-6 (p. 104), yet these were actually lean years for literary men. Philadelphia,

on p. 111, seems to have been populated by the "peasants of Europe," which is not quite accurate; and the statement that in these years the "conversion of William Penn" had made the Quakers "a topic of conversation" is a little surprising, since Penn turned Quaker as early as 1662.

It is not quite clear how Voltaire's *Philosophical Letters* had made "the English, their government, and their philosophies the craze of Europe" in 1726-7 (p. 111) since the French edition did not appear until 1734; and this is to ignore the translations of Locke, and to forget the services of Prévost. "The Quaker cult," we read, "was the only one in the eighteenth century which tolerated others" (pp. 112-3), but is it not especially pertinent to remember in Franklin's case that no one who did not believe in Christ could hold office in Pennsylvania? It seems to me at least questionable whether Franklin seriously organized the Junto in 1729 with the far-reaching schemes in mind which M. Faÿ attributes to him (p. 122); and here, as elsewhere when powers of foresight amounting to clairvoyance are attributed to Franklin, I can but feel that M. Faÿ has taken the glittering generalities of eighteenth-century diction a little *au pied de la lettre*.

To say that William Petty is "the greatest economist of the time" when 1729 is meant (p. 131) is somewhat confusing, since Petty died in 1687, and all of his important works belong to the seventeenth century. That "very few persons owned libraries in the [*sic*] eighteenth-century America" (p. 156) is at least open to misinterpretation; one wonders why the booksellers continued to import such streams of books? I am afraid, too, that M. Faÿ will have some difficulty in defending the statement that Whitefield and his disciples "did more to divide and diminish the power of the churches than all the discussions and books of the Masons and Deists" (p. 190), especially as he seems to think (p. 191) that the colonies were organized on a parish basis.

On p. 201 "Zinendorff" should be Zinzendorff. The Pretender disembarked in Scotland August 3, 1745, not in 1746 (p. 210); and since he raised his standard August 19, 1745, and was not finally defeated until April 16, 1746, I do not well understand M. Faÿ's observation that this disembarkation "kept the Americans in suspense for two months." M. Faÿ's remark that Braddock's "expeditionary forces had scarcely landed before they began fighting with the colonies, and especially with the Pennsylvanians" (p. 250) is scarcely right, especially since these forces landed in Virginia and did not put foot on Pennsylvania soil until June 21, 1755, and then only in the wilderness. But though this army actually marched up the Potomac, M. Faÿ writes, if I understand him, as though it set out from Philadelphia: at least, "as the long file slowly wound its

dusty way to the horizon, the people in Philadelphia prepared fireworks" (p. 251). Braddock was not defeated by 200 Frenchmen and 300 Indians; the report to the French War Department gives the total return of the French forces as 13 officers, 20 cadets, 100 French soldiers, 100 Canadians, and 600 Indians,⁴ who defeated what he calls this "brisk and ostentatious troop"—which, one hopes, is another translator's blunder. To say that after the disaster "the few [troops] that were left . . . only stopped at Philadelphia, where the ladies charitably gave them apple pies and rice cakes" (p. 251) gives a relatively false account of the event: Dunbar, the officer left in command, did not reach Philadelphia until August 29, over two and one-half months after the battle, and then by slow stages; he was still in command of 1500 men—a large army; and the city refused to provide quarters for his army—though the ladies did furnish apple-pies.⁵

I take the "Dutch ministers" (p. 318) of Pennsylvania to be German ones; but I do not know why Sir William Johnson is called "the governor of the West" (p. 330), his official title being "Colonel, Agent, and Sole Superintendent of all the Affairs of the Six Nations and the Northern Indians." I do not take too literally M. Fay's statement that in 1770-1774 Franklin was "the most illustrious scholar of the world" (p. 351), since Heyne was very much alive, but perhaps "scholar" is here used in a sense I do not understand; but to add (p. 352) that he held the place which Newton had formerly occupied, "and perhaps his reputation extended still farther" gets us back to debate the meaning of words. On p. 354 we read that the Masonic Order, over Europe, "constantly attacked the Established Church"; I take it that they attacked the various state churches in the several countries.

To say that "every one hated" Shelburne in 1773 (p. 357) is surely to anticipate the unpopularity he undeservedly won some ten years later. "A royal troop" marching to Lexington and Concord (p. 383) is an odd way of describing two British regiments of the line. On p. 387 we read that Franklin is "only a figurehead in the Congress"; yet at the moment he is on ten committees, he is made postmaster-general July 26, 1775, put on the committee on powder September 18, and on the committee on commerce September 22. Cornwallis's "brilliant campaign in South Carolina," I take it, followed the capture of Charleston (p. 445); if so, it was waged in 1780, not 1781, for in May, 1780, he was moving up into North Carolina, and Greene lured him into South Carolina, and strategic disaster in 1781.

⁴ The three French reports vary in numbers, but in no case is the number as low as M. Fay gives it.

⁵ An authoritative account is in the *Publications of the Pennsylvania Society*, 1855. This includes some official reports.

Nor did Arnold's treason cap the climax of American disasters in 1781; it was discovered September 25, 1780. Finally, I do not understand why on p. 478 M. Faÿ tells us that the French government thought enough of Mesmer's secret to be willing to pay large sums for it, and, five pages later, informs us that the government was "not favorable to Mesmerism" and sought to destroy it.

One hesitates to enter the lists against so well-informed a person as M. Faÿ, and it may be that I have misunderstood passages because of the faulty medium of the translation. At the same time it would appear that this book is in need of a careful factual revision. Mis-statements can be corrected; deeper lies the difficulty of knowing when M. Faÿ is "psychologizing" and when he is not. At the same time, these reservations need not conceal the fact that M. Faÿ is putting all students of American literature into his debt by insisting that thought and philosophy in colonial America are one with the thought and philosophy of Europe; and if to him the pattern of our intellectual interests is clearer and better organized than it seems to us to be during these years, if he tends to over-dramatize the incidents of our connection with foreign thinking and to over-emphasize our indebtedness to French thought, his cosmopolitan point of view is a necessary one; his sympathetic insight into problems of eighteenth-century thought in America is an insight, lacking which we should be measurably poorer; and if he has not substantially changed our picture of Franklin, he has enriched the significance of one of the most human of the great figures of our earlier history.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

The University of Michigan.

WEIR MITCHELL: *His Life and Letters*. By Anna Robeson Burr. New York: Duffield and Company. 1929. xii, 424 pp.; twenty-seven illustrations.

In these days when the term "biography" may be applied to anything from an amateur essay in abnormal psychology to an unannotated collection of letters, it may be well to define the type of the biography under consideration before commenting on its attainments.

Mrs. Burr's life of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, neurologist, novelist, and poet, is basically an edited collection of papers. These papers were apparently acquired and put into her hands by the publishers, and her task was merely that of shaping them into the story of which they are parts. There were many of them, but there were too few. Her further task was to learn enough of the Philadelphia background against which Dr. Mitchell

moved, and of his friends and associates, to fill in the gaps in her narrative.

The most important of her single sources was Dr. Mitchell's "Autobiography," suggestive, in its scrappy character, of the similar voice of Mark Twain from the tomb. This self-story is something more than a narration of external facts. In it Dr. Mitchell attempts to explain himself and his activities. It contains much discussion of his early life, and it comments on his literary method, on his medical ideas and practices, and specifically on some of his novels. Mrs. Burr found it inaccurate and incomplete, but a little checking made possible the generous use of long passages from it.

Second in importance to this document were packets of letters to and from Sir William Osler, Dr. O. W. Holmes, James Russell Lowell, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, members of the family, and innumerable others. Some of these, which have a clear unity of theme, are left in packets with only the string loosened around them; others are distributed liberally through the chronological narrative.

There is much anecdotal material also; and a few of the many friends of Dr. Mitchell who are still to be met at the College of Physicians, or at the Franklin Inn Club, or at the Historical Society, have been asked to contribute some of the rich store of their memories of this remarkable man. But only a few, and one cannot help feeling some regret that more time was not given to the collection of this sort of material. The story of Dr. Osler and the cherry stones is here, to be sure, and several of the best of the stories of how neurotic patients were persuaded to do the impossible, but there are many more both as true and as good which are still unprinted.

Mrs. Burr's attitude toward this material is that of the interested onlooker. She arranged the papers and the book wrote itself. She makes no effort to evaluate either the medical or the literary work of Dr. Mitchell; she has no theory, either social or psychological, to explain his conduct. In terms of her self-appointed limits, she has done reasonably well. Dr. Mitchell was intensely conceited and altogether fascinating. The account of him which he himself gives, supplemented by that of his friends, is perhaps the most true and the most interesting account which could be given.

One other fact should be borne in mind by the reviewer of this book in this journal. It is summed up in Dr. Mitchell's own reply to the question, "Would you rather be remembered for your literary work or for your medical work?" His immediate answer was: "Medical, of course!" In the winter he practiced medicine and conducted research; in the summer he wrote novels and fished; in the autumn he wrote down the poems

he had thought of in the summer. Thus it is *Doctor Mitchell*, the author of *Fat and Blood* and the inventor of the rest cure for nervous convalescents, rather than Weir Mitchell, novelist of old Philadelphia and philosophical poet, who writes himself in these pages most fully and with most conviction. A critical estimate of his place in our literature is yet to be made in biographical form.

The unevenness of emphasis which results from this method is somewhat misleading. Mitchell saw too much of the abnormal in life to care for it in literature, and his own first loves among his novels were *Hugh Wynne* and *François*. But it is the abnormal *Constance Trescott* who brings to our psychically conscious age the real contribution of the doctor-novelist.

In pointing out that this is not the life of Weir Mitchell which his admirers, either literary or medical, could wish, it would be unfair to allow the inference that the book is superfluous or, according to its own aims, badly done. The mere preservation of this rich store of letters was reason enough for putting the volume together and for leaving the work of interpretation to another; and the amusing stories which dot the pages here and there would doubtless soon drift out of the current gossip and be lost had they not been gathered up at this eleventh hour, when only the young men of Weir Mitchell's hey-day are left. The centenary year of a man's birth is not the best time for a definitive statement of his worth. The glamor of a contemporary reputation and changing fashions in ideas confuse accurate judgment. Perspective can only come when something more like a cycle has been completed.

This was, therefore, probably the right sort of book to write at this time, and it is safe to say that, unless the same sources are again available and are again sorted over and reprinted, the present biography will not be superseded, even though to its lack of balance we must add the faults of unnecessary bulk, indefinite bibliographical entries, and a totally inadequate index. Thus it is indispensable to any library which contains one or more novels by this distinguished and kindly old doctor who divided his attention among nervous women, salmon, and fiction.

ROBERT E. SPILLER.

Swarthmore College.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES, 1741-1850. By Frank Luther Mott. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1930. xviii, 848 pp.

Professor Mott's study of early magazines was promised to us several years ago. The delay has been justified, for here is a monumental work of

such excellence that it will be valued as one of the most significant books in American literature for 1930.

A History of American Magazines, 1741-1850 is the first volume of a two-volume work which will cover the whole history of American magazines. Mr. Mott explains why he chooses "magazine," instead of "publication," "periodical," "review," or "journal." After tracing "magazine" from *The Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1731), he defines it as "a bound pamphlet issued more or less regularly and containing a variety of reading matter, [and] . . . a strong connotation of entertainment." This definition thus excludes newspapers and annuals.

The only history of American magazines available has been Tassin's *The Magazine in America*, first published serially in *The Bookman*; and it is an exasperating, disappointing book. There have been, however, some excellent studies of individual publishers and magazines,—such as Bradsher's *Mathew Carey*, Ellis's *Joseph Dennie*, Minor's *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Rogers's *Four Southern Magazines*, and Smythe's *The Philadelphia Magazines*. On the other hand, the newspapers have fared better. The check-lists and union lists are more complete, and the histories of American journalism by Hudson, Payne, and Lee cover the history of newspapers very adequately.

The year 1741, which forms part of the title of Mr. Mott's history, marks the publication of the first two American magazines,—Andrew Bradford's *The American Magazine* and Franklin's *The General Magazine*, both published in Philadelphia. During the eighteenth century nearly a hundred magazines were published. (Beer's list includes ninety-eight.) Of these Mr. Mott discusses in detail thirteen, of which the most important were *The Columbian Magazine*, *The American Magazine*, *The American Museum*, and *The New-York Magazine*.

For the period 1801-1825 there is no accurate check-list of magazines, but "probably five or six hundred periodicals other than newspapers were published." Twenty-seven of these are discussed, of which the most important were *The Port Folio*, *The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*, *The Analectic Magazine*, and *The New-York Mirror*.

During the period 1826-1850, or the "Golden Age of Periodicals," four or five thousand were published. Fifty-seven of the most important of these are ably treated, including *Godey's Lady's Book*, *The Knickerbocker*, *Graham's Magazine*, *The Southern Literary Messenger*, *The Democratic Review*, and *The Dial*.

About each of these ninety-seven magazines are facts concerning periodicity, publishers, and editors. In no book formerly published were these

facts obtainable, and they must have been gleaned from a multitude of references.

The best chapters are those in which the author connects the magazines with the life and criticism of the time. The following chapters suggest the richness of treatment: "American Criticism of English Literature," "Magazine Evaluations of American Writers," "Novels and Novel Reading." Here is splendid background matter for a course or a thesis.

The text is written in a pleasing style, with a nice choice of short quotations, followed by careful documentation. One observes, with pleasure, the use of standard footnotes. Soon all publishers of university books will follow uniform press style in all essential matters of footnotes and bibliographies. Here is a model for our graduate students who write theses and dissertations.

GREGORY PAINE.

The University of North Carolina.

POEMS OF FRENEAU. Edited with a Critical Introduction by Harry Hayden Clark. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1929.

The American Authors Series, edited by Stanley T. Williams, grows more valuable with every issue. Especially valuable is this edition of the selected poems of Freneau, a volume that has long been needed. More and more during the past half-century has it been recognized that poetry in America, genuinely *American* poetry, began with this inspired singer, for inspired he really was despite the great masses of trash that litter his volumes.

Mr. Clark's introduction is distinctive, the best work by far that has been done on the subject, scholarly, thorough, and sensible. In it he considers Freneau under four heads: The Poet of American Independence, The Journalist of Jeffersonian and French Democracy, The Apostle of the Religion of Nature and Humanity, and, lastly, The Father of American Poetry. In the third section, the investigation of the man's religious bearings, he has done pioneer work. No one has ever traced out better the ramifications of French Revolution deism in America and the effects of its clash with Puritanism.

Concerning his poetry he makes this statement: "His work falls between two eras, the neoclassic and the romantic, the age of Pope and the age of Wordsworth, and it partakes of the character of each. His genius and individuality were not so great as to prevent him, chameleon-like, from taking protective coloring against his changing age; this fact, however, renders his work valuable as a cross-section of the complex age of transition in American letters."

The poems which Mr. Clark has rescued from the great mass of Freneau's published work he divides into two classes: one, Poems of Freedom, and two, Poems of Romantic Fancy. The former, touched though they are at times with bitterness and satire, and winged as many of them are with youthful high spirits, and, as in the case of "The Prison Ship," with a burning rage from treatment he had himself received, are inferior greatly, save as historical documents, to the poems in the latter division. For Freneau was first of all a lyrist. Satire he had been driven to by his times.

In this second division are the lyrics that still are alive in our poetry: his nature lyrics; his "House of Night"; his "The Beauties of Santa Cruz" and "The Jamaica Funeral"; his poems of the ocean, notably the lyrics made on ship-board at the supreme moments of storm, "The Hurricane," "Hatteras," and the like; his poems touching the Indian—notes new in poetry; his love lyrics—"Neversink," "To Lydia," "To Cynthia," and the like; and, finally, his *vers de société*, rare notes in America during the days when the Pleiades of Connecticut ruled the American muses.

The text in every case has been scrupulously collated with Freneau's own last revisions. All in all, the book is one that enriches both American scholarship and American poetry.

FRED LEWIS PATTEE.

Rollins College.

NEW LETTERS AND PAPERS OF LINCOLN. Compiled by Paul M. Angle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. \$5.

It is thirty-six years since Nicolay and Hay, following the suggestion of Robert Todd Lincoln, published their *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*. Compiled within a period of twenty-five years after Lincoln's death, it was inevitable that those first editors should fail to make an inclusive edition of their chief's writings. Like Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln was for many years a prolific writer, to whose more personal occasions for writing the circumstances of keen political activity and of war assured a wide and elusive distribution of much that he had to say. Many of his letters and a number of his speeches were at least temporarily lost to the researches of his diligent and accomplished secretaries. This supplementary material only coöperative search and the lapse of time could disclose.

A few years after the *Complete Works* appeared, Miss Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln* brought to light 194 pages of letters and speeches which the earlier editors had missed. In 1917, Gilbert A. Tracy's *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln* swelled the accumulation by another 253 printed pages. Three years ago, Brown University, from originals

which had been acquired by the college library, brought out still another volume of Lincoln letters. Latest of all comes Mr. Angle's highly important compilation, containing not only many Lincoln letters and telegrams, orders and endorsements, but a number of law briefs and legal opinions and several full-length newspaper reports of speeches which Lincoln made without manuscript, in different sections, during the senatorial campaign against Douglas. These materials, some of which have previously had a scattered publication, make a volume of supplementary Lincolniana which will be of interest to future biographers.

Although the bulk of the material in Mr. Angle's volume is routine matter, negligible except to exhibit Lincoln's manner of conducting commonplace affairs, the two letters to Governor Chase, of Ohio, written in June, 1859, corroborate the impression of Lincoln's unusual political sensibility and his nervous acuity of expression and judgment when, as in the second letter, he set down an opinion upon a legal or constitutional question. This side of Lincoln's psychology, which has not been adequately interpreted, distinguished Lincoln whenever he lent his mind out upon any subject which he regarded as important. An additional example of his economy of insight, which may be included in a future compilation, is contained in Thomas Lowry's "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," privately printed in London twenty years ago and more recently by Mr. Horace Lowry, of Minneapolis, owner of the original letter. This letter consists of a legal opinion which Lincoln wrote for Thomas Lowry in 1850. It is a gem of Lincoln's business style, free and fluid but without superfluities.

Illustrating this same economy of insight and expression is a remarkable letter reproduced in Mr. Angle's volume (p. 250) written by Lincoln to George Latham, a student friend of Robert Todd Lincoln's, to console him for his failure to qualify for entrance to Harvard. It is one of the most inspiring and sensible of the letters that have come down to us from Lincoln's pen and gives by implication an epitome of his own spirit and attitude in the face of a discouraging situation. For the first time in a compilation of this kind are reproduced verbatim, from a manuscript owned by O. R. Barrett, the closing paragraphs of Lincoln's elaborate speech at Springfield, October 30, 1858, in which he summarized the debate contest with Douglas. The newspaper reports of speeches made by Lincoln during this period recover for us the substance of what he said to other audiences in Illinois at intervals between the debates, and, immediately after the contest, to audiences in Kansas, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Ohio.

Lord Charnwood found in Lincoln's writings but one slight utterance from which to infer a possible "theory of democracy." In an undated

"Fragment," which Mr. Angle reproduces (p. 240), again from Mr. Barrett's fine collection of originals, Lincoln touched upon a generalization which, linked with others scattered through his published works, suggests that this hard-run lawyer-politician of the prairie period had intimations of a genuine political philosophy. Speaking in this "Fragment" of the "philosophical cause" of American prosperity, he wrote:

Without the *Constitution* and the *Union*, we could not have attained the result; but even these are not the primary cause of our great prosperity. There is something back of these, entwining more closely about the human heart. That something is the principle of "Liberty to all"—the principle that clears the *path* for all—gives *hope* to all—and, by consequence, enterprise and industry to all.

In such words lies the expectation of a theory of democracy. But for his native caution or, rather, the untoward pioneer conditions in which his public ambition groped for self-expression, Lincoln, with his union of the practical and the ideal, might have unfolded his conception of liberty and industry into an extended body of thought far more tangible and illuminating than the detached forms in which he left it.

L. E. ROBINSON.

Monmouth College.

PIERRE; OR, THE AMBIGUITIES. By Herman Melville. Edited by Robert S. Forsythe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. xxxviii, 416 pp.

Now that the text of *Pierre* follows that of the first edition of 1852 with the editorial emendations exactly recorded, scholars can turn with confidence to the more important considerations which the novel evokes. These problems Mr. Forsythe discusses briefly in his preface with solutions that take a sane middle course as opposed to the elaborate conjectures which have been offered as an explanation of *Pierre*. For instance, that it is largely an autobiographical novel is an assumption not proven by ascertainable facts. Although Melville did draw from the storehouse of his life as all artists must do, nevertheless, as Mr. Forsythe demonstrates, the novelist had no intentions of writing himself into the novel. He altered personal facts to suit his artistic intentions until, for example, one cannot say with accuracy that Mrs. Glendinning is Melville's mother, or that Pierre's father is a speaking likeness of Allan Melville.

With this granted it is still true that *Pierre* is the key to a knowledge of Melville's inner biography. Regardless of how he altered external facts, regardless of literary sources, it is still certain that the problems confronting the author, his feelings about life, are recorded in these pages. Mr. Forsythe in his effort to say only what the facts justify has been unduly reticent on this the most important aspect of the novel.

However, some of the editor's suggestions are so valuable that they need further investigation. The possible literary relations between Carlyle and Herman Melville both as to style and leading ideas may serve to clarify much that is puzzling in the latter. Again, Longfellow's *Hyperion*, as Mr. Forsythe points out, affords suggestive parallels, although in Longfellow's case the question of sources is a delicate one. Longfellow, as his literary contemporaries knew, was an intermediary, naturalizing European romanticism. In such a case it will be most difficult to decide whether an influence was by means of Longfellow or more directly from his original source. The stylistic similarities to DeQuincey also need more investigation.

Above all it seems obvious that Melville was consciously writing a modern Hamlet. Speaking of the Memnon Stone, Melville says:

Herein lies an unsummed world of grief. For in this plaintive fable we find embodied the Hamletism of the antique world; the Hamletism of three thousand years ago: "The flower of virtue cropped by a too rare mischance." And the English tragedy is but Egyptian Memnon, Montaignized and modernized; for being but a mortal man Shakespeare had his fathers too.

Now as the Memnon Statue survives down to this present day, so does that nobly-striving but ever-shipwrecked character in some royal youths (for both Memnon and Hamlet were the sons of kings), of which that statue is the melancholy type. But Memnon's sculptured woes did once melodiously resound; now all is mute. Fit emblem that of old, poetry was a consecration and an obsequy to all hapless modes of human life; but in a bantering, barren, and prosaic, heartless age, Aurora's music moan is lost among our drifting sands, which whelm alike the monument and the dirge.

With this in mind some of the problems of *Pierre* are cleared up. Melville, as did many of the romantics, felt the need of a new prose style more fluid, more rhythmical, an intermediary between blank verse and ordinary prose. With *Hamlet* so strongly in mind, Melville carried this experiment farther than he did previously. This accounts for the curiously inflated style, for the stilted dialogue of the "high" characters, for the contrasting realism of the "low." Here certainly Melville failed to modernize his *Hamlet*.

The symbolism, the implausible web of circumstances are a resultant of the same tendency. It has not been recognized sufficiently that there was a demand particularly among the Transcendentalists that the novel be profoundly changed to suit the new point of view. In a sense Hawthorne was doing this with his pervasive symbolism, but a better though less known example of what they wanted done is found in Sylvester Judd's *Margaret; or, the Real and the Ideal*. In it is seen the same effort to enrich the prose with poetic feeling and rhythm, the same desire to reveal the symbolism which inheres in every object and event, the same

carelessness of plot structure that comes from a shift in attention from the outer to the inner world. Somewhere in this stream of experimentation was Melville.

However, the chief importance of *Pierre* is in Melville's clearly marked attempt to show the "ambiguities" of motive which underlie the conventional and the conscious. Melville saw that motives to action are not simple but inextricably woven of confused and contradictory impulses, that more lies beneath the conscious layer than above. Brotherly feeling may be composed of tabooed sex impulses, self-sacrifice may be egotism, good arise from evil impulses, and bad from the good. This discovery destroyed for Melville his last refuge. *Moby Dick* records his knowledge that the external world is not the Emersonian Nature but at best an unmoral universe; *Pierre* records the finding that neither is the kingdom of the ideal within. Emersonian optimism turned out to be a whited sepulcher.

This destruction of certainties alienated Melville from his generation just as it brought him close to the moderns. The central idea of *Pierre* and probably that of Melville was not understandable to his contemporaries. It is expressed in Plotinus Plinlimmon's lecture on chronometricals and horologicals. Melville saw the disparity between the ideal (chronometrical) and the existent (horological) as none of his contemporaries did. "And yet it follows not from this, that God's truth is one thing and man's truth another; but—as above hinted, and as will be further elucidated in subsequent lectures—by their very contradictions they are made to correspond."

Certainly in *Pierre*, Melville never got to this subsequent lecture. In fact Melville's life was a search for the answer and a search in vain, for like *Hamlet* "the rest is silence."

E. H. EBY.

The University of Washington.

TRADITIONAL BALLADS OF VIRGINIA. Collected under the auspices of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society. Edited by Arthur Kyle Davis, Jr. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Harvard University Press. 1929. xviii, 634 pp. \$7.50.

Here is a volume of which the editor, the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, the Harvard University Press, and all lovers of the old English and Scottish ballads may justly be proud. It contains 450 variants of 51 genuine traditional ballads, with 148 melodies in the irresistible folk-song manner, all fully and carefully annotated and printed in excellent form. The ballad

music is relegated to Part II, where each melody is presented with the words of the first stanza of some one of the variant versions of the ballad accurately fitted to the notes. This method of arrangement enables the musical student to compare the various tunes with each other and to study the music as a whole, while at the same time it relieves the scholar who cannot readily read the musical scores of the necessity of skipping the music as he studies the texts, the historical and technical notes, and the interrelations of the ballads, the themes, and the phrasal and word forms. Professor Davis, though a comparatively recent convert to the fascinating study of balladry, has done a masterly piece of work in editing this exceedingly rich Virginia collection. His introduction of 56 large pages and his condensed but vital headnotes and footnotes are all that could be desired. He has set a standard of scholarly editing which will be difficult to equal.

The late Professor C. Alphonso Smith founded the Virginia Folk-Lore Society in 1913 with the openly avowed purpose of making the principal task of the Society the collecting of the genuine old ballad survivals in Virginia. After the work of collecting material was well under way, Professor Smith was called to the headship of the English department at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, and the task of editing eventually fell to the vigorous young scholar named above. Then in 1924 Professor Smith died, and the whole responsibility of the editing fell upon the shoulders of Professor Davis, who thus had to proceed without even the kindly advice and encouragement of the originator of the plan. For four years the new editor labored at the onerous but interesting task, and now the book appears, and, as everyone who sees the volume will admit, amply compensates him for his long-sustained labors. Some idea of the amount of labor involved may be gained from an examination of the 92 versions and 12 different tunes collected for the single widely known ballad "Bonny Barbara Allen." Thirty-six of the 92 versions, with an introductory note of four closely printed pages, and all twelve tunes are given in full, and the fifty-six other versions are listed in Appendix A.

In the first section of the introduction there will be found an unpretentious but thoroughly informing study of the meaning of the term *ballad*, as well as a succinct summary of the history of the conflicting theories of ballad origins. Nowhere, I venture to say, is the whole history of the hotly waged controversy over the communal and individual theories of ballad origin more succinctly and more sanely reviewed than in Professor Davis's treatment. To correct their own personal biases and frequently their crass misconceptions and misinformation, every teacher of ballads should read the simple facts of the controversy as here presented.

The history, the methods of collecting, and the results of the activities of the Virginia Folk-Lore Society under Professor Smith's masterly and inspiring leadership, the full story of the workers in the field, the account of the enlisting of the whole body of teachers in the state, and the final successful round-up under the slogan "a ballad from every one of the 100 counties of Virginia"—all make elucidating and inspiring reading. On the whole, this is, so far as I know, the most satisfactory volume that has yet appeared in the constantly lengthening list of books on the English and Scottish traditional ballads in America.¹

L. W. PAYNE, JR.

The University of Texas.

THE EARLY GERMAN THEATRE IN NEW YORK, 1840-1872. By Fritz A. H. Leuchs. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1928.

This is a systematic account of the German drama in New York City during the period of its establishment. Dr. Leuchs has gone to the German newspapers for his sources, and he documents his statements quite adequately. It might have been wiser to consult the New York daily papers in the early stages of the record, for Dr. Leuchs seems to have missed the first performance of a play in German on the New York stage. According to his account, this took place on January 6, 1840, when the "Deutscher dramatischer Verein" gave Theodor Körner's *Hedwig die Banditenbraut* and Kotzebue's *Der grade Weg, der beste*, at 83 Anthony Street. But Professor Odell has shown in the fourth volume of his *Annals of the New York Stage* that there was a performance of *Die Braut* and *Der Eckensteher Nante im Verhör*, at the Broadway Theatre on September 5, 1837. But anyone who has used the newspapers as a basis for theatrical history knows the dangers consequent upon using even the best of them unless checked by other sources.

¹ After the preparation of the foregoing review there came to the reviewer's notice a volume of similar nature; namely, the *British Ballads from Maine*, by Phillips Barry, Fannie Hardy Eckstrom, Mary Winslow Smyth; New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Humphrey Melford, Oxford University Press, 1929. This volume enlarges the range of British ballads found in America and carries on in the same excellent style the work done by Professor Davis for the Virginia Folk-Lore Society. The Barry-Eckstrom-Smyth book reports, in its 535 pages, 56 ballads and traces of 25 more found in Maine and Nova Scotia. Previous findings of old ballads surviving in this country were: 37 reported by Campbell and Sharp in *English Folk-Songs of the Southern Appalachians* (1917), 16 by Mackenzie from Nova Scotia, 33 by Professor J. H. Cox from West Virginia, 14 by Professor Reed Smith from South Carolina, and 24 by Professor A. P. Hudson from Mississippi. Professor Davis says the Virginia Folk-Lore Society found versions of more than half of the 92 separate ballads so far recorded, but he doubtless failed to take into account the 56 versions from Maine and Nova Scotia which were being printed simultaneously in the Barry-Eckstrom-Smyth volume.

Dr. Leuchs dwells naturally on the performances in the old and the new Stadttheater, where the most significant work was done. To the student of American drama, the plays with local settings, however poor they may have been, are of interest as revealing the mutual relations of American and German literature. For example, in 1864 *The Spy* was dramatized and a version of *Rip van Winkle*, "from the English of John Kerr" (probably the Lacy revision, so often confused with the original play by Kerr), was performed. The chapter on "The Points of Contact between the German—and the English—Language Stages" is of great interest to students of comparative literature, even though, as Dr. Leuchs properly remarks, he has only been able to indicate in general the amount of mutual influence of the plays produced in the two languages. With a scholar's caution, he has qualified, too, his acceptance of information gleaned from Allston Brown's *History of the New York Stage*. That valuable mass of fact and fable, with probably the worst index in the world, is a quicksand for workers in the theatre. The appendices to Dr. Leuch's volume containing lists of plays given in the various German theatres would be of greater value if they were not printed in such forbidding type, and it is no criticism of the text when one recognizes that they will ultimately prove to be the portion of the volume most often referred to by its readers.

ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN.

The University of Pennsylvania.

LONELY AMERICANS. By Rollo W. Brown. New York: Coward McCann. 1929. \$3.50. 311 pp.

Eight Americans appear in this book. They are Charles William Eliot, Whistler, Edward MacDowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Raphael Pumpelly, Emily Dickinson, and Abraham Lincoln. All of these achieved "loneliness" by thinking beyond a certain point; each of them Mr. Brown presents as a tentative answer in biography to the question, What place has the individualist in the American scheme of things? The question, of course, remains unanswered, for the practice of individualism cannot be reduced to a formula, nor, for that matter, can the American scheme of things. The cases of three American artists sketched herein are apropos: Whistler solved the problem of America by living in England, for in England, despite his "cockney impudence" and his curls, he was, thanks to his arch-enemy Ruskin, treated as an artist. In America he was merely a dandy. For George Bellows, on the other hand, life in America was scarcely a problem at all. He accepted it with that unquestioning gusto

characteristic of the true boy, and the true artist. Edward MacDowell's quarrel, again, with President Nicholas Murray Butler and the Trustees of Columbia, says Mr. Brown, is "the perfect example of the tragedy that overtakes creative genius when it casts its lot with any highly organized institution." Thus it appears that the fate of the individualist in this country depends on the individualist—an unsatisfactory conclusion. The question, perhaps, is important here only in that it determines the point of view from which the author discovers his characters.

Mr. Brown's purpose is to show his Americans as their contemporaries saw them: Lincoln, isolated from the people by his political radicalism, his religious and social heresy, became by virtue of his idealism "the most solitary figure in the Western World." On a smaller scale Charles William Eliot, whose educational doctrines of Fifteen Minutes a Day and of the Elective System the author has neither time nor space to question, reformed Harvard in the teeth of a bitter opposition. Charles Eliot Norton, in an ineffectual manner, protested against the uglification of America with President Grant architecture. George Bellows with his aversion to "arty" people and their precious talk, told his critics to go to the devil. Whistler cultivated the art of making enemies. And, of course, the art of making enemies is usually vindicated by the ironic judgments of history. The individualist in democratic America finally wins. The process by which contemporary opinion is silenced has been described by William James: "The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs, always, till history comes, after they are long dead, and puts them on top."

WILLIAM BLACKBURN.

Duke University.

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Allan L. Benson. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 402 pp.

It would be difficult indeed to give an adequate description in four hundred pages of the long and vehement life of Daniel Webster. Mr. Benson does not make the attempt. Many phases of Webster's career are only slightly developed. There is no attempt to make vivid the vast and shifting background, as Beveridge does in the second volume of his life of Lincoln. But although our insight into the great crises of American history is not facilitated by Benson's book, we do come to know and

partially to understand Webster. His personal peculiarities, his skill as a lawyer, his fundamental laziness, and his love of luxury are all made vivid. His love of drink is perhaps made a trifle too vivid, but that is in the mode of the modern biography and must be expected and accepted. Taken as a whole, the book is an excellent introduction to the study of Webster.

In some ways, however, the results are disappointing. The analysis of the motivation is weak. The energy which made Webster the dynamic force that he was is described but not explained. One finishes Benson's book without knowing what made Webster a Titan.

The choice of quotations from Webster's speeches is excellent. And all of Webster's most important speeches are reviewed. The reader not well acquainted with Webster's great speeches will be stimulated into reading them and prepared to do so critically. But here again Benson's own analysis is inadequate. The secret of Webster's influence, the persuasive methods that he used, the powerful impelling motives to which he appealed, the special rhetorical devices which he followed, the methods of audience-analysis he evolved, the general structure of the orations—all of these received little or scant attention by Benson. The secret of Webster's force as an orator is still unrevealed.

EDWIN H. PAGET.

North Carolina State College.

BRIEF MENTION

WRITERS OF COLONIAL NEW ENGLAND. By Trentwell Mason White and Paul William Lehmann. Boston: The Palmer Company. 1929. iv, 176 pp.

This little book "makes no pretensions to covering the field of New England Colonial literature in a detailed manner," but purports to be "a comprehensive survey, analysis, and evaluation of the New England colonist, his life, works, and literary significance." Actually it is a series of brief sketches, biographical and critical, of New England writers of the colonial period, largely compiled from other works and too plentifully sprinkled with misprints. It can interest no one who knows any of the standard books on its subject, since it adds nothing to them, and its inaccuracies are not redeemed by any distinguished quality in the style or any originality of criticism. The brief introduction on the Puritans and their literature contributes very little to the knowledge or understanding pos-

sessed by any reader of Tyler, and for the rest, practically all that it contains can be found quite as well and readably presented in Duyckinck or Tyler or the critical notes in Cairns's *Early American Writers*.

K. B. MURDOCK.

Harvard University.

A STUDY OF WHITTIER'S APPRENTICESHIP AS A POET: *Dealing with Poems Written between 1825 and 1835 not Available in the Poet's Collected Works*. (Thesis for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in English, the Pennsylvania State College.) By Francis Mary Pray. Foreword by Fred Lewis Pattee. 1930. 268 pp.

For the period (1825-1835) which Miss Pray has studied the Cambridge edition of Whittier's poems includes thirty-seven titles. She lists in her bibliography nearly two hundred titles for this period and there are doubtless others which cannot now be identified as Whittier's. In addition, she has included a number of titles that belong to years outside of her period. These poems were signed Adrian, Donald, Ichabod, Micajah, Nimrod (Miss Pray's own discovery), or W. Pages 113-243 of her thesis are given to "A Group of Selections" from these poems, which she discusses under the following headings: Poems Inspired by Reading, Poems on Social and Political Questions, Reflective Poems, Love Poems, Dialect and Humorous Poems, and Poems with Historical or New England Background. The poems included in the last two groups are of most interest to the student.

The results of this investigation [says Miss Pray in her Conclusion] show, in the main, four things: Whittier's lack of guidance and of good literary models in his early years; his sensitive response to the few literary examples which he had; a desire to say an occasional word in verse on social questions; and willingness to make use of native material familiar to him through the reading of old histories or through the telling of legends or traditional New England tales by neighbours, friends, or members of the family circle.

In regard to young Whittier's early literary models we know that his main source for work of contemporary writers was the weekly newspaper. This contained scattered examples of Scott, Moore, Hemans, Byron, Willis, "L. E. L.," Sigourney, Brainard, Percival, and others of less importance. . . . Whittier had read at least some of "Ossian" at an early age. We know from his life that when about fourteen or fifteen, he bought a copy of Shakespeare when on a trip to Boston, and that Burns and Dinsmore were also early poetic acquaintances. These, with the Bible, were probably about all the poetic inspiration he received until his three terms at Haverhill Academy broadened his acquaintance with literature.

The early poems of Whittier were usually hastily written. ". . . most of them were too long and often hampered by too much moralizing and too much repetition of the same idea expressed in slightly different ways . . . they were over-sentimental, over-dramatic, and over-inclined to the graveyard."

So many doctor's dissertations seem to be the result of a desire merely to find something acceptable that one is glad to see one dealing with an important subject of an unconventional type. Miss Pray, however, evidently had to give so much time to collecting the poems that she has not done as much as would seem possible with the literary influences that played upon the youthful Whittier. The poet himself would have strenuously objected to reprinting any of these poems. The scholar is more likely to wonder why Miss Pray did not reprint all of them, but the expense of publication must have been an important factor in her decision to reprint only a selection.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF STEPHEN CRANE. Edited by Wilson Follett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. 132 pp. \$2.50.

Crane's poetry has received less attention from anthologists and literary historians than it deserves. This handsomely printed volume contains, in addition to *The Black Riders and Other Lines* and *War is Kind and Other Lines*, three poems discovered in 1928 and first published in *The Bookman* for April, 1929.

MAGGIE: *A Girl of the Streets*. By Stephen Crane. New York: The Newland Press. [1930]. 111 pp. \$2.50.

A beautifully printed edition of Crane's first important work, which for several years has been difficult to obtain.

AMERICA THE DREAM. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. [1930]. xi, 210 pp. \$2.50.

"The greater number of these poems [on American themes] are taken from two volumes by Miss Bates which are now out of print: *America the Beautiful* and *The Retinue*. Most of the remainder were contributed to . . . periodicals." (Publisher's Note.)

POETRY AND POETS: *Essays*. By Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. vi, 232 pp. \$2.25.

"[Miss Lowell's] portfolios contained a large amount of prose—manuscripts, magazine articles, interviews, miscellanea—some of it purely ephemeral and 'timely' in interest, but much of it that characteristic, eager prose, known to readers of her 'Tendencies' and 'Six French Poets,' setting forth robustly her considered opinions on many matters of permanent literary interest. From this material there has been selected for publication three groups of essays or articles dealing with poetry and

poets. These are presented in the following pages: four essays on what poetry is and how it is made; two on elder poets ["Emily Dickinson" and "Walt Whitman and the New Poetry"] . . . and seven short essays on the work of her leading poetic contemporaries. In all of them her familiar voice speaks with resonance and authority." (Preface.)

FRANCES NEWMAN'S LETTERS. Edited by Hansell Baugh, with a Prefatory Note by James Branch Cabell. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. xii, 372 pp.

Those who are interested in contemporary Southern literature will find this an interesting book. Miss Newman writes, "Mr. Huebsch says that there is nothing southern about me but my voice, and sometimes I think that he may be right." (p. 133.) Contemporary Southern writers have little in common with those of an earlier generation. Miss Newman wanted modernity and sophistication. "I don't enjoy any music before Beethoven's third symphony, or any books written before Voltaire." (p. 274.) "Of course, I do think Mr. Cabell is the most delightful and the most important living prose writer, but it's Voltaire who is my standard of perfection. I want a book to have wit and profundity, and I don't like dull, solemn, pompous writers like Hardy and Dreiser and O'Neill and Willa Cather, or thin, dull writers like Bromfield." (p. 276.) Later she confesses, "My tastes in books and people are undoubtedly pitifully narrow, but apparently I can't do anything about them." Mr. Baugh has done a competent editorial job except that "In order not to deface this book with the footnotes and the elliptical dots which Miss Newman so cordially detested, the editor has indicated no omissions. . . ." I should like to see a volume of Miss Newman's reviews collected into a companion volume.

THE EARLY AMERICAN NOVEL. By Lillie Deming Loshe, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press. 1930. vi, 131 pp. \$2.50.

A reprint of a useful study, originally published in 1907, which has been long out of print.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY. By John Livingston Lowes. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. Eighth Impression. 1930. viii, 346 pp. \$2.50.

A reprint, with a new preface, of one of the most illuminating studies of the so-called "New Poetry." An index would make the book more serviceable to students.

THE AMERICAN RHYTHM: *Studies and Reëxpressions of Amerindian Songs*. By Mary Austin. New and Enlarged Edition. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. x, 174 pp. \$2.50.

To this new edition Mrs. Austin has added fifteen new poems and eighteen pages of discussion.

[JOHN] FILSON'S KENTUCKE: *A facsimile reproduction of the Original Wilmington Edition of 1784, with paged Critique, Sketch of Filson's Life and Bibliography*. (The Filson Club Publications: No. 35.) Edited by Willard Rouse Jillson, Sc.D. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton and Company. 1930. x, 198 pp.

This edition, which is competently edited by the State Geologist of Kentucky, includes a sketch of Filson's life, a Filson land entry, notes on the text, an annotated bibliography, an exact reprint of Filson's map of 1784 with an index, and a letter of Lawrence Martin in regard to the map.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CRIMINAL: HENRY TUFTS. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edmund Pearson. New York: Duffield and Company. 1930. xvii, 357 pp. \$3.00.

"This," says Mr. Pearson, "is probably the first extensive American criminal biography." The editor contributes an interesting introduction and a concluding chapter, "The Six Silver Spoons," in which he examines Tufts' account of a trial for theft in the light of contemporary court records.

EARLY AMERICAN PRINTS. By Carl W. Drepperd. New York and London: The Century Company. 1930. xx, 232 pp.

"In this little book," says Mr. Drepperd, "I have tried to review the important efforts at print-making from the days of the early colonies to the Civil War." Both text and illustrations throw light upon early American magazines and newspapers. There are chapters on "Book and Magazine Illustrations" and "Early American Caricature."

TARG'S AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS AND THEIR PRICES: *A Checklist of the Foremost American Firsts*. By William Targ. Chicago: William Targ. 1930. 114 pp.

"The purpose of this little book is to act as a reference guide for the collector and dealer, to assist him in determining the authenticity of important as well as lesser American First editions, and also to give him a basis for evaluation.

"The work was also prepared with a view towards helping introduce a number of noteworthy, but lesser known Americans to the collector. Naturally enough, there is a tremendous demand both here and abroad, for the outstanding rarities; but there are numerous others of considerable importance, that have been more or less overlooked in the scramble for 'high spots.'" (Author's Foreword.)

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS, THIRD SERIES: *Twenty Plays from the Recent Drama of the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, the Yiddish Theatre, and Scandinavia*. Selected and Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. ix, 698 pp.

Three American plays are included: Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, Paul Green's *In Abraham's Bosom*, and Sidney Howard's *The Silver Cord*.

AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited, with an Introduction, by John Cournos. (The Everyman's Library.) New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1930. xvi, 372 pp.

The following stories are included: William Austin, "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man"; Irving, "Rip Van Winkle"; Poe, "The Tell-tale Heart"; Hawthorne, "Ethan Brand"; Melville, "The 'Town-ho's' Story"; Fitz-James O'Brien, "The Diamond Lens"; Harte, "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; T. B. Aldrich, "Marjorie Daw"; Mark Twain, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"; Frank R. Stockton, "The Griffin and the Minor Canon"; Ambrose Bierce, "A Horseman in the Sky"; Henry James, "A Passionate Pilgrim"; Sarah Orne Jewett, "The Hiltons' Holiday"; George W. Cable, "Sieur George"; Kate Chopin, "Madame Célestin's Divorce"; Madelene Yale Wynne, "The Little Room"; Mary E. Wilkins, "A Village Lear"; Richard Harding Davis, "Van Bibber's Burglar"; Jack London, "The God of His Fathers"; and O. Henry, "The Furnished Room."

CHECK LIST OF THE PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE LIBRARY. Durham, N. C.: The Duke University Library Bulletin, No. 2, July, 1930. 109 pp.

THE NEGRO SINGS A NEW HEAVEN. By Mary Allen Grissom. Chapel Hill, N. C.: The University of North Carolina Press. 1930. 101 pp.

"These songs constitute a part of collections of original melodies whose value lies in their presentation and preservation exactly as they are found

and sung. . . . Most of the songs included in this volume have been taken directly from the Negroes in their present-day worship, and have been selected from those sung in the neighborhood of Louisville, Kentucky, and certain rural sections in Adair County." (Foreword.) Words and music are given for forty-five songs in a handsomely printed volume.

LETTERS OF RICHARD D. ARNOLD, M.D., 1808-1876: *Mayor of Savannah, Georgia, First Secretary of the American Medical Association*. (Papers of the Trinity College Historical Society, Double Series XVIII-XIX.) Edited by Richard H. Shryock. Durham, N. C.: The Duke University Press. 1929. 178 pp.

The collection includes letters of some interest to and from Bryant, Harte, Hay, and Holmes. Of the general significance of Arnold's correspondence, the editor says:

Indeed, the picture of cultural connections between Savannah and the northern ports, which [Arnold's] letters afford throughout, is one of their most significant features. It suggests, not the general "Eastern" sectionalism which historians usually recognize in this period, but the persistence of an even more restricted sort of coast-line sectionalism, based upon common colonial traditions, and the relatively intimate communication afforded by marine transportation. Dr. Arnold, and many of the other "people of consequence" in Savannah, felt at home in New York and Philadelphia. They were strangers in an alien land—culturally speaking—fifty miles up-country in their own State! . . .

Incidentally, in the process of illustrating the close connection existing between the northern and southern ports, the letters also picture an urban culture common to both sections. When historians of the South begin to give the same careful attention to her urban centers of trade and culture that they have to some of her agricultural institutions, it will doubtless appear that the North and South had more in common than has been generally supposed.

THE GREAT AWAKENING IN VIRGINIA, 1740-1790. By Wesley M. Gewehr. Durham, N. C.: The Duke University Press. 1930. x, 292 pp. \$4.00.

"In this study of the Great Awakening in Virginia, the author endeavors to show the far-reaching effects of the series of evangelical revivals which swept the colony in wave after wave during the thirty or forty years preceding the American Revolution, and then again after the war. He believes that he has proven that the rise of the popular churches, which resulted from the Great Awakening, contributed very definitely, not only to the religious life of Virginia, but also to the rise of political democracy, and to the social revolution which had transformed the Old Dominion by the end of the eighteenth century. Furthermore, he shows that the Great Awakening set in motion certain humanitarian and educational forces which left their permanent impress upon the life of Virginia." (Author's Preface.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF VIRGINIA HISTORY SINCE 1865. By Lester Jesse Cappon, under the Direction of Dumas Malone. University, Va.: The Institute for Research in the Social Sciences. 1930. xviii, 900 pp.

Part X ("Literature and Art") of this excellent work includes a valuable bibliography of the "Works of Virginia Men of Letters": Thomas Nelson Page, James Branch Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, Mary Johnston, and others.

THE AMERICAN PEACE CRUSADE, 1815-1860. By Merle Eugene Curti, Ph.D. Durham, N. C.: The Duke University Press. 1929. ix, 250. \$3.50.

"This study was originally a doctoral thesis presented to the Department of History at Harvard University. My original intention was to confine the work to the early organized peace movement in America. This was a virtually unworked field, rich in manuscript and printed sources. However, since the work of peace organizations, even in those early years, became increasingly international in scope, it was found inadvisable to limit the study of their activities to the United States. . . . Hence the emphasis throughout is on the coöperation between American and European friends of peace." (Author's Preface.)

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI WEST: *Paper Read at a Conference Held at the University of Colorado, June 18-June 21, 1929.* Edited by James F. Willard and Colin B. Goodykoontz. Boulder, Colo.: The University of Colorado. 1930. xi, 366 pp. \$2.00.

Besides a number of papers grouped under the general heads of "Western Missions," "Western Transportation," and "Round Table Papers," there is a group of papers dealing with "The West in American Literature": Percy H. Boynton, "The Conquest of the Pioneer"; Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), "The Plains Indian in Literature—and Life"; and Lucy L. Hazard, "The American Picaresque: A By-Product of the Frontier." The book is well indexed.

J. B. H.

AMBROSE BIERCE AND THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE MONK AND THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER

FRANK MONAGHAN

The Dictionary of American Biography

I

AMBROSE Bierce had a peculiar fondness for mystery and assiduously cultivated a modest but intriguing obscurity. The circumstances of his life, his personality, and his writings all contributed to the early development of a "Bierce mythology" which successfully persisted until the publication of recent studies of Bierce. He willingly allowed himself to become the central figure of heroic exploits and epic yarns; and, according to these picturesque and daring tales, he indulged in anti-Christian orgies in cemeteries, pulled down holy crosses, exhumed corpses, loved snakes as he loathed dogs, and enjoyed meditation in graveyards, where he had once contracted asthma by sleeping on a tombstone. Bierce knew when to tell a tale, as he knew when to remain silent. The legends and the mystification grew. The last and greatest mystery was his dramatic disappearance into Mexico in 1913. This was an artist's touch. His silence has remained unbroken and there is no authentic knowledge of his fate, despite the many explications of the journalists. His disappearance did as much for his fame as anything he ever wrote and has probably, according to Mr. Albert Boni, his present publisher, been the determining factor in keeping his books in print. Five volumes published within the past year and a half,¹ notably the excellent volume of Carey McWilliams, have dissipated many of the shadows and legends that have surrounded Bierce's career.

Despite the lengthy documentation and the many elucidations that his career has received, one problem of major importance remains: the nature and extent of his authorship or of his collaboration

¹ C. Hartley Grattan's *Bitter Bierce: A Mystery of American Letters* (Doubleday, Doran); Adolphe de Castro's *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce* (Century); Walter Neale's *Life of Ambrose Bierce* (New York: Walter Neale); Carey McWilliams's *Ambrose Bierce: a Biography* (A. and C. Boni); Vincent Starrett's *Ambrose Bierce: a Bibliography* (Philadelphia: Centaur Press).

in *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*. With the exception of his former collaborator, Adolphe de Castro, whose testimony concerning Bierce is distinctly biased, those who have recently written have preferred to pass over the question with ambiguous comments or with a convenient silence. All the critics who have treated Bierce have spoken with enthusiasm and praise of *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*, so that no small part of his literary reputation is based upon this achievement. In the first small volume devoted to Bierce² the author recognized the problem and immediately solved it by saying that the story was great enough to do credit to three men. In the Bierce article in *The Dictionary of American Biography* it is stated that "In 1892 Bierce revised and rewrote G. A. Danziger's *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*, a medieval romance. This, his longest piece of sustained narrative, fully reveals his deep feeling for beauty and his power of subjective analysis."³ Paul C. Snodgrass writes: "Son oeuvre viable est très mince, mais il faut compter un volume d'admirables nouvelles de la Guerre civile, des poésies satiriques (les seules que nous possédions), et surtout un vrai chef-d'oeuvre, comparable à *Thaïs*: *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*."⁴ C. Hartley Grattan, realizing that the "parentage is under a cloud," seemingly escapes the question by saying: "How much Bierce read into the story it is impossible to tell."⁵ But he continues: "With a somewhat natural prejudice in his favor I am inclined to believe that he brought out the essential dramatic conflict much more forcibly than it would have appeared under a lesser hand. Furthermore, it seems likely to me that he had more than a little to do with making the book so flawless an example of style. The style of *The Monk* is simple and direct. There are no passages of tortuous analysis, nor any of mere rhetoric, two flaws that burden most literary excursions into religious psychology."⁶ After suggesting that *The Monk* is the greatest religious novel produced by an American he continues: ". . . I think it entirely logical and just to attribute to him the clarity of style and skill with which the underlying motif was brought to the attention of the reader without being

² Vincent Starrett's *Ambrose Bierce* (Chicago: Walter Hill, 1920).

³ *The Dictionary of American Biography*, II, 253.

⁴ *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, December, 1929, p. 172.

⁵ *Bitter Bierce*, p. 246.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 246.

unduly obtrusive. Even as a story the tale is most remarkable, but if we examine it as a psychological document it is even more extraordinary. That Bierce clearly perceived the essentials of the sexual-psychological conflict seems to me reasonable to assume."⁷ Doubtless many critics have been deceived by Bierce's own statement in his preface to *The Monk* which was republished in his *Collected Works*⁸ that: "In this version the work that came into my hands from his [Danziger's] has been *greatly altered and extended*."⁹ This statement was dictated by a desire to obscure a situation which Bierce would have reluctantly seen explained: the exact extent of his own participation or collaboration in *The Monk*.

II

The collaboration of Bierce and de Castro¹⁰ was brief and tumultuous. They first met in 1886 in San Francisco where de Castro, then twenty, was practicing dentistry. De Castro had then been in America but three years and, though his English was quite imperfect, his literary ambitions had begun to develop, for he modestly states that he had already done translations from the Semitic, Latin, Greek, German, and French, had written a book in English, and had published many articles in established periodicals.¹¹ Some time during the last months of 1890 de Castro read Richard Voss's *Der Mönch von Berchtesgaden* in the German monthly magazine, *Vom Fels Zum Meer*. Impressed by this story which he esteemed more highly than *The Scarlet Letter*, he made a very rough translation, the best of which his knowledge of English was then capable. He then decided to write his own story, utilizing all the improvements which his originality had suggested, including a "happy ending":

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 256. It may be observed how quickly the critic is persuaded by his own eloquence, so that Bierce's important contributions, which he is inclined to believe merely by a *somewhat natural prejudice*, ten pages later he believes because it is *entirely logical, just, and reasonable*.

⁸ It forms the first part of Volume VI of *The Collected Works* (12 vols., New York and Washington, 1909-1912). It has been reprinted in the American Library of A. and C. Boni, New York, and in the Travellers Library of Jonathan Cape, London.

⁹ Italics mine.

¹⁰ In 1921, in the Supreme Court of California, Gustave Adolphe Danziger officially changed his name to Adolphe de Castro.

¹¹ *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce*, p. 123. De Castro's book is garrulous, suffers from maudlin sentimentality, and abounds in misleading statements. For a review see *The Saturday Review of Literature* for October 5, 1929.

the result was a meritless version in which the excellent qualities of Voss's story were lost. De Castro then twice submitted the rough translation to friends for revision and polishing; each time the friend failed. Through Charles Kaufman the manuscript was brought to the attention of Bierce, who became enthusiastic over it. De Castro states that he paid Bierce two hundred dollars to "copy it verbatim, for your pen will not let you write the wrong word," and to add his own name to the story. Beginning September 13, 1891,¹² it was published in *The San Francisco Examiner* as a story "by Dr. G. A. Danziger and Ambrose Bierce."¹³ Soon after its appearance F. J. Schulte, a Chicago publisher, arranged to publish it in book form, insisting, however, that Bierce's name precede de Castro's on the title page. De Castro reluctantly agreed, and immediately the subject became a source of constant bickering between the two men. Schulte published the book in 1892; he shortly after went into bankruptcy, so that, although many copies of the book were sold, no royalties were ever paid.¹⁴

At about the same time de Castro had conceived the idea of forming the Western Authors Publishing Company, a questionable scheme for charging simple people who possessed both money and literary aspirations exorbitant sums for printing their works. How far Bierce was implicated in the venture it seems impossible to determine, but it provided the immediate cause for the break between Bierce and de Castro.¹⁵ Publishers had constantly refused to publish Bierce's verse; for him that was a source of indignation and disgust. De Castro maintains that he himself, because of his great friendship for Bierce, undertook, acting as the director of the Western Authors Publishing Company, the publication of Bierce's *Black Beetles in Amber*, in which he was himself forced to invest several thousand dollars. At the same time de Castro published a collection of his own stories, *In the Confessional*. He concludes that the complete failure of *Black Beetles in Amber*, when his own volume was enjoying a moderate sale, embittered Bierce and was the cause of their

¹² Not in 1901, as Robert Morss Lovett states in *American Literature*, I, 435.

¹³ See reproduction of the original newspaper page, *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce*, p. 136, and compare with *ibid.*, p. 133 for de Castro's curious mistake.

¹⁴ For de Castro's version of their partnership see *ibid.*, pp. 126-138.

¹⁵ Compare de Castro's misleading account of this venture, *ibid.*, pp. 139-157, with McWilliams, *Ambrose Bierce*, pp. 215-216.

estrangement. But the facts are otherwise: instead of de Castro's investing thousands in Bierce's book, he was actually surreptitiously borrowing money from Bierce's friends to finance his own volume. In order to have illustrations by J. H. E. Partington for his volume, he borrowed three hundred dollars from an intimate friend of Bierce, upon the strength of Bierce's friendship, yet without telling him of the matter. When Bierce discovered what had happened, he was furious and, meeting de Castro, broke a cane over his head. The fragments of the cane he preserved to remind himself "of the nature of friendship." Bierce later made some important observations concerning his relations with de Castro in his column of "Prattle" in the *Examiner*.¹⁶

I have not the conceit to suppose the public is interested in the business affairs which Dr. Danziger gratifies his nature at the expense of his welfare by lying about. It cannot make any material difference whether I swindled him or he swindled me; commercial usage and the proprieties of business were sufficiently observed if some one was swindled. Nor with reference to "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" is it important whether he or I had the larger hand in spoiling the work of a better man than either. These matters are trivial and dull, even to me, except in so far as they show (as doubtless Heaven ordained them to do) how far a man may be willing to go in procuring food for the conceit in him. For nourishment of his insatiable inner dog, Dr. Danziger would steal any bone of recognition that he could not get by cheating. What is really amusing is his solemn censure of me for *assaulting with fist, stick and pistol* (he seems to have forgotten the cannon) an inoffensive "minister" who desires to do his lying in peace. . . .

As a matter of fact, the wretch is a "minister" in the same way that Jonah, after being spewed ashore, was a part of the whale. I never was ashamed of being an infidel until Dr. Danziger assured me that he was one. For ten minutes I was an easy prey to any strolling exhorter that might have passed that way, cadging for souls. . . .

Again Bierce spoke of de Castro when he wrote in "Prattle" on August 4 "of the countless disadvantages of a literary relation with an outmate of a detaining pond for wild asses. If a writer desires to be made seventeen kinds of a holy show, let him associate himself with a king of conceit who is proud and loud of the connection."

¹⁶ *The San Francisco Examiner*, July 23, 1893.

Nine days later Bierce made a further explanation in his column of "Prattle":¹⁷

I wrote every word of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" as published. Until Dr. Danziger saw that it was a creditable book he never, so far as I know, professed to have done more than translate the German story by Dr. Voss upon which it was founded. I have never seen that story and do not read German; what changes he may have made I do not know, nor care. If there was as little of Dr. Voss in his version as there is of him in mine, I am unable to conjecture what the original yarn was like. It was for lying about that and other matters that I punished him; and apparently he is not yet reformed.

Several months later Bierce thundered in a letter to de Castro: "'The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter' is perfect. It needs no change in title or anything else. I ought to know it, for as it stands I wrote it myself."¹⁸ Five years later Moran, the editor of *The News Letter*, came to de Castro to secure materials to use against Bierce, who had once satirized him. De Castro remarks: "There were even then persons who doubted that I had written the story. I was not known and Bierce was."¹⁹ The published interview brought a strong note from Bierce, but two years later when there seemed to be a possibility of dramatizing the book, they were again on speaking terms and Bierce modestly wrote to de Castro: "Ambrosius and Benedicta are unique in letters—you and I are not entitled to all the credit of their creation."²⁰

The various attempts to have *The Monk* dramatized failed, but Walter Neale, a publisher in Washington, offered to republish the book. Bierce wrote to de Castro, who was then in Europe: "Neale, of this city, is willing to bring out the book. But he will do nothing without an express understanding and contract. I cannot act without a regular document as valid as a power-of-attorney."²¹ Bierce was given a nominal bill of sale, but at the same time de Castro insisted upon the precedence of his own name upon the title-page.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, August 13, 1893. During this period de Castro claims that he spent "a couple of weeks most delightfully" vacationing with Bierce and that he enjoyed Bierce's "utmost confidence" (*Portrait of Ambrose Bierce*, pp. 157, 174).

¹⁸ Quoted, *ibid.*, p. 155.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 267.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 277.

²¹ Letter of February 18, 1902. Quoted, *ibid.*, p. 311.

The result was the Neale edition published in 1907; this contained the preface that was later republished in the *Collected Works* and that has frequently been republished in New York and London. The title read: "*The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter* by Ambrose Bierce [and in smaller type] Written in collaboration with G. A. Danziger." The preface explained briefly the circumstances under which it was written and refuted the claim of de Castro to the authorship. Bierce spoke of the profound admiration that he had for Herr Voss, "to whose splendid imagination the chief credit of the tale is due." Yet this statement, much though it may have soothed Bierce's own conscience, was counterbalanced by several others: "In reading it [the first rough translation] I was struck by what seemed to me certain possibilities of amplification and I agreed to do the work if given a free hand by both author and translator . . . In this version the work that came into my hands has been greatly altered and extended."²² The preface contains a curious contradiction concerning the Schulte edition: ". . . the publishers failed, and it [*The Monk*] was, so far as I know, never put upon the market."²³ Yet the book was put upon the market and Bierce was quite aware of it, for he had written de Castro: "He [Schulte] assured me just before his failure that it *was* selling well."²⁴ De Castro states that he first saw this Neale edition in the fall of 1902, but this could not have been possible, for the edition was not brought out until 1907.²⁵ De Castro was enraged by Bierce's preface; he was more embittered by the inclusion of *The Monk* in Bierce's *Collected Works*. Yet he said nothing, nor did he take any action. Six years passed before Bierce disappeared into Mexico; another dozen years passed before de Castro again began to advance his claims to *The Monk*. In 1928 Albert and Charles Boni, the American publishers of Bierce, agreed to pay de Castro some small percentage of royalties on *The Monk* and agreed to insert in all future editions a special page explaining that all credit, as well as the copyright, belongs to

²² *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*, pp. 9-10. The page references which follow are to the excellent and available edition in the Travellers Library, published by Jonathan Cape, London.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 10.

²⁴ Letter of September 13, 1900. Quoted in *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce*, p. 281.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 316 and Neale's *Life of Bierce*, p. 411. Many of de Castro's dates are inaccurate.

de Castro.²⁶ In a letter to Carey McWilliams de Castro states: "At present no one but myself has any right to the story or the name on the title page."²⁷ Such is the burden of his argument throughout his book on Bierce, yet his argument has so many contradictions and is made with such a lack of essential documents, that it is difficult to understand the conclusion of Mr. Robert Morss Lovett after reading the book: "Apparently one mystery of Bierce's life, the authorship of his masterpiece, must be decided in de Castro's favor."²⁸

III

In view of the numerous contradictions of de Castro, Bierce, and their critical commentators, the general vagueness and uncertainty surrounding the problem, and the importance of exact knowledge of the changes and lengthy contributions alleged to have been made to the story, it is surprising that no detailed comparison has ever been made between Bierce's final version and *Der Mönch von Berchtesgaden* of Richard Voss.²⁹ That the reader may appreciate the changes that were made in the English version it is necessary to know briefly Voss's original story.

It is a drama of the conflict between earthly love and heavenly aspirations. The scene is laid near the Monastery of Berchtesgaden in Bavaria; the time is 1680. Ambrosius, "the Monk" (who tells the story), with two other Franciscan monks, is sent from Passau to Berchtesgaden. For days they pass through a wild and mountainous country, simply and beautifully described. Near the monastery they come upon an awful scene: a beautiful maiden chasing vultures from the corpse of a man hanging from the gallows. This is Benedicta, the hangman's daughter, and by the customs of the time, a social and religious outcast. Ambrosius, moved greatly by pity and by her beauty, publicly sympathizes with her and declares her ostracism unchristian; for this he is rebuked by his Superior and ordered to do penance. Benedicta climbs a dangerous cliff to throw a bunch of edelweiss into his cell; he rejoices that another soul has

²⁶ To those acquainted with the costs of litigation it will be obvious that the payment of a small royalty is cheaper than the payment of a lawyer to contest claims, whether they are well-founded or absurd. This was substantially the opinion of the publishers.

²⁷ McWilliams, *Ambrose Bierce*, p. 215.

²⁸ *American Literature*, I, 435 (January, 1930).

²⁹ Reprinted in *Der Mönch von Berchtesgaden und andere Geschichten* (Stuttgart, 1924) and available in Engelhorn's Romanbibliothek. Page references are to this edition.

been won—and rejoices in his love for her. Later, during a festival, he jealously observes that she is the attention of the gay and dashing Rochus, son of the Saltmaster, the local lord. Rumors reach him that she is the mistress of Rochus, but he again defends her and is again summoned by his Superior to do penance. Shortly after, he witnesses the mob forcing the hangman to lead his daughter through the village; she bears the sign of the harlot. That he may be removed from temptation, Ambrosius is sent to a mountain fastness where the Superior hopes that he may learn to discipline the flesh. Meanwhile the hangman has died of grief, and Benedicta, unable longer to bear the insults of the village, has sought peace and refuge in the mountains, so that Benedicta appears just at a time when Ambrosius has succeeded in translating his sexual desires into religious fervor. They meet and talk with each other. But several days later Rochus comes to his hunting lodge in the mountains. The two men meet and struggle, each under the impression that he is defending Benedicta from the undesirable attentions of the other. Ambrosius is overpowered, but Rochus spares his life; Ambrosius crawls to a hiding-place to recover from his wounds and to escape the messenger who has come to call him to his ordination at Passau. While he is in hiding, his mind becomes unbalanced. He subdues his sinful flesh, frees himself from all bonds of earthly love, and vows his heart, his soul, and his life to the Holy Virgin. “So habe ich mein sündiges Fleisch kasteit, meinen sterblichen Leib abgetötet und mich dem Herrn unterworfen, so lange, bis ich mich von allem Uebel erlöst fühlte, erlöst von meiner frevelhaften Liebe zu einem Weibe, welches nich du warst, o gebenedeite, heilige Jungfrau Maria!”³⁰ He feels that a miracle has happened; the poor erring, lustful monk has died, and now Ambrosius is an instrument in the hands of God. “Ich bin in der Wildnes ganz ein Werkzeug Gottes geworden, und da ich den Himmel anschrie wegen der sündigen Seele der lieblichen Jungfrau, siehe, da ist mir in Glanz und Glorie der Herr erschienen und hat mir gesagt, wie ich auch sie erretten und erlösen könnte, und hat mir geboten, solches zu thun.”³¹ He prays for the salvation of the soul of the lovely maiden, and God appears to him in a vision and entrusts him with the salvation of her soul. As he goes towards Benedicta’s cabin, he sees the flashing

³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 62.

³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

knife that Rochus has dropped during their struggle; he believes the knife has been given him by God. He reaches the cabin and finds her singing and joyous. He discovers that Rochus has been there and has asked her to become his wife. He now becomes completely unbalanced; he plunges the knife into her breast, and she dies in his arms. She has become the bride of Heaven through Ambrosius, the chosen instrument of God. He descends the mountain and, reaching the monastery, recounts the deed for which the Lord chose him and declares that he is now an ordained priest. As he writes in his cell, he says that the demented fools have condemned him to death as if he were an ordinary murderer. "Da ergriffen sie mich, steckten mich in den Turm, sassen über mich zu Gericht und verurteilten mich zum Tode, nich anders als wäre ich ein schändlicher Mörder. Die Thoren, die blinden, blöden Thoren."³² To the manuscript is added a note in another hand: that Ambrosius was hanged and buried near the gallows close by the body of Benedicta. In all other things than this he was a true knight of the Lord.

IV

This, briefly, is the story of Richard Voss. What, now, are the different beginning and ending of which de Castro speaks and the "numerous amplifications" and the "great alterations and extensions" which Bierce says he added to the story? With several small exceptions, they do not exist. The changes that have been made in the Bierce version are of three different kinds: (1) deletions, which are infrequent and consist of small and unimportant parts of the story. For example, eleven lines in the second paragraph of the story explaining why the three monks were sent to Berchtesgaden³³ are deleted as well as a small paragraph of description containing seven lines³⁴ and another section of eighteen lines of description of Berchtesgaden.³⁵ In *Der Mönch* Rochus returns to the cabin to find Ambrosius with the dead body of Benedicta,³⁶ but this is not included in Bierce. (2) Amplifications, small but numerous, such as the following:³⁷ "These, then, were the mountains of which we had heard so much . . . which the Lutherans say their faith can re-

³² *Ibid.*, p. 67.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 66-67.

³⁷ Italics indicate additions to the Voss version.

move. *I greatly doubt it.*"³⁸ "Brother Aegidius, *who was as learned as pious*, knew them from his herbarium and told us their names. We were delighted by the sight of various brilliant beetles and butterflies *which had come out of their hiding-places after the rain.*"³⁹ And when they first see the monastery, they are thrilled with pious emotion. "The church and monastery were of hewn stone, of noble architecture, spacious and comfortable. *May the good God bless our entrance into this holy place.*"⁴⁰ (3) A single important change at the end. It is an obvious method of making the story ironic and was accomplished by the addition of only a dozen lines. In the last scene between Ambrosius and Benedicta she says that Rochus has merely promised to intercede with the Reverend Superior to have the curse removed from her life. And in the postscript to the manuscript is this addition: "This Benedicta, though called the hangman's daughter, was (as is now known through declarations of the youth Rochus) the bastard child of the Saltmaster by the hangman's wife. It is also veritably attested by the same youth that the maiden cherished a secret and forbidden love for him who slew her in ignorance of her passion."⁴¹ The rest of the Bierce version is either close paraphrasing or literal translation.⁴² All the qualities of *The Monk* that the critics have united in praising are found in their completeness in *Der Mönch*. Students of Bierce attempting to isolate his contributions would probably attribute to him certain touches: "Even in these wild places Heaven had provided bountifully for the fasting of the faithful" and "we could hardly believe that we were not accompanied by troops of invisible beings who mocked us and made a sport of our fears, etc."⁴³ but these are but literal translations from Voss, as are all the significant passages, the imagery, the characters, and the development. Since Bierce knew no German and worked from a rough draft supplied by de Castro, it is remarkable that he should have produced a version that seems in so many passages a direct and literal translation.

Briefly: of the two thousand five hundred lines of *Der Mönch*

³⁸ *The Monk*, p. 16.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 19.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 116.

⁴² De Castro, in translating the passage describing Benedicta's public disgrace, is mistaken in changing Voss's *Buhlerin* (prostitute or wanton) to *Buhle* (mistress or paramour), which he translates as harlot. *Ibid.*, p. 60.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, pp. 18, 17.

about fifty have been deleted; the others have been translated literally or closely paraphrased. To this approximately seventy lines have been added by either Bierce or de Castro; of these seventy only ten are significant, since they provide the added irony of the blood-relationship between Rochus and Benedicta and the love of Benedicta for Ambrosius.

V

De Castro claims to have made a rough translation, to have deleted certain tedious parts, and to have given the story a different beginning and ending. To these first two claims we may reasonably agree. But *The Monk* has no different beginning, and from the various suggestions that he has made for improving the story⁴⁴ we are led to believe him incapable of producing the ironic change in the ending. That type of surprise ending had long been a favorite one with Bierce; so this was probably his own small contribution to the story, beyond the excellent English in which he rewrote it. How the work that came into his hands was "*greatly altered and extended*" we cannot know, for no such alterations exist. How Bierce found the audacity to include in his own *Collected Works* a book that was substantially that of Richard Voss and to which he himself had contributed so little must remain an unanswered question. Likewise the continued and extravagant claims of de Castro are impossible. His statement that "at present no one but myself has any right to the story or to the name on the title page" is absurd. That he was ever in communication with Richard Voss and that he ever paid Bierce for the revision is highly questionable.⁴⁵ In the light of the knowledge of their contributions to *The Monk* their endless quarrels as to which of them deserved the credit seem comical. We may now, perhaps, recognize certain elements of justice in Mr. Neale's amusing suggestion:⁴⁶

I understand that recently this *arbiter literarum* [de Castro], now grown old, is seeking structural assistance among men who know how

⁴⁴ See index of his book under the heading *The Monk* for his innumerable and curious suggestions.

⁴⁵ De Castro's failure to give the details of these transactions or to produce the documents is eloquent. The San Francisco fire of 1906 conveniently destroyed all his papers which he does not wish to reproduce; however, favorable documents of a prior date are all available.

⁴⁶ *Life of Ambrose Bierce*, pp. 440-441.

to write in order to erect a pantheon to the literary gods of the Pacific Coast, that edifice to bear over its portal the inscription "I am Ambrose Bierce," although intended also to enshrine minor immortals. In each of many niches there will be a dentist's chair occupied by a god holding aloft *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter* in his good right hand, his left hand resting gently on the curly head of the kneeling Bierce, while Richard Voss, floating above, looks benignly through the aureole of the complacent seated divinity

and smiles at them both?

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS CHART OF BUMPS

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I

cheating, childish abandonment of myself, fancying what does not really exist in another, but is all the time in myself alone—utterly deluded & cheated by *myself*, & my own weakness—REMEMBER WHERE I AM MOST WEAK; & most lacking. Yet always preserve a kind spirit & demeanor to *16* But PURSUE HER NO MORE

SINCE confessions of weakness have the grandeur of generality, the reader will understand this pretty well up to the "*16*." That it was Walt Whitman who made the jotting in one of his notebooks,¹ a fragmentary affair containing the dates 1868-1870, gives the passage that engaging interest which comes from the discovery that the great were human. And it rouses curiosity in respect to "*16*."

Who constituted this secret chapter of a poet's life?² Whitman's later Washington days were singularly guiltless of amours.³ "I never knew a case of Walt's being bothered up by a woman," said Peter Doyle.⁴ "In fact, he had nothing special to do with any woman except Mrs. O'Connor and Mrs. Burroughs. His disposition was different. Woman in that sense never came into his head. Walt was too clean, he hated anything was not clean. No trace of any kind of dissipation in him." The words of Peter Doyle, that sympathetic horse-car conductor whom fate wove tenderly into the tough fibre of a great life and a great book, are spoken with the conviction of

¹ Emory Holloway, *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, 2 vols. (New York, 1921), II, 95.

² See Mr. Holloway's discussion in "Walt Whitman's Love Affairs," in *The Dial*, LXIX, 473-483 (1920).

³ Mr. Holloway, the same article, p. 480, says that he possesses letters from an army surgeon which refer to Walt Whitman's having a mistress in Washington. But that was in 1863.

⁴ From "Calamus" in *The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman Issued Under the Editorial Supervision of his Literary Executors*, 10 vols. (New York, 1902), VIII, 7. Subsequently this edition will be cited as *Camden* edition.

knowledge: "I ought to know about him those years—we were awful close together."

Pursue her no more! Pursue her no. . . . And then on a book-disheveled desk in a great library one opens a dusty pamphlet. The title reads: *Synopsis of Phrenology and Physiology, Comprising a Condensed Description of the Functions of the Body and Mind. . . . By L. N. Fowler, Practical Phrenologist*. There is a chart of the human head, its area marked into little sections, each named and numbered, and each containing a small picture representing a quality of human nature.⁵ The section numbered sixteen is *Hope*. And Hope is pictured as a woman. In the explanation below one reads:

HOPE.—Sense of immortality; of a future state; a looking for future results, and confidence in success and happiness.

Abuse: Unreasonable hopes; extravagant plans with reference to the future; anticipations that cannot be realized; trusting to chance without using the proper means.

Deficiency: Gloom; despondency; want of confidence in the future.

Is this the lady and her mystery? Whitman was disturbed, but he will always preserve a kind spirit and demeanor to Hope. He will pursue her no more.

If this construction seems forced, glance along the page of Whitman's manuscript. He writes:

Depress *the adhesive* nature
It is *in excess*—making life a torment
All this diseased, feverish disproportionate *adhesiveness*.⁶

Now *Adhesiveness* is a phrenological term, meaning the propensity for friendship. When it is "in excess," it leads to indiscriminate making of friends. It is "disproportionate," and should be "depressed." Whitman's language is the technical jargon of the phrenological books. It looks as though Whitman were using phrenology in setting down his self-cautions.

There is a third entry equally provoking:

TO GIVE UP ABSOLUTELY & for good, from this present hour [all] this FEVERISH, FLUCTUATING, useless undignified pursuit of

⁵ L. N. Fowler, *Synopsis of Phrenology* (New York, 1848), pp. 10-13.

⁶ Emory Holloway, *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, II, 96.

164—too long, (much too long) persevered in,—so humiliating—It **must** come at last & had better come now—(It cannot possibly be a success)

LET THERE FROM THIS HOUR BE NO FALTERING, [or] NO GETTING— [word erased] at all henceforth, (NOT ONCE, under any circumstances)—avoid seeing her, or meeting her, or any talk or explanations—or ANY MEETING WHATEVER, FROM THIS HOUR FORTH, FOR LIFE.⁷

The second paragraph seems to refer to a real woman. Phrenology, I think, will account for "164." Some years earlier (in 1859) the poet had written a similar entry in a note book which reads:

It is now time to *stir*—first for *Money* enough *to live and provide for M*—To *Stir*—first write stories and get out of this Slough.⁸

"M" was probably "Mother." *Acquisitiveness* was the phrenological term for "industry, husbandry, thrift . . . desire to get, own possess, and keep; love of money for its own sake, and as an end, not a means; the saving, laying up, and hoarding propensity."⁹ In one of the Fowlers' later phrenological treatises, section 164 is concerned with *Acquisitiveness*. Probably Whitman had made out a list (he was fond of lists) and his ambiguous figures are references to it by way of self-discipline. At any rate the lady, if she was not altogether an allegory, begins to look less and less like the dark lady of a hidden love affair. Phrenology alters one's original notion of what these passages signified.

II

One is tempted, moreover, to pursue the subject of phrenology a little further. It may be that Walt Whitman's connection with it will form as piquant a chapter of his life as his obscure entanglement with any lost lady of romance. For though phrenology is dead as a door nail, one may suspect that it has more to reveal about the poet than a practical phrenologist of Walt Whitman's day would have dreamed.

Perhaps it is not altogether accurate to say that phrenology is dead as a door nail. Only last year phrenology came over the radio from WEVD; its vestiges still may be recognized upon the boardwalk at Atlantic City; and it is not quite forgotten in country towns

⁷ Manuscript notebook in the Library of Congress, Washington, dated June 26, 1859.

⁸ O. S. Fowler, *Human Science or Phrenology* (Philadelphia, 1873), p. 631.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 639.

of the South, or in the more disreputable districts of the big cities. But whoever has stepped into the dreary joints on Chicago's Halsted Street, his antiquarian interests teased by the gaudy, painted phrenological charts outside, will believe that phrenology is worse than dead. He may reflect with irony upon the fate of some of our modern sciences, recalling, if indeed he ever knew of them, Spurzheim's triumphant phrenological lectures in Boston. (Harvard still keeps his picture, and Mount Auburn cemetery his dust.) The days are gone when Henry Ward Beecher fulminated phrenology from his pulpit, and when Edgar Allan Poe studied George Combe's *Lectures on Phrenology* for hints for the creation of "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher."¹¹ Progress has triumphed. The site of the Phrenological Cabinet, 308 Broadway, is now occupied by one of the Horn and Hardart automats.

On July 2, 1855, the Messrs. Fowler and Wells advertised in *The New York Tribune* that their Phrenological Cabinet would be open free to visitors on the Fourth of July. Moved from its older establishment at 131 Nassau Street, the Phrenological Cabinet was a place worth visiting. The curious who, on that Fourth of July, chose to satisfy their holiday leisure by a jaunt up Broadway, might have seen on display "a vast number of Phrenological Specimens," a collection which consisted of "a great variety of skulls, both human and animal, from all nations and tribes, amounting to several thousand, to which a constant addition is being made, by travellers in our own, and voyagers to other countries."¹² And had the exotic skulls not sufficient interest for the holiday maker, the crowd of visitors themselves would reward curiosity, for the Cabinet was "visited by persons of every nationality and embracing every type of character and talent."¹³

The proprietors of the Cabinet were themselves worth knowing. In 1855 Samuel Roberts Wells, who had become a member of the

¹¹ Edward Hungerford, "Poe and Phrenology," *American Literature*, II, 209-231 (November, 1930).

¹² According to C. R. Rode's *New York City Directory*, the Cabinet was at 129 and 131 Nassau Street in 1852-53. Trow's *New York City Directory* for 1854-55 enters the proprietors as "phrenologists & publishers of works on phrenology, physiology & hydropathy" at 308 Broadway. They were the only phrenologists who advertised in the classified business directory (Trow, p. 120). See the advertisement at the end of L. N. Fowler's *Phrenological and Physiological Almanac* (New York, 1848).

¹³ Nelson Sizer, *Forty Years in Phrenology* (New York, 1882), p. 249.

firm in 1844, was the publisher of the *Illustrated Annals of Phrenology and Physiognomy*. He was chiefly devoted to the general conduct of the Cabinet's business, and especially to the publishing department. Although Orson Squire Fowler had retired from the firm in April, 1855, he had been, and remained, its presiding genius. He must frequently have left his famous octagon house in Fishkill, to consult with Wells about the printing of his numerous books. Orson Squire Fowler¹⁴ was destined to play a significant part in the intellectual history of his country. Few scientific men today would care to acknowledge the indebtedness of modern thought to this early advocate of psychoanalysis, vocational guidance, and instruction in matters of sex. Born at Cohocton, N. Y., in 1809, he graduated from Amherst College in 1834, a classmate of Henry Ward Beecher, who first aroused his enthusiasm for phrenology.¹⁵ From those college days when, in his commencement address, he spoke on "Temptation—Its Influence on Guilt,"¹⁶ until, exponent of an obsolete science, he died in 1887, he fought a long fight against the error and prudery both in himself and in the world.¹⁷ Publisher of many volumes, his interests and studies ranged from phrenology to temperance, from hydropathy and tight-lacing to architecture. He became the advocate of the gravel wall and the octagon mode of building. He studied heredity, physiology, the institution of matrimony, maternity, and what he called "Sexual Science." Although most of Fowler's work is erroneous, and full of conventional morality, it is impossible not to recognize in him a prophet crying in the

¹⁴ For accounts of the Fowlers and of Wells, see Sizer, *ibid.*, pp. 13-15 and *passim*: Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (New York, 1887); and their publications. In Philadelphia, Oct., 1838, the Fowlers published the first *American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany* which ran under that title until Dec., 1854, when it became *The American Phrenological Journal, and Repository of Science, Literature and General Intelligence*. The journal was published in New York after 1842. Besides his handbooks on phrenology, O. S. Fowler was the author of *Memory and Intellectual Improvement*, 1841; *Physiology, Animal and Mental*, 1842; *Matrimony, or Phrenology Applied to the Selection of Companions*, 1842; *Self Culture and Perfection of Character*, 1843; *Hereditary Descent*, 1843; *Love and Parentage, Applied to the Improvement of Offspring*, 1844; *Amativeness, or Evils and Remedies of Excessive and Perverted Sexuality*, 1844; *Maternity or the Bearing and Nursing of Children*, 1848; *A Home for All, or the Gravel Wall and Octagon Mode of Building*, 1853; *Sexual Science*, 1870; *Creative and Sexual Science*, 1870; *Tight Lacing*, 1882; etc., etc.

¹⁵ Sizer, *Forty Years*, p. 13.

¹⁶ Manuscript in Amherst College Library.

¹⁷ See M. Bachet, "Is Prof. O. S. Fowler the foulest man on earth?" a pamphlet published in New York, 1881 (in *Biographical Pamphlets*, fol. XI, Yale College Library).

nineteenth-century wilderness for recognition of sex and of the problems of the abnormal and insane. His younger brother, Lorenzo Niles Fowler, editor, co-author, and independent author of works on phrenology, physiology, and marriage, would surely have been at the Phrenological Cabinet that day prepared to make analyses of the crania of the motley clientèle who visited the shop.

The exhibits, the people—these were worth a visit. It would have been enough to have seen one of the visitors, a big fellow,

Sure as the most certain sure, plumb in the uprights, well entretied,
braced in the beams,
Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical.¹⁸

Walt Whitman would have been there that day, watching the people, and preparing to put on sale a certain book.

Before the holiday Fowlers and Wells had been advertising "Works on Water-Cure."¹⁹ There was no issue of *The Tribune* for July 5. On Friday, July 6, at the bottom of the second column of the first page, appeared a small notice: "Walt Whitman's Poems, 'Leaves of Grass,' 1 vol. small quarto, \$2, for sale by Swayne, No. 210 Fulton-St., Brooklyn, and by Fowlers and Wells, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y."²⁰

Leaves of Grass was on sale in the Phrenological Cabinet! The advertisement was repeated on Saturday and on Monday. John Burroughs recalled that no copies sold.²¹ The stores, he says, requested that the quarto be removed. Probably he had reference to Swayne's only, for on Tuesday, July 10, *The Tribune's* advertisement was shortened to read: "Walt Whitman's Poems, 'Leaves of Grass,' 1 vol. small quarto, \$2. Fowlers and Wells, No. 308 Broadway." According to Burroughs (and he was presumably right, for Whitman is thought to have edited Burroughs's remarks carefully, and to have prepared some of them himself), the proprietors of the Cabinet not only advertised the book, but "sent specimen copies to the journals, and to some distinguished persons." But it was of little use, for though the advertisement continued in *The Tribune* until

¹⁸ *Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman, edited by Emory Holloway (New York, 1928), p. 26.

¹⁹ See *The New York Tribune* for July 1, 1855.

²⁰ Trow's *New York City Directory* for 1854-55 gives William W. Swayne's bookshop as 1 Fulton.

²¹ John Burroughs, *Notes on Walt Whitman* (New York, 1867), pp. 15-16.

August 5, on that date we find the usual notice changed to read: "The Best Chance to Make Money, and to do good at the same time, may be had by young Men in every country, by engaging in the sale of our new, useful and popular Books. For particulars address Fowlers and Wells, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y." *Leaves of Grass* had not sold.

The Messrs. Fowler and Wells, particularly Lorenzo Fowler, had a more subtle rôle in the making of *Leaves of Grass* than the unrewarded business of selling and advertising the first edition. It would be some claim upon posterity had they done only that. They did more. A part of that more was the printing of a second edition in 1856,²² for the sale of which they became the principal agents. Their names did not appear on the title page, but at the end of the book was this advertisement:

The Poems of *Leaves of Grass*, Published by the Author, May be ordered at any Book-store or Newspaper Depot, or especially of Fowler and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York. Their place of business is the principal Agency for the Work, wholesale and retail. A note written to them, giving the writer's address, and enclosing \$1.00, will procure a bound copy, post-paid, by return mail. They supply Booksellers at a liberal discount.

The Boston branch of the firm, at 142 Washington Street, and the Philadelphia branch, at 231 Arch Street, were named with other bookstores for other cities, as agents for the book. They offered to fill mail orders, and supply the country-trade. With the publication of this second edition new trouble arose. The first edition had not sold. The reception of the second frightened the publishers. Undoubtedly the inclusion of "A Woman Waits for Me," caused, as John Burroughs said,²³ a storm of criticism to burst. The publishers "had stereotyped the work, and printed and bound a batch of a thousand copies. These they soon sold, remunerating expenses, and then quietly asked to be excused from continuing the book any further." So much for the connection of the Phrenological Cabinet with the printing, sale, and advertisement of the book. If the Messrs. Fowler and Wells withdrew their advocacy of the book at last, it is immensely to their credit that before any critic knew it, before Ralph

²² *Leaves of Grass* (New York, 1856).

²³ Burroughs, *op. cit.*, p. 19.

Waldo Emerson had sanctioned it, three phrenologists had given shelter and encouragement to *Leaves of Grass*.

III

How did the odd connection between Whitman and the Phrenological Cabinet begin? Nothing in the work of the poet before 1846 need be interpreted as indicating an interest in phrenology. In January of that year, from *The American Review: A Whig Journal of Politics, Literature, Art and Science*, Whitman cut out and under-scored an article by J. D. Whelpley entitled "Phrenology: A Socratic Dialogue."²⁴ This article was found among Whitman's papers after his death. It purports to be a dialogue between Phidias and Socrates, the latter explaining the theory upon which phrenology rests. It represents, perhaps, Whitman's first acquaintance with the subject. Between 1846 and 1848 he was connected with *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. He had to be busy on Sunday afternoons of those years, preparing his "Notices of New Books," a half column which frequently was printed²⁵ on Mondays. On Monday, November 16, 1846, appeared an account of J. G. Spurzheim's *Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena*:

Breasting the waves of detraction as a ship dashes sea-waves, Phrenology, it must now be confessed by all men who have open eyes, has at last gained a position, and a firm one, among the sciences. It seems useless to deny this—and the only difference is as to the laying down of the dividing lines, and how distinctly and authoritatively they can be marked. Perhaps no philosophic revolutionisers ever were attacked with more virulence—struck by more sinewy arms, or greater perseverance—than Gall, Spurzheim, and the other early Phrenologists. The great organs of taste, and criticism, and judges of literary merit, in the British Islands, came 'down' upon them as tempests come down on the oak. But the Phrenologists withstood the storm and have gained the victory! This large volume of the Harpers, well printed, teaches of course from the fountain head—from the most cautious, skeptical and careful of the Phrenologists, Dr. Spurzheim.

²⁴ Camden edition, IX, 221, and X, 89; *The American Review*, III, 32-45.

²⁵ Holloway, *Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, I, 127 n, gives a list of the books which Whitman reviewed or noticed for *The Eagle*. The reviews of Spurzheim and O. S. Fowler have not hitherto been reprinted.

A month later Whitman's attention was again attracted toward phrenology. In *The Eagle* for December 21, is his notice of Dr. George Moore's *The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind*, a volume which, according to its author, consists mainly "of moral deductions from physiological facts." It raises a question about phrenology. Moore is not hostile to the science: "No doubt its sober study is calculated greatly to advance the interests of man,"²⁶ he remarks. Whitman was impressed by the work: "We have marked several paragraphs and pages in this book, to be extracted in our paper, at an early opportunity; for the book is full of such sort of reading as will do good." Then he added: "Few persons realize how intimate the relation of mental causes and processes [is] toward the body and its well or ill being. This book will aid to make the world become more enlightened thereon." This thought seems to have occupied his mind, demanding expansion. Among the early Whitman manuscripts is a note: "Morality and talent are affected more by food, drink, physical habits, cheerfulness, exercise, regulated or irregular amateness than is supposed."²⁷ Now this note is interesting because it repeats the thought written down in the review; it uses a phrenological term; and immediately after the remark is the name "O. S. Fowler."

O. S. Fowler? Whitman intends to pursue his inquiry farther. On March 10, 1847, *The Eagle* prints this note:

Something About Physiology and Phrenology.—That the study of physiology is good, admits not of denial. And if one proceed on the rule of taking what is proved, and not confining himself too exclusively to any favorite dogma in science, (because there really is 'something' in almost all the doctrines, however new, that come up—though a danger is in letting them engross one to the injury of other, perhaps higher claims,) there can be no harm, but probably much good, in pursuing the study of phrenology. It is easy for the superficial to ridicule the new, or the profound—and indeed, the fanaticism of novices is always fair game; but the deliberate man will not be turned aside from the even tenor of his course of enquiry after truth, by either extreme. . . . Among the most persevering workers in phrenology in this country, must certainly be reckoned the two Fowlers and Mr. Wells, among whose publications are the following:

²⁶ George Moore, *The Use of the Body* (New York, 1847), pp. v and 34-35.

²⁷ *Camden* edition, IX, 62.

Physiology, Animal and Mental, applied to the preservation and restoration of health of body and power of mind. By O. S. Fowler, Pub. by Fowler and Wells, 131 Nassau St., N. Y.

Memory and Intellectual Improvement, applied to self education and juvenile instruction. Same address.

The first of these is of those works on health, and the means of preserving or retrieving it, which are always opportune, and so to all persons. The second is an application of phrenology to education, both that of individuals towards themselves, and of teachers, etc., towards their pupils.

This was on March 10. On March 12 Whitman was reading *Marriage: Its History and Ceremonies*,²⁸ by the younger brother, Lorenzo Niles Fowler. The Fowlers were appealing to his liberal tastes: "The verdant prudishness has passed away," Whitman wrote, "which would be offended at any discussion—in the plain, comprehensive, and perfectly decorous style of his book—of the subject which it treats on."

One phrenological work led to another. Whitman began to copy out long excerpts from George Combe's *Lectures on Phrenology*. Though he never mentions the name of Combe, one finds among his notes preparatory to the writing of *Leaves of Grass* two passages paraphrased closely from Combe which indicate the trend of his study:

Of Insanity.—Some are affected with melancholia, in these the organs of cautiousness will be found large; some fancy themselves the Deity, in these self-esteem predominates; some are furious, in these destructiveness, or more likely, combativeness. But a small organ may become diseased and often does so.²⁹

Determined, apparently, to store in his memory whatever knowledge of human nature phrenology might give him, he paraphrased a second passage from Combe:

The temperaments—four—lymphatic, sanguine, bilious and nervous. Depend on the condition of particular systems of the body. Brain and nerves predominantly active seem to produce the nervous temperament.

²⁸ The review is reprinted in Cleveland Rodgers and John Black, *The Gathering of the Forces*, 2 vols. (New York, 1920), II, 304.

²⁹ Camden edition, IX, 62-63. See George Combe, *Lectures on Phrenology* (New York, 1841), p. 112.

The lungs and blood vessels being constitutionally predominant give rise to the sanguine. The muscular and fibrous systems being predominant give rise to the bilious (which should more properly be called the fibrous) temperament. The predominance of the glands and assimilating organs give rise to the lymphatic.³⁰

Since Whitman was to view human nature all the rest of his life from the peculiar analytical categories of the phrenologists, it is of curious interest to discover the source of these jottings. The poet of intuition, of sympathy, and of emotion was turning, in his preparatory years, to what he regarded as sound scientific analysis of human character on which to base his poetry.

The works of Spurzheim, the Fowlers, and Combe, were not the only publications on phrenology which Whitman read. Among the papers found by Whitman's literary executors after the death of the poet³¹ were a newspaper piece on phrenology and three articles cut from *The American Phrenological Journal*. These articles: "Universal Time," "Samuel Rogers: Phrenological Character and Biography," and "The Sultan and his People," were of the dates 1854, 1856, and 1857. From the fact that Whitman had cut the articles out, it seems likely that he himself was a subscriber to the journal. There is nothing surprising in this; *The American Phrenological Journal* was, during those years, a highly reputable magazine.

It is clear, then, that Whitman knew phrenology. He read, underscored and preserved articles on the subject, reviewed several extensive treatises, copied passages into his own notes, and presumably subscribed to one of the leading journals. His reading may be traced with accuracy. But why did *Leaves of Grass* go on sale in the Phrenological Cabinet? How did Whitman meet the Fowlers?

IV

In the summer of 1849, the Messrs. Fowler were living at 21 City Hall Place, and their Phrenological Cabinet was at 131 Nassau

³⁰ *Camden* edition, IX, 63-64; Combe, *op. cit.*, pp. 112-114.

³¹ *Camden* edition, X, 75, 86, 89, and 94. The articles in *The American Phrenological Journal* are, respectively, in the issues for March, 1854 (XIX, 72); August, 1856 (XXIX, 36-39); and May, 1857. See also, H. T. Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, 3 vols. (New York, 1908-14), II, 256-257. I am indebted to Miss Anne Hosey for this and for several other of Whitman's references to phrenology.

Street.³² Whitman, after his return from New Orleans, June 15, 1848, had been editing *The Freeman* at various addresses, all near Fulton Street, in Brooklyn. It would have been a pleasant after-work jaunt to cross the Fulton Street Ferry and so find himself in lower Manhattan, not far from Nassau Street. By July of 1849 he knew of the existence of phrenology, of the Fowlers, and of the Cabinet. Besides phrenology, there were two reasons why he wished to visit the Cabinet. He was interested in hydropathy, and he wished to look up his family history.

"What beauty there is in words," Whitman once wrote. "Medicine has hundreds of useful and characteristic words—new means of cure—new schools of doctors—the wonderful anatomy of the body—the names of a thousand diseases—surgeon's terms—hydropathy . . ."³³ The word *would* strike his attention. And he knew from the advertisements at the back of O. S. Fowler's *Physiology* that the Cabinet had various tractates on "Hydropathy, or the Water Cure" for sale.

Walt Whitman, moreover, was curious about his genealogy.³⁴ In 1848, O. S. Fowler had published his *Hereditary Descent: Its Laws and Facts applied to Human Improvement*. In that book Fowler described his examination of the head of the Reverend Jason Whitman, of Portland, Maine. Fowler remarked³⁵ that from his knowledge of heredity and phrenology, it was clear that the Reverend Mr. Whitman's ancestors on his father's side had lived to a ripe old age. "The next day," wrote Fowler, "he kindly presented me with a work, containing the genealogy of his family from John Whitman, called the ancestor of the Whitman family in this country, who lived to be about 90." John Whitman was the ancestor of Walt.

Whether it was that Whitman first went into the Phrenological Cabinet to learn about phrenology, or to discover what hydropathy was about, or whether he went there to examine that book on the

³² See Doggett's *New York City Directory*, 1848-49.

³³ *An American Primer By Walt Whitman*, edited by Horace Traubel (Boston, 1904), pp. 3-4. While on *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, Whitman had twice, Sept. 26, and Oct. 21, 1846, noticed books on Hydropathy (Gove's *Lectures to Women*, and Gully's *Water Cure*).

³⁴ For Walt Whitman's account of his own genealogy, see *Camden* edition, IV, 6-7. He claimed to be descended from John Whitman, who came to America in 1640.

³⁵ O. S. Fowler, *Hereditary Descent* (New York, 1848), p. 61.

Whitman family,³⁶ which Fowler had, we know that Whitman *did* go there, and that, one day in July, 1849, he had his bumps read.

Walt Whitman was never the same afterwards. The incident itself was quiet enough. Whitman talked about the Cabinet and his examination in his old age: "One of the choice places of New York to me then was the 'Phrenological Cabinet' of Fowler and Wells, Nassau Street near Beekman. Here were all the busts, examples, curios and books of that study attainable. I went there often, and once for myself had a very leisurely examination and 'chart of bumps' written out (I have it yet) by Nelson Fowler (or was it Sizer?) there."³⁷ Whitman's memory mixed the names. There was no Nelson Fowler. Nelson Sizer³⁸ was the phrenologist who took over the professional reading when Orson Squire Fowler bought his farm in Fishkill for retirement during the summer, and when Lorenzo Niles was away on his lecture tours. But it could not have been Nelson Sizer who examined Whitman. Sizer did not join the staff of the Cabinet until August 1, and Whitman was examined in July. It was Lorenzo Fowler who made the examination.

Whitman remembered what Lorenzo Fowler told him. His "chart of bumps" affected his whole conception of himself. And considering the nature of *Leaves of Grass*, with its "Song of Myself," Whitman's conception of himself is important, and it is something which ought to be understood by critics. That Whitman himself regarded the chart as significant is shown not only from the fact that he preserved it. He had it published five times. Why? Merely as a curiosity? Walt Whitman wished people to know what Fowler had said about him.

It is puzzling to know what the chart is about unless one understands phrenology, but for the moment the exact meaning of the terms does not matter. It is sufficient to know that each term is the name for an ultimate propensity of human nature, an indivisible factor into which mind can be resolved. The presence of the various qualities is detected from an area on the cranium which has been formed by the growth of the corresponding area in the brain. Large

³⁶ William Sloane Kennedy printed in his *Walt Whitman's Diary in Canada* (Boston, 1904), pp. 66-67, an autobiographical paragraph that Whitman sent to Dr. Bucke, which deals with the effect of heredity upon him. He uses a phrenological term in it, taken, presumably, from Fowler.

³⁷ *Camden* edition, VII, 54.

³⁸ Sizer, *Forty Years*, pp. 230-231.

development of a desirable organ is good, provided that it is not too large. On a scale of 1 to 7, 6 would be very desirable, 7 unfortunate. Too large an organ means a disproportionate, diseased area in the brain. Too small an organ means that a man is lacking in some fundamental quality of human nature. Here is Fowler's report:

Phrenological Notes on W. Whitman, by L. N. Fowler, July, 1849—This man has a grand physical constitution, and power to live to a good old age. He is undoubtedly descended from the soundest and hardiest stock. Size of head large. Leading traits of character appear to be Friendship, Sympathy, Sublimity and Self-Esteem, and markedly among his combinations the dangerous faults of Indolence, a tendency to the pleasure of Voluptuousness and Alimentiveness, and a certain reckless swing of animal will, too unmindful, probably, of the conviction of others.

Amativeness large 6, Philoprogenitiveness 6, Adhesiveness 6, Inhabitiveness 6, Concentrativeness 4, Combativeness 6, Destructiveness 5 to 6, Alimentiveness 6, Acquisitiveness 4, Secretiveness 3, Cautiousness 6, Approbativeness 4, Self-Esteem 6 to 7, Firmness 6 to 7, Conscientiousness 6, Hope 4, Marvellousness 3, Veneration 4, Benevolence 6 to 7, Constructiveness 5, Ideality 5 to 6, Sublimity 6 to 7, Imitation 5, Mirthfulness 5, Individuality 6, Form 6, Size 6, Weight 6, Color 3, Order 5, Calculation 5, Locality 6, Eventuality 6, Time 3, Tune 4, Language 5, Causality 5 to 6, Comparison 6, Suavitiveness 4, Intuitiveness, or Human Nature 6.

The organs are marked by figures from 1 to 7, indicating their degrees of development, 1 meaning very small, 2 small, 3 moderate, 4 average, 5 full, 6 large, and 7 very large.³⁹

Ignoring for a moment the meaning of the obscurer terms, let it be noticed that this is a remarkable phrenology (I use the word in its legitimate idiom). None of the organs is marked "very large." That was much to be desired. Those which are marked in the classes 5 to 6, 6, and 6 to 7, that is, desirably "large," make the astounding total of twenty-three. Six are "full." And there are

³⁹ First printed in *The Brooklyn Daily Times*, September 29, 1855. It was reprinted and bound into copies of the 1855 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. Subsequently it was reprinted (with some sentences omitted) in "Leaves Droppings" of the 1856 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, pp. 360-363, which text was printed by Thayer and Eldridge in *Leaves of Grass Imprints: American and European Criticisms on "Leaves of Grass"* (Boston, 1860), pp. 30-32, and by Traubel, Bucke, and Harned in *In Re Walt Whitman* (Philadelphia, 1893), pp. 23-26. The text used here is that of the 1855 *Leaves of Grass*, with an obvious misprint corrected from the *In Re* text (*Weight*, 8 for *Weight*, 6). The first two sentences and the phrase "too unmindful, probably, of the conviction of others," were omitted from "Leaves Droppings" and subsequent reprintings.

seven "average," and four "moderate." None is "small," and none "very small." In other words, phrenology found Whitman an astonishingly developed man.⁴⁰ There was no element of human nature lacking in him, and his faults, if they were to be regarded as faults, were due rather to a surplus of good, human qualities than to any omissions.

Few men could boast such perfection. Many and various were the visitors to the Phrenological Cabinet, but what one of them had a head and a character so evenly developed, so hearty in the abundance of all good qualities, so free from the taints of the small and mean? The very exuberance of qualities was exhilarating. The Messrs. Fowler had published a "Table of the Developments of Distinguished Individuals," but Halleck and Willis and Bryant showed no such well-rounded development as that of Whitman.⁴¹ Dr. Bucke once described Whitman's head as "large and rounded in every direction, the top a little higher than a semicircle from the front to the back would make it."⁴² What could have pleased Whitman more? That "large and rounded head" was something to be proud of. No wonder that he had it photographed so often. No wonder that he had Fowler's "chart of bumps" published five times.

V

The idea took hold of Whitman. He began to express his enthusiasms in terms of phrenology. He viewed the English nation with a fresh and eager pleasure: "In their phrenology there is the most substantial basis of any race known, all that can make a solid nation and has made it."⁴³ His delight in Chaucer won phrenological approval: "Chaucer was plainly a strong wholesome man with large perceptive organs, friendly, amative, of independent spirit—possessed of the true English tastes, rude, fond of women, fond of eating and drinking, not to be quelled by priestcraft or kingcraft."⁴⁴ Whitman found admirable, in Chaucer and the English, those very qualities which he himself possessed. His veneration for Epicurus found phrenological expression:

⁴⁰ See George Combe on "Size, *Caeteris Paribus*, The Measure of Power," in *Lectures on Phrenology*, pp. 104 ff.

⁴¹ O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *Phrenology Proved, Illustrated and Applied* (New York, 1837), pp. 345-348.

⁴² R. M. Bucke, *Walt Whitman* (Philadelphia, 1883), p. 48.

⁴³ *Camden* edition, IX, 58.

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, IX, 86-87.

See—there is Epicurus—see the old philosoph in a porch
teaching

His physique is full—his voice clear and sonorous—his
phrenology perfect. . . .⁴⁵

Considering his own perfect phrenology Whitman felt a fellowship with the old philosopher. He recreated him in his own image:

He calls around him his school of young men—he
gathers them in the street, or saunters with them
along the banks of the river arguing.

He came to regard rude natural development as somehow desirable. The persons of Ossianic verse he praised because they were “not with cultivated benevolence, conscientiousness, agreeableness, or constructiveness.”⁴⁶ Later he wrote to Emerson of “the amateness of Nature.”⁴⁷ And he found in Robert Burns some of those phrenological qualities which he himself possessed: “He was an average sample of the good-natured, warm-blooded, proud-spirited, amative, alimentive, convivial, young and early-middle-aged man of the decent-born middle classes everywhere and anyhow.”⁴⁸

He accepted with delight those qualities which others might have rejected. Even *Alimentiveness*, a propensity for heavy eating, pleased him. He was “a good feeder,” he admitted in *The Brooklyn Daily Times*.⁴⁹ Praising the actor Booth, he referred to one of his own large bumps: “And so much for the grandest histrion of modern times, as near as I can deliberately judge (and the phrenologists put my ‘caution’ at 7)—grander, I believe, than Kean in the expression of electric passion, the prime eligibility of the tragic artist.”⁵⁰ (Does the figure 7, where Fowler had noted 6, indicate that Whitman had consulted other phrenologists?) With delighted gusto he joked, phrenologically, about his joy in swimming: “I must have the bump of ‘aquativeness’ large,”⁵¹ he said.

But the findings of the phrenologists were to have more than a casual influence on Whitman’s desultory observations on life and on

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, III, 281.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, IX, 51.

⁴⁷ *Leaves of Grass*, 1856, p. 356.

⁴⁸ *Camden* edition, VI, 194-195. See also H. T. Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, I, 385.

⁴⁹ For September 29, 1855.

⁵¹ Holloway, *Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman*, I, 249 and note.

himself. His *amour propre* had been vitally touched. His "chart of bumps" was to inspire, or at least to corroborate with the authenticity of science, an altering conception of himself. In the half dozen years preceding the publication of *Leaves of Grass* Whitman underwent a psychic transformation. The imitative hack-writer, sentimental and jejune, became the firm and bold prophet of a rich and new life. He became convinced of himself, sure, authentic. He came to regard himself as the natural voice of modern, democratic America, and of healthy men and women everywhere. He became the Answerer, the poet who interpreted life because all life and human nature were implicit in himself.

What did the chart have to do with this? The position of phrenology in respect to poetry is suggestive. It may be stated in the words of an article on phrenology written in 1846:

Good Taste consists in the appropriate manifestation of each and all of the faculties in their proper season and degree; and this can only take place from persons in whom they are so balanced that there is no tendency for any one of them unduly to assume the mastery. When such a mind is prompted by some high theme to its fullest action, each organ contributes to the emotion of the moment and words are uttered in such condensed meaning, that a single sentence will touch every fibre of the heart, or, what is the same thing, arouse every faculty of the hearer. The power is known as Inspiration, and the medium in which it is conveyed is called Poetry.⁵²

Whitman himself must have arrived at such a conception of the qualifications of the poet. With his interest in phrenology and his evident pleasure in his own developments, coupled with his literary ambitions, he could hardly have failed to be impressed. That he did so conceive of himself is abundantly evident, both from his notes and his published criticism, and from his poetry itself.

On July 6, 1855, *Leaves of Grass* went on sale in the Phrenological Cabinet. Its preface was hardly less sensational than its poetry. Here was Whitman's exposition of the new poetry and of the American bard. In the light of our present pursuit it is significant to find ourselves reading a list of those whose information about life provides the encouragement and support of the poet: "The

⁵² Quoted from an article in *The Popular Record of Modern Science*, 1846, by a reviewer in *The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science* (Oct., 1846) XIX, 380.

sailor and traveler . . . the atomist chemist astronomer geologist phrenologist spiritualist mathematician historian and lexicographer are not poets, but they are the lawgivers of poets and their construction underlies the structure of every perfect poem."⁵³ Here Whitman pays his tribute. But more illuminating, and very entertaining, if one enjoys the comedy of conceit, is the description of the qualities which the greatest poet must possess, for the qualities which the poet must have are, oddly enough, the very ones which Mr. Fowler had found "large" in Walt Whitman himself:

Extreme caution or prudence, the soundest organic health, large hope and comparison and fondness for women and children, large alimentiveness and destructiveness and causality, with a perfect sense of the oneness of nature and the propriety of the same spirit applied to human affairs . . . these are called up of the float of the brain of the world to be parts of the greatest poet from his birth out of his mother's womb and from her birth out of her mother's.⁵⁴

In all of these but *Hope*, Whitman was amply supplied. Some of the technical phrenological terms are barely concealed in new verbiage. "Fondness for women" is, of course *Amativeness*; "fondness for children" is *Philoprogenitiveness*.⁵⁵

Whitman's idea of the perfect poet has become subtly intertwined with his conception of himself. And this *liaison* was conceived in phrenology, and expressed in its terms.

It is with perfect confidence in the legitimacy of the pretensions of phrenology that Whitman uses its jargon. He has no hesitation, in his preface, in referring to "the large amativeness" of the American people. In the poems which comprised the first edition of the *Leaves*, his determination to base his penetration of life upon the soundest scientific information, led him to use phrenological methods for the interpretation of character. The poem now known as "Faces" began:

Sauntering the pavement or riding the country by-road,
here then are faces!

Faces of friendship, precision, caution, suavity, ideality,

⁵³ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 497.

⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 501.

⁵⁵ See George Combe, *Lectures*, pp. 136-143.

The spiritual-prescient face, the always welcome common benevolent face,
 The face of the singing of music, the grand faces of
 natural lawyers and judges broad at the back-top,
 The faces of hunters and fishers bulged at the brows. . . .⁵⁶

It is ironical that this very poem which Whitman believed to be solidly grounded on biological fact should be closer to the pages of the Fowlers' *Phrenology*⁵⁷ than to true observation. "Faces of friendship" were, presumably, those which had *Adhesiveness* large. They would have had good-sized bumps on the sides of the head, toward the back. The precise person would have had his bump of *Order* over the eye. For the cautious man one would require a rear view, above *Adhesiveness*. *Suavity* and *Ideality* would show on the forehead. *Spirituality* was high back of the forehead, where the hair begins to thin; *Benevolence* just forward of the crown. *Tune* showed over the eye, just above *Order*. Presumably the "natural lawyers and judges broad at the back-top" had *Firmness*, *Conscientiousness*, and *Cautiousness* wide at that place. The "hunters and fishers bulged at the brows" were no doubt detected by *Calculation*, large along the edge of the eye-brow.

Not satisfied with writing and printing his book, Whitman must review it anonymously. (He was caught by a critic in *The New York Times*.⁵⁸) He wrote three reviews, each calculated to win a favorable reception for the book. After their original appearance Whitman had them reprinted,⁵⁹ with a few alterations, on proof-sheets and, with other notices, bound into the remaining copies of his first edition, "to stimulate sale." Changing the text to suit his tastes, Whitman used them twice⁶⁰ for advertising purposes and finally consented before his death that they should be printed by his

⁵⁶ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, pp. 386 and 692.

⁵⁷ See the illustrations prefacing O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *Phrenology Proved, Illustrated, and Applied* (Philadelphia, 1839). The Fowlers were assisted by Samuel Kirkham in this fourth edition. Or see their *New Illustrated Self Instructor* (New York, 1859), p. vi, which gives the location of *Spirituality*.

⁵⁸ *Leaves of Grass Imprints*, p. 21.

⁵⁹ *Leaves of Grass* was printed in the establishment of Andrew and James Rowe, at the corner of Cranberry and Fulton Streets, Brooklyn. Whitman set up most of the type. See *Camden* edition, I, lii, and the Mosher and Gable *Facsimile* edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1920), p. x.

⁶⁰ In *Leaves of Grass*, 1856, and in *Leaves of Grass Imprints*, 1860.

executors under his own name. By way of apology for the original anonymity of the reviews, the executors declared: "Whitman has remarked to us that in a period of misunderstanding and abuse their publication seemed imperative."⁶¹ The reviews are of interest for the moment for three reasons. One of them contained Whitman's "chart of bumps," which Fowler had made. Another was printed in *The American Phrenological Journal*. And all three show the serious influence of phrenology upon the poet.

The first of these critical essays, "Walt Whitman and his Poems," was printed in *The United States Review*⁶² for September, 1855. It begins modestly, "An American bard at last!" Is this assurance in any way connected with phrenology? The answer is, perhaps, to be read between the lines. "All beauty," he says, speaking of himself, "comes from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain." His determination to base his work solidly upon science is made apparent: "Not geology, nor mathematics, nor chemistry, nor navigation, nor astronomy, nor anatomy, nor physiology, nor engineering, is more true to itself than Walt Whitman is true to them." In the reprint bound into *Leaves of Grass*, "physiology" was changed to "phrenology." There is another textual puzzle. *The United States Review* reads: "Has not the time arrived for a school of live writing and tuition consistent with the principles of these poems? consistent with the free spirit of this age, and with the American truths of politics? consistent with geology and astronomy, and all science and human physiology?" The use of the general term *all science* in a series of specific sciences is oddly bad rhetoric, even for Whitman. In the reprint, *phrenology* is substituted for *all science*. It looks as though the editors of *The United States Review* tampered with Whitman's text, and he restored it when he had the chance. He wished the word *phrenology* included.

The second article appeared in *The Brooklyn Daily Times* for September 29, 1855. It was attached to this essay that Whitman had his "chart of bumps" printed. And to insure its being examined, he spoke pointedly of his "physiology corroborating a rugged phrenology." He put his faith on that chart. It was his *imprimatur*.

⁶¹ Traubel, Bucke, and Harned, *In Re Walt Whitman* (Philadelphia, 1893), p. 13.

⁶² *The United States Review*, XXXVI, 205-212. It was not reprinted in *Leaves of Grass*, 1856, but is in *Imprints*, pp. 9-13, and in *In Re*, pp. 13-21. The first reference to phrenology is omitted in these.

In 1855 Lorenzo Fowler edited *The American Phrenological Journal*, and it was printed by the firm. It was one more of his courtesies to Whitman which led him to open its pages to the poet. "We have received from a correspondent," he remarks gravely, "the following comparative and critical review of two poems recently published. . . ." The October issue printed the third review, "An English and an American Poet." The English poet was Tennyson, whose *Maud* had just been printed. "It is always reserved for second-rate poems immediately to gratify," begins Whitman, revealing the drift of the article. Of himself he writes: "He is sterile on the old myths, and on all the customary themes of romantic and classical writers, but pregnant with the deductions of the geologist, the astronomer, the great antiquary, the chemist, the phrenologist, the spiritualist, the mathematician, and with the ideas and practice of American politics."⁸³ Whatever else about his poems might be misunderstood, Whitman made clear his position in regard to phrenology.

VI

Through the fertile years of Whitman's productive life he clung firmly to three ideas related to phrenology. The poet who should represent and interpret American life should be well developed in all the phrenological organs of his head. He himself was so developed, and in his poetry corroborated that phrenology. The structure of poetry itself should have a solid basis in the science of phrenology.

He prophesies the inevitable arrival of a great new literature for the modern world, "the grand organs of whose head shall correspond to the grandeur of its body."⁸⁴ Those who create this literature should be developed in desirable organs. The "Mediums" from whose lives poems shall come shall be "alimentive, amative."⁸⁵ Whitman himself is "a most typical American."⁸⁶ The qualities which characterize his book are those of "a living and full-blooded man, amativeness, pride, adhesiveness, curiosity, yearning for im-

⁸³ *The American Phrenological Journal, a Repository of Science, Literature, General Intelligence*, XXII (October, 1855), p. 90. In the reprintings of this in *Leaves of Grass*, 1856, pp. 369-373, in *Imprints*, pp. 38-41, and in *In Re*, pp. 27-32, the passage quoted is omitted.

⁸⁴ Camden edition, IX, 41.

⁸⁵ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 399.

⁸⁶ C. J. Furness, *Walt Whitman's Workshop* (Cambridge, 1928), p. 154.

mortality, joyousness and sometimes of uncertainty."⁶⁷ The main purpose of his book is to "suggest the substance and form of a large, sane, perfect Human Being or character for an American man and for woman." In the poems "appears a great Person, entirely modern, at least as great as anything in the Homeric or Shakespearian characters, a person with the free courage of Achilles, the craft of Ulysses, the attributes even of the Greek deities. Majesty, passion, temper, amateness, Romeo, Lear, Antony, immense self-esteem, but after democratic forms, measureless love, the old eternal elements of first-class humanity."⁶⁸ Whitman, "Manhattanese bred," is "the enterer everywhere, easily understood," the well developed man "corroborating his phrenology,"

Voluptuous, inhabitive, combative, conscientious, alim-
tative, of copious friendship, sublimity, firmness, self-
esteem, comparison, individuality, form, locality,
eventuality. . . .⁶⁹

The poet must have referred to Fowler's "chart of bumps" for this list of his phrenological organs.

Poetry must be constructed upon a solid scientific basis, a requirement which demands phrenology. He reiterates that

The sailor and traveler underlie the maker of poems,
the Answerer,
The builder, geometer, chemist, anatomist, phrenologist,
artist, all these underlie the maker of poems, the
Answerer.⁷⁰

Whitman addresses those who would talk or sing of America:

Have you studied out the land, its idioms and men?
Have you learn'd the physiology, phrenology, politics,
geography, pride, freedom, friendship of the land?⁷¹

⁶⁷ Camden edition, IX, 22. Cf. "Whitman's Poems Summed Up," in the same volume, p. 26. See also J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace, *Visits to Walt Whitman* (London, 1887), p. 135. In a conversation with Wallace, Whitman spoke of "my theory of physiological development underlying all else; just as we come from the earth ourselves, however much we may soar above it."

⁶⁸ C. J. Furness, *Walt Whitman's Workshop*, p. 136.

⁶⁹ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 617. These lines were dropped from "Song of the Broad Axe" in 1867.

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 143.

⁷¹ *Ibid.*, p. 293. Whitman loved "the copiousness and decision" of the phrenology of his countrymen. Cf. *ibid.*, p. 290.

What does Whitman mean by basing poetry on phrenology? Men who know nothing of this vanished, obsolete science have read his poetry for half a century, understanding it in their fashion. Is it truly grounded on this false science? Whitman was not talking idly.

"A Song of Joys"⁷² is one of Whitman's most exhilarating poems. To the tired in spirit, its simple, animal zest for the attainable pleasures of life is refreshing: "O to have life henceforth a poem of new joys!" And of the joys that are and may be, Whitman sings with exultant voice, shaming the half-hearted, the disillusioned, the despairing. The poem is divided into short sections, each section, occasionally each line, depicting one of the joys which a man may have. And the odd part of it is that each of the joys is a joy which proceeds from one of the organs of the cranium, a healthy manifestation of one of the phrenological bumps.

- O the joy of my soul leaning pois'd on itself, receiving
identity through materials and loving them, observ-
ing characters and absorbing them.
- O my soul vibrated back to me from facts, from sight,
hearing, touch, my phrenology, reason, articulation,
comparison, memory and the like. . . .

These are two explanatory lines as they stood in the original version of the poem in 1860.

Aquativeness, according to the Fowlers is the organ from which proceeds: "Fondness for Liquids; desire to Drink, love of Water, washing, bathing, swimming, sailing, etc."⁷³ It is not difficult to see Whitman's intention when we find in the poem:

- O to bathe in the swimming-bath, or in a good place
along shore,
- To splash the water! to walk ankle-deep, or race naked
along the shore.

Aquativeness accounts for various of the joys of the poem, for the joy of being "brought up on bays, lagoons, creeks or along the coast"; for the joy of "boating on the rivers," of cruising the whaleman's

⁷² *Ibid.*, pp. 149-155.

⁷³ O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *New Illustrated Self-Instructor in Phrenology and Physiology* (New York, 1859) p. 99.

ship, of the mackerel-taking, of the lobster-fishing: "O to sail to sea in a ship!"

Adhesiveness,⁷⁴ the organ of friendship and social attraction, has its joys:

O to attract by more than attraction!
How it is I know not—yet behold! the something which
obeys none of the rest,
It is offensive, never defensive—yet how magnetic it
draws.

*Alimentiveness*⁷⁵ has its "Joy of the plenteous dinner, strong carouse and drinking." *Tune*⁷⁶ has its "Joy of sweet music"; "O to make the most jubilant song! Full of music—"

Inhabitativeness, according to the Fowlers, is "The Home feeling; love of House, the Place where one was born or has lived, and of home associations:"⁷⁷

O to go back to the place where I was born,
To hear the birds sing once more,
To ramble about the house and barn and over the fields
once more,
And through the orchard and along the old lanes once
more.

There is the joy of *Constructiveness*.⁷⁸

O to work in mines, or forging iron,
Foundry casting, the foundry itself, the rude high roof,
the ample and shadow'd space,
The furnace, the hot liquid pour'd out and running.

Philoprogenitiveness, or *Parental Love*⁷⁹ is represented by:

O the mother's joys!
The watching, the endurance, the precious love, the
anguish, the patiently yielded life.

*Agreeableness*⁸⁰ has "The Joy of Soothing and pacifying, the joy of concord and harmony." *Sublimity*, the "Perception and apprecia-

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 83.

⁷⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 155.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 86.

⁷⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 129.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 81.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 165.

tion of the Vast, Illimitable, Endless, Omnipotent and Infinite,"⁸¹ calls for a special joy:

O to realize space!
The plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds,
To emerge and be of the sky, of the sun and moon and
flying clouds, as one with them.

The Fowlers had set down in the following terms the characteristics of men who have *Combateness* very large:

Show always and everywhere the utmost heroism, boldness, and courage; can face the cannon's mouth coolly, and stare death in the face without flinching; put forth remarkable efforts in order to carry measures; grapple right in with difficulties with a real relish, and dash through them as if mere trifles; love pioneer, adventurous, even hazardous expeditions; shrink from no danger; are appalled by no hardships; prefer a rough and daring life—one of struggles and hair-breadth escapes—to a quiet, monotonous business; are determined never to be conquered, even by superior odds, but incline to do battle single-handed against an army. . . .⁸²

Three times Whitman sings this joy:

O to struggle against great odds, to meet enemies undaunted!
To be entirely alone with them, to find how much one can stand!
To look strife, torture, prison, popular odium, face to face!
To mount the scaffold, to advance to the muzzles of guns with perfect nonchalance!
To be indeed a God.

One feels that Whitman must have referred to the Fowlers' book for his details, the correspondence is so exact. *Combateness* was one of his favorite joys:

O to resume the joys of the soldier!
To feel the presence of a brave commanding officer—to feel his sympathy!

⁸¹ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

⁸² *Ibid.*, p. 92.

To behold his calmness—to be warm'd in the rays of his smile!
 To go to battle—to hear the bugles play and the drums beat!
 To hear the crash of artillery—to see the glittering of the bayonets and musket-barrels in the sun!
 To see men fall and die and not complain!
 To taste the savage taste of blood—to be so devilish!
 To gloat so over the wounds and deaths of the enemy.

The latter part of this scene of war probably is the joy of the organ *Destructiveness*,⁸³ the desire to break, crush, tear down, do wrong, murder. Presumably *Combateness* produced the lines:

O the joy of the strong-brawn'd fighter, towering in the arena in perfect condition, conscious of power, thirsting to meet his opponent.

Whereas *Destructiveness* would produce this:

O the fireman's joys!
 I hear the alarm at dead of night,
 I hear bells, shouts! I pass the crowd, I run!
 The sight of the flames maddens me with pleasure.

Among the qualities which characterize the development of the organ of *Self-Esteem*, are, according to the Fowlers: "Self-appreciation and valuation; self-respect and Reliance; Magnanimity; Nobleness; Independence; Dignity; Self-Satisfaction and complacency; love of Liberty and power; an Aspiring, Self-Elevating, Ruling instinct; Pride of character; Manliness; Lofty-Mindedness, and desire for elevation." The submissive man, who has this organ small, is pictured as looking downward, shoulders slumped. The authoritative man, with *Self-Esteem* well developed, has shoulders erect, eyes forward.⁸⁴ Whitman writes:

O the joy of a manly self-hood!
 To be servile to none, to defer to none, not to any tyrant known or unknown,
 To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic,

⁸³ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 110.

To look with calm gaze or with a flashing eye,
 To speak with a full and sonorous voice out of a broad
 chest,
 To confront with your personality all the personalities
 of the earth.

One of Whitman's sections seems to have been inspired by the Fowlers' notes on *Vitateness*,⁸⁵ or love of life. When this organ is moderate or small, one will "yield up existence with little reluctance or dread." Overdevelopment of the love of life should be restrained, according to the expert, by regarding death "as much as possible as a natural institution, and this life as the pupilage for a better state of being." Whitman touches this delicately:

For not life's joys alone I sing, repeating—the joy of
 death!
 The beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing
 a few moments, for reasons,
 Myself excharging my excrementitious body to be burn'd,
 or render'd to powder, or buried,
 My real body doubtless left to me for other spheres,
 My voided body nothing more to me, returning to the
 purifications, further offices, eternal uses of the earth.

The New Illustrated Self-Instructor in Phrenology and Physiology, by O. S. and L. N. Fowler, the book from which I have just been quoting, was published in 1859. Whitman studied it, assimilated it quickly. His poem, which appeared in 1860, is, in a very close and exact sense, based upon the science of phrenology, and it is not his only poem in which the understructure of phrenology is visible. The "Song of Myself" is another instance. In this poem the influence of phrenology is less clear-cut than in "A Song of Joys," but in the elementary propensities which the poet celebrates in the "Song of Myself" it is easy to see some of the categories of phrenology; one may even detect a few faint suggestions that in the "Myself" of the poem, Whitman is defending, even glorifying the person whom Lorenzo Fowler had described in his "chart of bumps."

If Whitman based his poetry upon phrenology, it was the result of a rational desire "to conform with and build on the concrete

⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 91-92.

realities . . . furnish'd by science."⁸⁶ He admits that following the experimentalists of his own time "interiorly tinged the chyle of all my verse."⁸⁷ But in the end and final counting phrenology failed him, without destroying his poetry. Why?

Amid the changing schools, theologies, philosophies,
Amid the bawling presentations new and old,
The round earth's silent vital laws, facts, modes, con-
tinue.⁸⁸

And though phrenology was wrong in many of its theories, its analysis of human character was shrewd enough to serve as a basis for good poetry.

VII

Two observations more about Walt Whitman and phrenology. One is a comic incident in his self-interest, an interlude. The other is a matter of first importance in the just interpretation of Whitman's meaning.

Lorenzo Niles Fowler, in the "chart of bumps," declared that Whitman had *Cautiousness*, or *Prudence*, large. "One having cautiousness large," said Fowler, "looks at every plan and project with a careful, anxious eye before he concludes upon the course to be pursued, and hesitates long before he finally decides; turns the whole matter over and over again in his mind; is very often in suspense, and remains too long undecided; fully considers every chance against him; takes all necessary, and, often, even unnecessary, precaution; too often reconsiders, and manifests a pains-taking, careful, anxious, provident disposition in all he does."⁸⁹ Whitman must have been puzzled. As one thinks of the sturdy experimenter plunging boldly into his new poetry, opposing animality to the nicety of contemporary taste, expounding the law of sex, laying bare his own crude instincts, his innermost secret soul—as one thinks of this, one wonders how Whitman reconciled his faith in Fowler with his own self-knowledge. Whitman was surely the least cautious of all the poets. Yet:

⁸⁶ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 527.

⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 520.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 435.

⁸⁹ O. S. and L. N. Fowler, *Phrenology Proved*, p. 104.

And who has been just? for I would be the most just
 person of the earth,
 And who most cautious? for I would be more cautious.⁹⁰

So wrote the poet in 1856. He seemed to admire prudence. In his ideal city, pictured in the "Song of the Broad Axe," "thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place."⁹¹ Apparently he accepted prudence. In an early manuscript reading of "By Blue Ontario's Shore" he had written:

I swear I cannot evade any part of myself,
 Not America, nor any attribute of America,
 Not my body—not friendship, hospitality, procreation,
 Not my soul, not the last explanation of prudence.⁹²

But what is "the last explanation of prudence"?

In the preface to the 1855 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman includes "extreme caution or prudence"⁹³ among the qualities of sound organic health which should belong to the greatest poet. Immediately afterwards he declares: "Caution seldom goes far enough." And then he is off—off on a three-page definition of what prudence ought not to be, and what it ought to be. "It has been thought that the prudent citizen was the citizen who applied himself to solid gains and did well for himself and his family and completed a lawful life without debt or crime." But this, it seems, is really nothing. Whitman has another notion of what should be: "Still the right explanation remains to be made about prudence. The prudence of the mere wealth and respectability of the most esteemed life appears too faint for the eye to observe at all when little and large alike drop quietly aside at the thought of the prudence suitable for immortality." We have a superb example of rationalization. Whitman reshapes prudence to satisfy the desires of his own heart. The truly prudent person is he who plunges gloriously into life. "The prudence of the greatest poet answers at last the craving and glut of the soul." The truly prudent poet is, it seems, strangely like Walt Whitman himself.

⁹⁰ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 397. See also Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, I, 282, and II, 100.

⁹² *Ibid.*, p. 664.

⁹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 160.

⁹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 501-504.

One may observe that Walt Whitman was pleased with his explanation of prudence. In 1856 he wrote a poem called "Song of Prudence," which begins:

Manhattan's streets I saunter'd, pondering
On Time, Space, Reality—on such as these, and abreast
with them Prudence.

The last explanation always remains to be made about
prudence,
Little and large alike drop quietly aside from the pru-
dence that suits immortality.⁹⁴

VIII

In these days of psychoanalysis, the poets have offered enticing opportunities to interpretative critics of the Freudian school. Whitman has proved a good bear to bait. Forgetting that the true poet projects himself imaginatively into dispositions other than his own, critics have read Whitman into each of his individual utterances. He has been declared a Narcissist, an Exhibitionist. Considering the range of human emotions to which Whitman gave exaggerated expression, he might as well be called a Vegetarian and a Pyromaniac. Critics forget, in their desire to make out a case, that the very essence of Whitman's life-work was to demonstrate, by a revelation of his own healthy nature, that there are in all men natural peripheral emotions. Any one of these peripheral emotions, might, if over-developed, be considered abnormal. Whitman is often misunderstood because his characteristic lack of restraint led him to emphatic expression.

The poems in which Whitman investigated the borderlands of love, have been regarded as too significant of Whitman's only self. Passages in them have seemed to indicate that he made little distinction between friendship and love. Modern psychologists may be right in thinking that Whitman divagated from the normal. But the critics have erred in not trying to find out Whitman's exact meanings. Whitman could not possibly have known modern psychology. Common, everyday terms of our contemporary science had very different meanings attached to them in Whitman's day.

⁹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 313.

Psychology, in his time, was literally the laws relating to the soul. *Perversion*⁹⁵ meant self-abuse. The only psychology (in the modern sense) which Whitman knew was phrenology. It will be well to study the exact contemporary meaning of some of Whitman's terms.

In the gestation period of *Leaves of Grass* Whitman was in search of a vocabulary. "In America," he wrote, "an immense number of new words are needed. . . . Words are wanted to supply the copious trains of facts, and flanges of facts, feelings, arguments, and adjectival facts, growing out of all new knowledges."⁹⁶ At the conclusion of this jotting he wrote the word *phrenology*. In a memorandum consisting of words and phrases, the word *phrenology*⁹⁷ again appears. There is this entry: "Philosophy, look at Phrenological list."⁹⁸ Once again, in a rangy verse list of subjects from which, apparently, Whitman believed that he might extract words, is the phrase "Words of Human Phrenology."⁹⁹ Clearly he hoped to derive a useful working vocabulary from phrenology. In the paper just quoted is an entry which reveals his need:

Words of approval, admiration, friendship. This is to be said among the young men of These States, that with a wonderful tenacity of friendship, and passionate fondness for their friends, and always a manly readiness to make friends, they yet have remarkably few words of names for the friendly sentiments.—They seem to be words that do not thrive here among the muscular classes, where the real quality of friendship is always freely to be found.—Also, they are words which the muscular classes, the young men of these states, rarely use, and have an aversion for;—they never give words to their most ardent friendships.¹⁰⁰

When he became acquainted with phrenology, he found a vocabulary for love and friendship which suited him. *Amativeness* meant the instinct of physical love, *Adhesiveness* the quality of attachment on which friendship rests. *Adhesiveness* became the cue-word for those poems which have interested the modern psychologist:

Here is adhesiveness, it is not previously fashion'd, it is
apropos;

⁹⁵ See O. S. Fowler, *Amativeness: or Evils and Remedies of Excessive and Perverted Sexuality* (New York, 1844), *passim*.

⁹⁶ Horace Traubel, *An American Primer by Walt Whitman* (Boston, 1904), p. 9.

⁹⁷ *Camden* edition, IX, 207.

⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, IX, 208.

⁹⁹ Traubel, *An American Primer*, p. 27.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

Do you know what it is as you pass to be loved by
strangers?

Do you know the talk of those turning eye-balls?

I announce adhesiveness, I say it shall be limitless, un-
loosen'd,

I say you shall yet find the friend you were looking for.

Not he, adhesive, kissing me so long with his daily
kiss. . . .

O Adhesiveness!

O the pensive aching to be together—you know not
why, and I know not why.

. . . O Adhesiveness! O pulse of my life. . . .¹⁰¹

What was the exact shade of meaning given by phrenologists to this term? What did it include, and what exclude? The phrenologists who preceded the Fowlers in the field, had all recognized the existence of an organ of the cranium located slightly below and at the side of the back of the head. This organ was called *Attachment*, or *Friendship*, or *Adhesiveness*. Descriptions of the mental propensity which the organ represented did not alter materially in the transmission of phrenology through the treatises of its various exponents, Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Miles, Macnish, and the Fowlers.¹⁰² Those possessing *Adhesiveness* felt an "instinctive tendency to embrace and cling to the object of their affections." It was itself the "disposition to attachment," one of the "domestic affections." Its "natural language" was a tendency to draw one's own organ of *Adhesiveness* close to that of another person, provided he had a well developed one.¹⁰³ Strictly speaking, it did not constitute love, for the "love which the lover bears to his mistress, and the husband to his young wife" (in the discreet language of Macnish), demanded a compound of *Adhesiveness* with *Amativeness*.¹⁰⁴ Only with *Am-*

¹⁰¹ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, pp. 127, 417, 550, 553, and 100.

¹⁰² F. J. Gall, *On the Origin of the Moral Qualities and Intellectual Faculties of Man*, translated by Winslow Lewis, six vols. (Boston, 1835), III, 299-316; J. G. Spurzheim, *Outlines of Phrenology* (Boston, 1832), pp. 30-31; George Combe, *A System of Phrenology* (Boston, 1842), pp. 130-133; L. Miles, *Phrenology and the Moral Influence of Phrenology* (Philadelphia, 1835), pp. 37-38; Robert Macnish, *Introduction to Phrenology* (Glasgow, 1837), pp. 52-53.

¹⁰³ George Combe, *Lectures*, pp. 144-148.

¹⁰⁴ Macnish, *Introduction to Phrenology*, p. 52.

ativeness did it stimulate "conjugal affection," though it carried with it the desire to love and be loved. It had a more extensive influence than the production of friendship among individuals, giving rise "to the instinctive tendency to congregate, whence society has originated."¹⁰⁵ Its grossest abuse was, apparently, an indiscriminate friendliness, and a tendency to absurd or romantic attachments.¹⁰⁶ In short, it was an extremely desirable quality, as innocent of anything improper as crackers and milk.

Whitman did not force the term from conformity with its phrenological definition:

It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship (the adhesive love, at least rivaling the amative love hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it) that I look for the counterbalance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American democracy, and for the spiritualization thereof. Many will say it is a dream, and will not follow my inferences; but I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown—not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having the deepest relations to general politics. I say democracy infers such loving comradeship, as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete, in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself.¹⁰⁷

In phrenological treatises there is no hint that, in the definitions of *Adhesiveness*, anything more is meant than meets the eye. In fact, it is quite clear that it is from an overdevelopment of *Amativeness* alone that sodomy and its related practices proceed. Andrew Combe states the matter in a way which leaves no room for doubt:

The organ of *Amativeness* is established by abundant evidence, and many of the mental symptoms of insanity plainly consist in excitement, diminution, or perversion of its functions. If an individual, previously remarkable for correctness of conduct, and moderation of passion, becomes conspicuous for unusual impetuosity of desire, gross obscenity, and contempt of decency; or shows an unwonted and unfounded aversion to the

¹⁰⁵ George Combe, *A System*, pp. 130-133. ¹⁰⁶ Macnish, *Introduction*, p. 53.

¹⁰⁷ *Camden* edition, V, 131 n. Cf. Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 518.

society of the opposite sex, or rushes headlong into the indulgence of morbid and unnatural appetites,—these constitute so many symptoms of an unhealthy condition of mind, all bearing reference to the faculty above named. *Adhesiveness*, which constitutes the bond of social and domestic life, is the fountain of another variety of mental symptoms. From excitement of its function, we see persons who, when in health, were no way remarkable for strong affection, displaying, as features of the insane state, a tenderness of attachment as husbands, a depth of filial devotion as sons, and an extent and disinterestedness of affection as lovers, which have no parallel except in romance.¹⁰⁸

In view of this explicit statement, it is absurd to read into Whitman's use of the terms *Adhesiveness*, *friendship*, or *comradeship*, any meanings which an exact use of phrenological language would not allow. Let his meanings stand as they were intended:

I will sing the song of companionship,
I will show what alone must finally compact these,
I believe these are to found their own ideal of manly
love, indicating it in me.

Gall, in discussing *Adhesiveness*, had eulogized friendship eloquently: "Who does not know the difference, that exists between a city, where friendly relations make the delight of society, and a city, where selfishness takes the place of the reciprocal relations of friendship; where the hurry of business, the anxiety for making a fortune, dissipations of every kind, stifle the least symptoms of friendship."¹⁰⁹ Whitman had been told that he had this organ large. He came to conceive of the ideal society of friendship as the highest theme of verse: "Perhaps the most illustrious culmination of the Modern and of Republicanism may prove to be a signal cluster of joyous, more exalted bards of Adhesiveness, identically one in soul, but contributed by every nation, each after its distinctive kind."¹¹⁰ His own contribution he made in his fashion:

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone
upon,

¹⁰⁸ Andrew Combe, *Observations on Mental Derangement* (Boston, 1834), pp. 219-220.

¹⁰⁹ F. J. Gall, *On the Origin of the Moral Qualities*, III, 302.

¹¹⁰ Furness, *Walt Whitman's Workshop*, p. 163.

I will make divine magnetic lands,
 With the love of comrades,
 With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the
 rivers of America, and along the shores of the great
 lakes, and all over the prairies,

I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each
 other's necks,

 By the love of comrades,
 By the manly love of comrades.¹¹¹

Many years ago Walt Whitman wrote a memorandum in his scrap-book: "Remember in scientific and similar allusions that the theories of Geology, Language, etc., etc., are continually changing. Be careful to put in only what *must* be appropriate centuries hence."¹¹² But how should Whitman have known that phrenology was going to end up on the board-walk at Atlantic City? He did not know,¹¹³ and that is why his personality and his poetry are revealed in a new light by an investigation of phrenology, and a re-interpretation of his "chart of bumps."

¹¹¹ Holloway, *Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman*, p. 98.

¹¹² Camden edition, IX, 3.

¹¹³ In his edition of 1867 Whitman canceled a number of passages dealing with phrenology, and still others were canceled in 1881. Many phrenological passages were never canceled. Some of the canceled passages were repetitions. Probably his enthusiasm for phrenology diminished, but was never quite extinguished. In his last year he gave his chart of bumps to his executors for a final publishing in *In Re Walt Whitman*. See Traubel, *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, I, 385, for Whitman's recognition that he had "not got by the phrenology stage yet."

A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS BY SIDNEY LANIER

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“WHILE ENGAGED in the practice of law,” says Professor Edwin Mims, “Lanier now and then made public addresses.”¹ Of these addresses the “Confederate Memorial Address” of April 26, 1870, is the only one given in Lanier’s published works. The address which I am reprinting here is an earlier one, delivered June 30, 1869. It appears in the *Catalogue of the Trustees, Faculty, Alumnae and Students of Furlow Masonic Female College, Americus, Ga., 1868-1869* (Macon, Georgia: J. W. Burke & Co., Stationers, Printers and Binders. 1869). Professor Morgan Callaway, Jr., lists the address among “Uncollected Prose Pieces” on p. 88 of his *Select Poems of Sidney Lanier* (New York, 1895), but the address seems never to have been reprinted. The first half of this pamphlet contains just what one would expect to find in the catalogue of an American woman’s college in the sixties; the second half contains Lanier’s address.

The address is reprinted here chiefly for Lanier’s remarks on art and on Southern literature, but it is interesting also for the light it throws upon Lanier’s thinking in regard to Reconstruction, farming, and woman suffrage. Although it is, in a sense, one of the earliest “New South” speeches, the style is largely that of ante-bellum Southern oratory, which was usually highly rhetorical, sometimes poetic.

After his release from the Federal prison at Point Lookout in 1865, Lanier had returned to Macon dangerously ill. After a brief experience in tutoring near Macon, he spent the winter of 1865-1866 at Point Clear on Mobile Bay. He was then for a time, with his brother Clifford, a clerk in the Exchange Hotel at Montgomery, Alabama. In the winter of 1867-1868 he taught in an academy at Prattville, Alabama. In the meantime he had published several poems in a New York weekly, *The Round Table*, had brought out his novel *Tiger-Lilies* (1867), and had written but not printed the title essay of the posthumous volume, *Retrospects and Prospects* (1899). He had married Miss Day on December 21, 1867. Unable to find a suitable position in a Southern college, he had, toward the close of the year 1868, decided to study law and soon thereafter entered

¹ Edwin Mims, *Sidney Lanier* (Boston and New York, 1905), p. 103. The biographical details in this introduction are drawn from Professor Mims’s biography. I am indebted to Mr. Aubrey H. Starke, of Centralia, Illinois, for some of the references given in my notes.

the law office of Lanier and Anderson. In May, 1869, he made his second visit to New York.

The address was written during a period of poverty, hard work, and discouragement. His poem, "The Raven Days," written at Prattville in February, 1868, closes:

O Raven days, dark Raven days of sorrow,
Will ever any warm light come again?
Will ever the lit mountains of To-morrow
Begin to gleam athwart the mournful plain?

Lanier's poem, "Nirvana," written in 1869, should be read in connection with the address; it is too long to quote entire.

It was these years in part at least that Lanier had in mind when he wrote to Bayard Taylor on August 7, 1875, "Perhaps you know that, with us of the younger generation in the South since the War, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying."² Lanier, however, seldom gave way to pessimism; and his address, considering the time when it was written, seems singularly free from bitterness of any kind.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

Before the Furlow Masonic Female College,
Delivered June 30th, 1869,

By SIDNEY LANIER

I am here, to-day, to address you upon certain features in the present condition and future prospect of some great departments of life in that peculiar portion of the United States which we inhabit.

I chose this theme: because, if you are sad—and I see full many a melancholy countenance upturned towards mine—I know that the glittering spectacle of that future which I hope to unveil before you within this hour could not fail to fascinate the most mournful soul among you; because, if you are merry—and I behold on all sides the hilarious sparkle of young world-enchanted eyes—I know that the ghostly dangers which I hope to call up within this hour from the deep of our seething present, might well startle the merriest among you with salutary fears, and cool your most wayward wit into that wholesome sobriety with which the prudent man contemplates a fearful and imminent peril.

² *Letters of Sidney Lanier* (New York, 1899), p. 121.

If you are timid, this theme gives me the cheerful anticipation of placing before you such just grounds of hope as may cause you cry courage! to yourselves. If you are overbold, this theme will develope such apprehensions as may give you prudent pause.

If you are bitter in soul, with hatred of them that have cruelly and foully maltreated you, perhaps here you will find some divine inward stirring of the soul toward forgiveness. If the repeated blows of sorrow upon some self-same spot in your hearts have made you—as, alas! they have made many of my countrymen—utterly callous to all grief and all pleasure, perhaps here you will find that the new struggle of our life is in desperate need of you, and that the new pathos of our laboring hunger and thirst is irresistible in its appeal to you, so that you can not possibly be longer indifferent to the progress and the vicissitudes of things about you.

If you are amazed and confused by the hideous clamor of corruption, of extravagant rascality and of loud-mouthed irreligion which now fills the land, perhaps here, you will grow more tranquil as you discover that powerful elements of faith, of honor, and of purity, still exist among us whose exquisite symbols may even now be detected, floating, like silken banners in a battle, through the dreadful turmoil.

If the rude encounter of hunger with the stolid forces of nature has overtrampled the softer amenities of your social life: if the stern opposition of your difficult soils, of your expansive fields, of your tenacious tree-roots, of your capricious cotton-plant, has tended to develope your muscles at the expense of your æsthetic faculties: perhaps, in this closer view we are now to take of our times, you may discover some faint but glorious presage of a more fortunate and swiftly advancing era, when down from the generous bosoms of our mineral mountains shall sweep a kingly stream of wealth that will fertilize our prolific fortunes until our homes will blossom with all social loves and friendly hospitalities; an era when all this robust manhood, which you drop into the ground along with each cotton seed, shall have sprouted and flourished vigorously, until it shall defy those hostile combinations of European capital which have been straining the ponderous powers of self-interest in the effort to stifle out our vital agricultural industry; an era when our fields shall present not only the gleaming white of opening cotton bolls, but shall

nod and wave and glow and swell with all manner of bountiful grains and grapes, and of profitable leafage and fruitage;³ when the swaying sail of our commerce shall wander forth softly and silently as any dove, and bring back to us friendly olive branches and tokens of legitimate profit and of hospitable assurance, from all the islands of the oceans and all the nations of the continents; when our laws shall lead us by the reason in our brains, and not by the chains on our wrists; when our rulers shall rule our respect rather than our pity; when our conquerors shall discover that insults are not peace-makers, that taunting arrogance blisters the unhealed wound of the conquered, and that magnanimity is infinitely more powerful and less expensive than standing armies; when our Art shall enchant our tired souls with lute and picture and statue and poem; and when our Religion, pallid from her long struggle with those devils of unrestraint which the war engendered, yet serenely smiling in her unarmed victorious majesty, shall stand in the centre of the land and win the unresisting people to all the benignant pulpits and sacred shrines of her expanding catholic temples.

My countrymen, I am not here to-day to flatter you. I beg you to remember that this era of which I speak is yet to come. It stands yonder, ahead. In the ancient days, when on national anniversaries and on commencement occasions the orator painted before his audience those splendid pictures of national prosperity of which we were all so proud, and pleasantly titillated that national vanity of which we were all so naïvely conscious, he but answered the pardonable expectation of his hearers, and everybody understood the harmless exaggerations of his oratory. But those ancient days are not, now, forevermore. We have scarcely time, now, for more than the unvarnished truth. Often, indeed, the rush and hurry of our modern life leave us no time for *that*.

To-day you have stepped aside from the onward press of the toilers, to see your daughters, your sisters, your sweethearts, take their last farewell of college life. Here we draw breath a moment. It is a good hour. Let us use it well. Let us gaze, with stern and uncompromising eye, through that outer shell of circumstance

³ Lanier often protested against the one-crop system of the South. Cf. the second section of his article, "The New South" (*Retrospects and Prospects*, pp. 110-124) and his poems, "Corn," "Thar's More in the Man than thar is in the Land," and "Jones's Private Argument." The second of these poems is dated 1869.

which encrusts our epoch. Let us see where we stand and whither we go. Let us note some figures, at least, in the long retinue of subsidiary facts left in our midst by that most striking fact in our history, the war of Southern Independence. For four years this haggard witch of battle lifted her skinny fingers over the great caldron of our society and flung into it handful after handful of weird and incongruous elements.

Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn, and caldron, bubble;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

These elements have mingled themselves inextricably with our social condition, with our agriculture, with our politics, with our art, with our religion.⁴ Let us briefly contemplate the result of this admixture, as exhibiting itself in the present and the future of these departments of our Southern life.

And as I commence, in pursuance of this outline, to speak to you of our present social condition, I will confess to you that my heart is filled with the strangest conflict of tremulous fears and exhilarating hopes. For, to-day, when we speak of social questions, we can scarcely speak of aught else than questions which directly concern themselves with the education of women, with the rights and privileges of women, with the welfare of women, with the marriage of women, always with *women*. Young ladies, matrons, maids, wives and widows, do you hear? The acute intellect of the modern world cannot discuss the world's welfare without paying you this compliment, magnificent in itself, and exquisite because unconscious. When we discuss society, we discuss *you*. You, then, control society. You, then, are the heart, the one-flower, the sole passion, the only beloved, of society. To you society cries, as Othello cried to Desdemona:

⁴ Cf. Lanier's letter to Paul Hamilton Hayne, April 17, 1872, in Aubrey H. Starke, "Sidney Lanier and Paul Hamilton Hayne: Three Unpublished Letters," *American Literature*, I, 35 (March, 1929).

————— ————Perdition catch my soul
 But I do love thee, and when I love thee not
 Chaos is come again.

And therefore, as I said, while I hope, I am afraid. I am afraid, because certain suggestions float about in the air that a time may come when you will no longer be lovable, when we *can not* love you, and when, by consequence, chaos *will* come again. I am afraid, because yonder in Europe, yonder in the North, I hear certain deluded sisters of yours crying aloud that women must vote, that women must hold political office, that women must be lawyers and physicians and ministers. *Female suffrage; female office-holders; female professional people; there are more women than men in the world; we own the larger half of the round earth; give it us, if not we will take it.* Such is the clamor that fills the time. These women have their shrill treble supported, so men say, by the bass of Mr. Gladstone, a great power in politics; of Mr. Mill, a great power in philosophy; and of Mr. Greely [*sic*], a great power in humbug. These women have elegant suites of rooms in the greatest city of our continent; they have newspapers, ably edited and profitably supported; they have conventions; they have lecturers; they have organizations; they have increasing memberships; they have money; they have prestige. Their affairs prosper. Their cause grows and looms apace.

But listen. On the instant, when this cause shall have attained its accursed object, on that instant the prophetic agony of Othello's tortured soul will consummate itself in a million manly bosoms, on that instant we will love you not, on that instant chaos will come again. As voters, we could not love you, for you would be no whit different from men, and men do not love men. As lawyers, as ministers, as physicians, we can not possibly love you; we ourselves are all these, and we want something *beside* ourselves; we want two in one, and not one in two.

It would be easy enough, if one were so minded, to raise your laughter over the absurdities of these misguided persons; but this, to me, would be like that mournful joke which Lessing perpetrated on the death of his only son;⁵ it would be horrible wit. I, for one,

⁵ Lessing's son died on the day he was born, and his wife soon afterward. On January 3, 1778, Lessing wrote to his friend Eschenburg:

have in my heart no ridicule for the advocates of female suffrage; I have only pity and fear and horror. Let us not delude ourselves with the fragile hope that this storm will pass by and leave our Southern waters quiet. The time draws rapidly nigh, when these questions, of female suffrage and the like, will sweep down upon us and demand to be answered. Lightly as you may now smile at the mention of these things, presently the brunt of this tempest will whirl about; you will find yourselves in the midst of it; you will be compelled to determine promptly.

In whatever way you decide, in that way will run the fate of our society. The question is simple: will you rule our votes, or rule our voters? At the ballot-box, you can control the votes; at home, you can control the voters.

Women of my country, in a vision which is no dream, I see society kneeling at your feet, supplicating, with mournful voice, with imploring eyes, with clasped hands, for its one divine necessity. Hear it! *Give, me, O woman, that which you only can give, a Home; that society which keeps its homes pure is invulnerable to all those serpents, physical, moral, political, social, religious, that creep and crawl about the world and leave their slime upon what they can not poison: in this sacrosanct shrine of home their entrance is difficult and their fangs are harmless. By the cradles in which your virgin virtues were nurtured, by all the heavenly overwatchings of the serious eyes of motherhood, by all the brotherhoods and sisterhoods of clinging infancy, by all the social loves that make life tolerable, by all the germs of honor that remain in the world, by all the purities and sincerities and generousities that must live if I live, I implore you preserve for me this genuine Holy of Holies, whose soft name falls on the ear as a rose-petal falls on the water, this true Heaven on Earth, which men call Home!*

"I seize the moment in which my wife lies without consciousness to thank you for your kind interest. My pleasure was but brief. And I lost him so unwillingly, this son! For he had so much understanding! so much understanding! Do not suppose that the few hours of my fatherhood have made me an ape of a father! I know what I say. Was it not understanding, that they had to drag him into the world with iron tongs? that he so soon suspected the evil of it? Was it not understanding, that he seized the first opportunity to get away from it? And the little rascal tears his mother from me with him! For there is still small hope that she will be preserved to me. I wished to have things as well as other men. But I have badly succeeded." (James Sime, *Lessing*, London, 1877, II, 175-176.)

Ah, if we ask you for a home, will you give us only a hustings? If we invite you to be queen of our souls, will you abdicate this magnificent sovereignty, to seat yourselves upon the hard and vulgar throne of the ballot-box? Now, may God forbid it!

Nay, I think *you* will forbid it. For, as I said, whilst I am afraid when I think of the possible chaos that might blot out the present promise of our society, there yet come certain hopes which struggle with these boding apprehensions and give me courage.

Ah, I do not forget, that I speak to the mothers of the heroes of the Southern Confederacy!⁶

I do not forget, that I speak to the sisters whose cheerful alacrity in hurrying brothers forward to the field of battle, has ennobled and sanctified all sisterhood forever.

I do not forget, that I speak to the sweethearts whose contempt for cowardice and admiration for bravery were at once the most dreadful punishment of the coward and the most thrilling inspiration of the brave.

I do not forget, that I speak to the wives whose kisses, lingering on the lips of husbands, did, in the day of battle, burn them onward right into the blazing hell of hostile batteries.

I do not forget, that when the heats of summer suns would have debilitated our frames, your anxious forethought had provided remedies; that, when the winter nights of inhospitable climates would have frozen the picket's fingers stiff about his musket, your busy needles had anticipated protection; that when we were hungry, you fed us; when we were thirsty, you gave us drink; when we were sick, you visited us; when we were in prison, you comforted us; when we were naked, you clothed us; that always, in whatever necessity of our natures, whether we craved the light of brilliant eyes, or the animation of smiling lips, or the tendance of dainty fingers on wounds, or the solemn comforts of religion at death-beds, or the tributary fragrance of flowers on graves, always you were ready, always you responded, gazing, smiling, tending, comforting, scattering flowers.

I do not forget, that this tribute of soldier's gratitude has been paid you before, and that some cold soul might carp at the twice-told

⁶ Cf. Lanier's tribute to the women of the Confederacy in the concluding paragraph of the "Confederate Memorial Address" of 1870. (*Retrospects and Prospects*, p. 103.)

tale; but, so long as the Heavens are friendly to me, I will never forget that that day will be black when the orator on any rostrum in this land shall omit to devote his most glowing periods and his most earnest rhetoric to those faithful women who have so loved, who have so lost, but who, thanks to Almighty God, have so survived the Southern Confederacy!

Shall we not, then, have good hope that in the day when the legion of female suffrage move down upon us and agitate their unnatural propositions, our women, in one unanimous outbreak of womanly scorn and contempt, will spurn the absurd and pitiful privileges which these pseudo-benefactors propose to confer?

Let it never be dreamed that in rejecting female suffrage, you reject female influence in politics. So far from that, you can not, if you would, abandon that responsible attitude which in all ages and in all nations women have maintained towards the State. Consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, silently or loudly, you *must* be a political power. Whether you crowd our hustings or preside over our households, whether casting ballots or dusting your parlors, you are compelled to exercise commanding influences over all departments of the State. I pledge you the faith of all history and all philosophy, if you keep the private house pure, then the State-house will never become hopelessly corrupt; if you exhibit to us lofty ideas of womanly dignity at home, then the national Senate will not go, as it has gone, mumming and capering in clownish follies, utterly unrebuked; if you deal with daily cares in candor and sincerity, then all the sooner will the nation abandon its shuffling diplomacies, to substitute the broad and winning integrities of honest statesmanship.

Now, because I thought that you, young ladies, would have already seen how your woman's life, though apparently bounding itself within the four walls of domestic matters, does nevertheless stretch out unseen and powerful arms into all affairs of social and of national importance; because I thought that you had thoroughly informed yourselves as to the conditions and prospects of the great institutions of your country; and because I thought you would appreciate the compliment of being addressed upon subjects which men too often arrogate to themselves, as if men only were intelligent, as if men only were patriotic; it was for these reasons, that I pro-

posed to speak to you next of those elements, either good or evil, which the departing war left in our agricultural system.

The substitution of free labor for slave labor came upon us so suddenly and so mournfully, that it threatened for a time to paralyze all our industrial energies. In truth, this spectre of free labor marched down upon us in such bad company, that it might well have excited the most alarming apprehensions.

Under its feet, lay the dead body of our political independence. Trooping behind its back, came a fearful retinue. Poverty, lawlessness, marital demoralization, political incapacity, physical indolence, domestic improvidence, agricultural ignorance, moral profligacy in awful twinhood with religious fanaticism; all these stalked along in the train of free labor, as they had been the supple courtiers of this seemingly dreadful king.

We theorized upon it.

Do you not all remember the multitudes of dismal communications which filled our public journals with predictions of death to all our planting interests in the South? Do you not all remember how many of our farmers declared that the planter would never again be able to earn his living on Southern soil, and how they sold out houses and lands, and hurried away to Brazil, to Cuba, to Central America, to California?⁷ Do you not all remember how, in the public prints, one writer reiterated vehemently that the freedmen would never, never work; another, that even if we should be able to raise cotton, its price would always be too low to pay expenses, by reason of Egyptian and East Indian competition; another, that the war had in some mysterious way engendered perennial hosts of boll-worms, of army-worms, of caterpillars, of droughts, of freshets, of fevers, of agues, which would forever render our farming impracticable and our country uninhabitable; how, in short, there was a universal reign of dismal fancy and of whimsical foreboding?

But what has been the real result?

It is now four years, almost to a day, since the last tired soldier of the Southern armies laid down his useless musket and wearily travelled back to his desolate fields, with the dust of recent battle

⁷ "It is no wonder that under these circumstances men went to other countries, and that some of those who did not go cherished the project of transporting the people of various States to other lands, where the spirit of the civilization that had passed away might be preserved." (Edwin Mims, *Sidney Lanier*, p. 69.)

scarcely yet shaken from his garments. Without implements, without stock, without labor, without money, without credit, without anything but scarred hands and scarred hearts, we started to work. The worm came, the drought, the freshet, the ague came, repeated failure came. Nevertheless we worked on.

How is it, now?

We have new-equipped scores of old railroads, and we are building scores of new ones; we have been sending our children to schools and colleges; we now fill our newspapers no longer with prophecies of agricultural failure, but with practical discussions of new projects in fencing, in fertilizers, in improved seeds and varieties, and in experimental systems of culture; we revive our agricultural fairs and present ponderous lists of prizes to competitors; we begin to import breeding-stock; we begin to inquire about immigration; we pay off multitudes of old obligations; in short, and in entire explanation of all these marvels, we sell two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of cotton in one year!

We discover that the dreaded competing fields of the East Indies must abandon cotton and grow some grain, in order to save hundreds of thousands of natives from death by starvation; that the narrow lands on the banks of the Nile, besides commanding fabulous prices per acre, must also supply the population with food as well as cotton; that the Brazilian thousands of bales are not so formidable after all, since they only weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds to the bale; that however other countries may compete with us as to the *quantity* of cotton raised, nevertheless the superior quality of our uplands and sea-islands leaves us always in easy command of markets; that shortly the Pacific Railroad will bring us multitudes of laborers, whose competition will forever check any absurd demands of our present farm-hands; nay, if you will listen closely, you will actually hear certain persons beginning to whisper among themselves, *perhaps after all, Cotton is King*.

These are cheering results: but as we felicitate ourselves upon them, let us not forget to accept and digest the lessons which they learn [*sic*] us.

Let us not forget, for instance, to accept and digest the unpalatable truth that we, here in the South, are among the crudest theorizers in the world. We put together too many unsubstantial

hypotheses. Day after day our public journals are filled with letters whose conclusions rest neither on logic nor on fact. I fear we are inordinately fond of predicting, of supposing, of prophesying, in agricultural matters. Let us learn to delay our conclusions until we have gathered together many facts, until we have taken all large and many-sided views, and above all, until we have actually tried them by material weights and measures. Let us distrust every hypothesis concerning our planting interests which has not been subjected to that greatest of all strains, the test of time. Experiment as much as you can. Try this and that fertilizer; plant an acre in this grain, an acre in that cotton, an acre in the other vine, but *keep back your conclusions*. Wait till all the facts are in; wait till time has mellowed them together; wait till reason has measured and weighed their relative proportions. Do not announce your projects before they are born; do not bury them before they are dead. Think, labor, *wait*.

My country women and countrymen, this last word which I have spoken—this word “wait”—is a wonderful word. Unquestionably it should be the watch-word of our agricultural system at present; not less unquestionably should it embody the principle of all our political behavior under the exceedingly trying and delicate circumstances which surround us.

Day by day we feel the smart of some new and ingeniously-devised lash on shoulders which are sore enough, God knows, with the galling burdens of the past.

Abroad, unblushing slander has usurped sole charge of our reputations. At home, pitiful dissensions over the public monies waste the time and distract the energies of our statal rulers. The manufacturers of ready-made outrages ply their busy pens like shuttles in some dirty loom, to supply the demand of trading politicians for this new and popular article of party commerce. A monstrous distortion of Justice pleases its idle whim with punishing intelligence by subjecting it to ignorance. O, with the small malignities of our conquerors, as with multitudes of irritating javelins, our souls are stuck full.

What shall we do?

Shall we appeal to arms?

Not so! I have infinite and unconquerable faith in the benignities of the slow process of time. Millions of men—if we had them!—with arms and batteries—if we had them!—*might* conquer; but time, time, only time, can permanently convince. Let us wait.

Or, shall we go about peaceably to change the Republic into an Empire?

Here, indeed, one discovers the most extraordinary spectacle in all the history of those political vagaries which arise out of wars and their consequent perplexities. It is reported, and I doubt not truly, that many of the worthiest men in our land deliberately entertain the hope that our republican government may speedily crystallize into a monarchy. It is reported, and I doubt not truly, that "The Imperialist,"⁸ a journal whose name explains its import, boasts a large and rapidly increasing subscription list at the South. I personally know that many good men among us do ardently desire that we should have a king, fancying therein some refuge from the present ills of the country.

Surely, surely, these gentlemen have been driven into wild unreason by the intolerable misfortunes of the hour! Ten years ago the United States Government fell into the uncontrolled hands of a party whose avowed object was to overturn the wise policies of our forefathers, to sweep away the autonomy of the States, and to centralize the vast powers of the republic in its federal head. With marvelous dexterity, with adroit applications of party cries and focalizings of party resources, this faction has succeeded beyond its wildest expectations. Look, if you please, along the multitudinous range of governments, from the iron autocracies of Asia to the rude tyrannies of Ethiopia, and find me, if you can, a single individual

⁸ *The Imperialist* was a weekly journal established in New York in 1869. The issue for July 24, 1869 (Vol. I, No. 16) states the editor's platform as follows:

"... We look forward to the establishment of an Imperial central executive, based on such free institutions as shall restore to us, as a people, the peace, the prosperity, and the genuine personal liberty which we have lost.

"We desire to see a return to legislative honesty and legislative purity.

"We are in favor of the preservation of the national honor, as pledged for the payment of the public indebtedness.

"We believe that but a small percentage of the American people can be considered fit, by character or education, for the unrestricted exercise of self-government, and that, conscious of this truth, they have already resigned the absurd theory which is advanced in their behalf. They have, moreover, wilfully and recklessly permitted the reins of government to pass into the hands of a class of politicians whose unblushing venality has made the present state of things no longer tolerable by a free and enlightened people. . . ."

who wields more unlimited sovereignty than the present President of the United States! In the name of Heaven, have we not centralization enough? If we could change the government into an empire to-day, would we have more? Is not this a new sort of political homeopathy, to cure the ills of consolidation by administering an infinitesimal dose of consolidation? Nay, if the Imperialists will pardon me a too obvious joke, is not this precisely the policy of that unfortunate individual with whose comical troubles we were familiar in our childhood?

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wond'rous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into the bramble-bush,
And scratched them in again!"

Having scratched out our eyes with jumping into this infernal bramble-bush of consolidation, think you that by jumping into the identical bush, which we now call an empire, we will scratch them in again?

Ah, no. What we want, believe me, is not the empire, which we already have! but the republic, which we have not. After a time, sure as Heaven, we will get it; and paradoxical as it may seem, nothing will bring it to us more speedily than patience. A certain acute Frenchman has declared that patience is genius. A celebrated American has embodied all our political economy of to-day in the admonition: Learn to labor and to wait. Our public men tell us that we are shortly to see a multitudinous immigration of Chinamen into our section. For more than agricultural reasons, I rejoice that this is so. The Chinaman is patient as time, he is patient as nature, he is patient as the steady-wheeling, unfaltering earth. From the minute diligences and slow assiduities of his tedious, yet successful, system of culture, let us catch the enduring, the marvel-working, the God-like virtue of patience. Already, upon the far horizon, a patient and observant eye can discover certain early scintillations that flash up from the advancing sun of our political regeneration. Presently,

those obscure mists that arose from the reeking fen of the war, and that have so long obscured the reason of our rulers, will begin to tremble beneath the hot energies of his far-reaching fires; they will burst asunder; they will float away, utterly away, from off the face of the land; they will become mere clouds in the distance, and the magic of the morning will silver them into glittering palaces, with manifold spire and pinnacle of warning to the nations. Presently, the very chains of ice that now bind our energies will themselves dissolve, under this fervid sun-rising, into cool and refreshing drops that will fall upon our dusty past and fertilize it with fruitful admonitions. Presently, I verily believe, the glory of the fresh hopes of a new daylight will outspread itself, fair and warm, about the peaceful homes of this contented people.

But, in the midst of our hot attack upon the impurities and poverties of our new life, let us have an unremitting care lest our ears be so deafened that we cannot hear the noble voices of Poetry and of Music, singing to us through the battle; and lest our eyes be so blinded that we cannot see the fingers of Painting, of Sculpture, and of Architecture, beckoning upward through the dusty smoke.

Be warned in time; do not allow yourselves to be run away with by those perverse exaggerations of the dignity of labor which are so likely to catch the unwary spirit of a people suddenly condemned to unwonted manual work. Truly, all labor is dignified; to plow the field with one's own hand, to sweep the house with one's own hand, this, at the time of necessity, is indisputably a high and sacred duty, and we rightly despise him or her who could shrink from it. But manual labor is not the *only* labor; there are other high and sacred works; and among these none are higher, none are more sacred, than those which we call, by a happy terminology, Works of Art.

Unable to fulfill the hope which I had indulged of addressing you with some detail upon this inviting topic, I yet cannot leave this subject without referring, in sorrowful fashion, to a certain insidious evil, which, especially since the war, has been the very bane and poison of all our humble artistic endeavor here in the South. I mean the habit of inviting purchasers to buy artists' works, *simply* because they happen to be Southern artists. I mean the habit of regarding our literature as *Southern* literature, our poetry as *South-*

ern poetry, our pictures as Southern pictures. I mean the habit of glossing over the intrinsic defects of artistic productions by appealing to the Southern sympathies of the artist's countrymen. I mean the constant invocation, which one finds in all the public journals, "to patronize *Southern* talent."⁹ Patronize? Patronize? Despicable word! How ignoble must be the ambition of that artist, whether he be poet, painter, musician, sculptor, or architect, who could consent to palm off the crudities of his indolence upon the patronizing good-nature of his countrymen! The basis of all this is unsound, and if we erect any superstructure of Art upon it, the whole building will inevitably topple into disgraceful ruin. For, the basis of it is hate, and Art will have nothing to do with hate. Young ladies, you who some day may give us worthy poems, worthy pictures, worthy music, burn into your souls these principles: First, Art is a genuine creation. Second, God is the first Creator, and therefore the first Artist. Third, God is Love, and Love only is creative, while Satan is Hate, and Hate only is destructive. Therefore, Fourth, every artist must be like God, that is, must be full of love, which is creative, and empty of hate, which is destructive.¹⁰ This love, of which I speak, is not a sentimentality; it is that grand overmastering passion for all that is noble in human life, and for all that is beautiful in natural organism, which each man and woman of us brings, in more or less vivid brightness, out of childhood into later life. Never yet saw I a child that would not gaze with serious eye upon a

⁹ Lanier's attitude toward "Southern" literature seems singularly modern—like, for instance, that expressed in the prospectus of *Uncle Remus's Magazine* (see Julia Collier Harris, *The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris*, Boston and New York, 1918, pp. 524-526). But compare the following passage (written in 1865) in the journal of Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer:

"Have been reading *Leisure Hours* by Martha Haines Butt. I was utterly disappointed, though I ought not to have been. I ought to know by this time that a Southern book is, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the merest trash—the merest batch of blunders as to style and *grammar*. . . . I flung it down sickened to think of the unqualified praise I had seen bestowed upon it by Southern newspapers.

"Oh beloved and Sunny South, Land that I love, more now in the day of humiliation, woe, and ruin than ever before, thy day of regeneration and renovation will never dawn till thou hast learned to dig deep, and lay thy foundations broad and firm—learned to educate thy children thoroughly—learned to distinguish gold from gilding, silver from tinsel." (Hope Summerell Chamberlain, *Old Days in Chapel Hill: Being the Life and Letters of Cornelia Phillips Spencer*, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1926, p. 90.)

¹⁰ Cf. the title essay (written in 1867) in *Retrospects and Prospects*, p. 12: "For Art does not imitate: it creates . . ." For "Love," see *ibid.*, p. 26; *Tiger-Lilies* (1867), p. 26; and *The English Novel* (1883), p. 280. Cf. also the "Confederate Memorial Address" (*ibid.*, p. 101): "To-day we are here for love and not for hate. . . ."

flower; never yet saw I a child that would not listen, with serious ear, to a song; never yet saw I a child that would not give his serious soul to a fairy tale; and if these things be so, then, surely, never yet saw I man or woman that had not, in the deep of the heart, some germ of love for beauty in nature, in music, in poetry.

If then we would be genuine artists, let us love true Love, let us hate false Hate. If we sing, let us sing for the ear of the whole world; if we write, let us write for all the nations of all the ages; if we paint, let us paint for the eye of time; if we build, let us build for the cosmopolitan taste of the myriad diverse peoples whom destiny will speedily pour into the length and breadth of our land.

In this early morning of our national day, let our Art circle, and circle, and circle upward, like any lark, and from some immeasurable elevation in the heavens, high over all the fret of men and jar of nations, let it carol some tender and *many-voiced* melody, that will draw the heart of the whole world upward to that adorable God of Love in whom Art must live, and move, and have its being.

And when our Art, as all Art tends to do, shall have installed itself in the sweet voluntary service of Religion,^{10a} then we shall know, more unquestionably than some of us now begin to feel, that that wild element of religious distrust which came upon us with the departing war, is beginning to disappear before the manifold bounties of our inscrutable Master. How many of you, on some rainy night during the four dreary years of our war, prostrated yourselves before the Heavens, and prayed with agonizing ardor that son or husband or brother might be spared in the day of battle—and heard next day that son and husband and brother had been stricken down, even while your prayer was going up.

How many of you, day by day of those bitter years, wrestled with the great God for the prosperity of our cause, and received no answer but crushing defeat? How many of you, wounded by these sharp responses to your supplications, were ready to cry out that you no longer had faith in the sublime promises of our religion?

Undoubtedly, this element of religious distrust remained with us when the war was gone, and crept about in heart and home,

^{10a} Cf. the passage in *The English Novel*, pp. 272-273, beginning: "The requirement has been from time immemorial that wherever there is contest as between artistic and moral beauty, unless the moral side prevail, all is lost. . . ."

hissing and rejoicing over the wretchedness it wrought. Nay, there arose a cry in the land from certain sensational people, that Protestantism was a failure; that religion itself was a failure. But where is the failure, to-day?

Has nature failed you?

Yonder, the ripening wealth of your plenteous fields, the billowy foliage of your forests, the dainty flowers of your wildwood answer eloquent, No!

Has life failed you?

Everywhere arise your schools, your villages, your cities, your factories, and the heaven-pointing spires of your religious temples!

Has God failed you?

The dawn that broke in glory upon us this morning denies it: yonder sun that hangs upon His right hand in heaven denies it; and to-night, the faithful stars, with a myriad silver voices, will deny it.¹¹

When these fail you, religion will fail you. Until then, you have naught to do but smile at those absurd birds of evil, who, having found some decaying carcass of a sensation, straightway begin to flap wing boisterously through the air, and to screech out that the world is dead.

Such, young ladies, is a meagre outline of hopes and fears in the Society, the Agriculture, the Politics, the Art, the Religion, of our Southern life. Whatever be these hopes, whatever be these fears, I charge you, young women of my country, remember that for their realization they are mainly in your hands. If we wish for purity in our social morality, if we wish for industrious patience in our agriculture, if we wish for dignity, integrity and calm obedience in our politics, if we wish for world-broad love in our art, if we wish for undying faith in our religion, you, you, in the tranquil privacies and virgin sanctities of home, must furnish and mature and send forth these inestimable virtues.

Permit me to ask, what is it you commence, on this day, which you call Commencement Day?

You commence your education.¹² Hitherto, you have toiled, you have obeyed, you have studied, under the guidance of your teachers,

¹¹ Cf. Timrod's sonnet beginning, "I scarcely grieve, O Nature, at the lot. . . ."

¹² For Lanier's maturer ideas in regard to adult education, see his letter of November 5, 1878, to Gibson Peacock (*Letters of Sidney Lanier*, pp. 54-55).

not by any means to finish your education, but solely to enable you to begin it rightly. Henceforth, however, you study *without* a master. Henceforth you toil for love's sake. Henceforth you obey the solemn disciplinary commands of life. Do not forget, as you commence this arduous curriculum, that Holy Writ has declared, not lightly, that man was made in the image of his God. Now, God is a Trinity, and we, too, are all little trinities. We consist of body, intellect and heart. Take heed to educate these three symmetrically, that you may harmonize with yourselves physically, intellectually and emotionally. Fichte has declared, "I can live in harmony with any one who lives in harmony with himself." Live, then, in harmony with yourselves. Educate your powers evenly and in admirable balance. A noble generalizer writes that there is in every civilization a certain element which may be called the feminine element, and that the true beneficial course of modern civilization lies in the development of this feminine element. Advance, then, the type, multiply the potentialities, intensify the spiritual beauties, of this feminine element.

Educate your physical powers. Let us see again in the world those tall, lithe, graceful, redlipped, brilliant-eyed, violet-breath'd, lissome-limbed queen-women, who sometimes sate on the early thrones of Germany and France and England.

Educate your intellectual powers. Question unceasingly, question audaciously, all history, all science, all philosophy. Be content with no half answers. Be bold enough to accept any truth. Be wise enough to preserve from improper distortion, and to classify, in proper relation, every fact. Beware how the quick intuitions of the woman hurry you on to erect isolated instances into general principles. Life and art and knowledge will cast upon you the necessity of drawing many grand conclusions. Let these conclusions be from large inductions, be slowly drawn, be carefully weighed, be rigidly outlined. Cut your clear way through the sky of womanly work, like Goethe's star, unhasting, yet unresting.

And lastly, exercise your emotional powers. Many people forget that we educate our *loving* energies, as well as our thinking and acting energies. Never forget that marvelous epitome of all the Law and the Prophets, which the Master left with us before he departed. That was, Love God: love thy neighbor as thyself. There is more in

this than meets the shallow thought. To love God is to love the higher; to love one's neighbor is to love the lower. Love for the higher—this is what we call Faith. Love for the lower—this is what we call Charity. Between these two, out of that chastened regard which we are expressly allowed to entertain for our own feelings, is born Hope. Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, are enough for all life and for all the world. Be never satisfied, then, until you have educated yourselves to love adequately—mark the word, *adequately*—everything that is above the earth, within the earth, beneath the earth.

As I part from you to-day, permit me to hope that you have not been wearied by these last words into which I have endeavored to condense many conclusions of history, many utterances of aged experience, many intuitions of spell-bound genius, many crystalizations of divine precepts. Permit me to hope that you commence your new life with many pure, earnest, steadfast enthusiasms burning in your souls. Yonder, on the swift car of by-passing existence, I see coming another Commencement Day that shall be greater than this. On that Day the multitudes of the life-pupils of the ages shall assemble themselves together before the world's Master for final examination. Amid the thunderous terror of the tumult of that day; amid the lightning revelations of its piercing question and startling answer; amid the tender glories of Him who shall conduct its investigations; amid the melancholy scowls of him who shall receive its unsuccessful candidates; amid the exquisite confusions of its long-delayed meetings, its long-growing fruitions, and its long-pursued satisfactions; amid all the sights and sounds of that Commencement Day of Eternity, permit me to hope that you, serenely wrapt in the near contemplation of those lovely ideals which on earth you could only pursue afar off, may be lifted into that upper Heaven, where the Master shall stand, directing the jubilations of the harpers over the women who have taught themselves the secret of life, and who have penetrated the mystery of death.

THE VOGUE OF OSSIAN IN AMERICA: A STUDY IN TASTE¹

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I

IT HAS been said so often as almost to become a truism that American literary taste has followed slowly after European literary taste at an interval of from twenty to fifty years. For instance, in the eighteenth century English literary circles developed a love for wit and elegance, and, after a due period of incubation, the Hartford Wits and Washington Irving translated this vogue to America. Then the great Romantic writers captured English taste by storm, and several decades later a Romantic movement sprang up in America. Then came European realism, followed by the realism of Howells and his disciples. And so on. Usually the fact of imitation by American writers is accepted without question, and the lag in literary taste in this country is set forth as evidence of mental backwardness or torpor. The implication is that if only American writers had kept up with the trends of European taste more alertly, they would have achieved better results.

This generalization contains a large element of truth, but needs definition and qualification. The fact is not as simple as to be covered by so large a statement. The Hartford Wits, in their essential quality of satire and patriotic fervor, were so different from the London wits as to make comparison difficult. If Emerson and Whitman were pure Romanticists, then none of the various definitions of Romanticism so far formulated is adequate. It is the purpose of this study to take one acknowledged touchstone of European literary taste (or the lack of it), and to measure American taste by reference to it, over a period of almost a century.

The poems of Ossian, "translated by James Macpherson, Esq." appeared in England from 1760 to 1763,² and a century later Walt

¹For much of the material embodied in the first part of this article, the author is indebted to Mary Rives Bowman, *The Reception of Ossian in America*, a Master's thesis done at the University of Chicago in 1926. This thesis carries the history only to the year 1800, but for this earlier period it is very complete and detailed. The specialist should consult this work for further information.

²*Fragments of Ancient Poetry*, 1760; *Fingal*, 1761-2; *Temora*, 1762-3.

Whitman was still enthusiastic over their beauty. The vogue of these poems is extraordinarily significant, because they anticipated so perfectly the spirit of early European Romanticism, because they were so popular in both Europe and America, and chiefly because they were pretty certainly not authentically the poems of Ossian, the third-century Gaelic bard to whom Macpherson attributed them. From their first publication they were doubted, but Macpherson and his friends achieved so many plausible subterfuges that the public could never absolutely assure itself that the poems were not genuine Ossianic remains, and even now positive proof is lacking. The result was that for over a century, those who were naturally attracted to the poems might always accept them as genuine, merely by exercising sufficiently their "will to believe."

In general, we may trace the vogue of the Ossianic poems through three distinct phases in America. In the first, from 1766 to 1775, the poems immediately affected a few prominent writers, and gave notice of greater popularity to come. This period was cut short by the Revolution, after which, from 1786 to 1800, ensued a period of newspaper publicity and of enthusiasm among minor poets. Their popularity in this period was wide-spread, and, occurring thirty or forty years after their English publication, seems to bear out the generalization quoted above. But a third period of intermittent popularity followed this, during which the foremost writers of America became indebted to the poems, until finally Walt Whitman converted their rhythms and spirit into an entirely new type of poetry. The long accumulated influence which Ossian exerted over him proves how little alertness to the newest vogues has to do with the processes of literary creation. For Whitman, writing almost a century after, regarded these poems as, in a sense, classics, and drew from them an original inspiration entirely independent of the latest, up-to-the-minute standards of critical taste.

II

"Fingal and Temora, ancient epic poems,"³ were first offered to the American public by David Hall, a Philadelphia bookseller, in 1766, less than four years after their English publication. And four years later still, Jonathan Sewall, a minor New England poet, re-

³ An advertisement in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* for January 23, 1766.

ported having "a copy of the poems . . . as early as 1770, when they were but little known in this country."⁴ By 1773, however, ten years after their English appearance, the poems were achieving popularity in America, as we may infer from two significant documents.

On February 25, 1773, Thomas Jefferson, from Virginia, wrote a long letter to Charles Macpherson, a merchant of his acquaintance in Edinburgh, expressing his enthusiasm over the newly discovered Ossian:

Dear Sir,—

Encouraged by the small acquaintance which I had the pleasure of having connected with you during your residence in this country, I take the liberty of making the present application to you. I understood you were related to the gentleman of your name (Mr. James McPherson), to whom the world is so much indebted for the elegant collection, arrangement, and translation of Ossian's poems. These pieces have been, and will, I think, during my lifetime, continue to be to me the sources of daily pleasures. The tender and sublime emotions of the mind were never before so wrought up by human hand. I am not ashamed to own that I think this rude bard of the north the greatest poet that has ever existed. Merely for the pleasure of reading his works, I am desirous of learning the language in which he sung, and of possessing these songs in their original form. Mr. McPherson, I think, informs us he is possessed of the originals. . . . If they are printed, it will abridge my request and your trouble, to the sending me a printed copy; but if there be more [*sic*] such, my petition is that you would be so good as to use your interest with Mr. McPherson to obtain leave to make a manuscript copy of them, and procure it to be done. . . . I would not regard expense in doing this. I would further beg the favor of you to give me a catalogue of the books written in that language, and to send me such of them as may be necessary for learning it. These will, of course, include a grammar and dictionary.⁵

Apparently no reply was received from Charles Macpherson,—in any case none is recorded, and Jefferson's enthusiasm was allowed to cool somewhat. But that he retained his love for the poems in spite of this is proved by a sentence from the memoirs of François Jean de Chastellux, who tells us that in 1782 he and Jefferson spent "the greater part of a night with the poems and a bowl of punch."⁶

⁴ *Miscellaneous Poems* (Portsmouth, 1801), p. 3.

⁵ *Works*, ed. P. L. Ford (New York, 1904), II, 36-37.

⁶ *Travels in North America, in the Years 1780, 1781, and 1782*, p. 45.

In New England at about the same time John Trumbull must have been reading these poems with different emotions, for in 1775 his satiric *M'Fingal* appeared, the hero of which took his name from Macpherson's "epic." Clearly Trumbull believed that the poems of Ossian were sufficiently popular to give point to his attack, although he did not attempt to carry the parody much beyond the title. The note which he appended to this, in the first edition, illustrates the spirit with which he approached Ossian, and furnishes a striking contrast to Jefferson's attitude:

See Fingal, an ancient epic poem, as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian bard, of the third century, by James M'Pherson, a Scotch ministerial scribbler.⁷

Apparently, however, Trumbull became uncertain of his censure, for in the 1813 edition the note was changed to read:

Ossian (son of Fingal), a Caledonian bard of the third century, whose poems were translated and published by James M'Pherson.

But finally, in the definitive edition of 1820, Trumbull returned to a position more nearly like his original one, saying:

See Fingal, an ancient epic poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian bard, of the third century, by James M'Pherson.⁸

In these later notes it seems as though Trumbull had been influenced both by the doubtful nature of the Ossianic controversy, as it raged in England and was echoed in America, and by the increasing popularity of the poems themselves among a large group of readers.

Thus, by the outbreak of the Revolution, only thirteen years after the appearance of the poems in England, they had excited both enthusiasm and scorn in America, and had been read with interest by men of note in both New England and Virginia. They had already suggested the title of a poem of major importance. There seems every probability that, if the Revolution had not intervened, they would have gained a quick popularity. As it was, they reasserted themselves as soon as the American public could again turn its attention to literary concerns.

⁷ *M'Fingal* (Boston, 1785), p. 6.

⁸ *Poetical Works*, I, 4.

III

Following the Revolution, the poems enjoyed much the same controversial fortune that they had had before, but the rise of new American magazines helped to spread their influence. The first American imitation of the Ossianic style appeared in 1786, in the newly published *Columbian Magazine*, under the title of "The Loves of Artho and Colval."⁹ In the same year the first attempt to versify the rhythmic prose of Macpherson's "translation" was published by Joseph Brown Ladd in his *Poems of Arouet*, at Charleston, the subject being "The Battle between Swaran and Cuchullin." And in the next year *The Columbian Magazine* was again responsible for the first true parody of Ossian. In "A Fragment, in Imitation of Ossian," the bard gave a humorous twist by addressing his lament to his insomnia, not his love:

I wept for the loss of no maiden with a breast of snow, neither did I mourn that wealth was denied me— . . . Oh! that I could but enjoy calmness and quiet, they have long been strangers to my weary couch.¹⁰

In 1790 the first American edition of the poems was published by Thomas Long of Philadelphia, the text being taken from Macpherson's "definitive edition" of 1773. The book sold popularly for two dollars.

During the next decade the poems of Ossian became the subject of continuous discussion and imitation. *The Columbian Magazine* was joined by *The New York Magazine* in promoting the controversy over the authenticity of the poems, and the general theory of primitive poetry. As usual the "tenderness and sublimity" of the Ossianic sentiment were pointed out, and critical authorities of Europe were cited to much length, although to little purpose. Ossian was frequently preferred to Homer and Vergil, and at times the names of Shakespeare and Milton were included.

Meanwhile various minor poets produced imitations of various sorts. Richard Alsop, usually included as one of the Connecticut Wits, made up for the adverse satire of Trumbull by versifying a fragment of *Temora*.¹¹ William Munford at Richmond, Josias

⁹ I, 50 (1786).

¹⁰ *The Columbian Magazine*, I, 292 (February, 1787).

¹¹ *American Poems* (Litchfield, Conn., 1793), pp. 255-264.

Lyndon Arnold at Providence, Paul Allen at Salem, and Jonathan Sewall at Portsmouth, published other versifications.¹² Of these, Sewall was the most enthusiastic versifier, paraphrasing two entire books of *Fingal*, and parts of two more, and declaring that he had nearly completed the whole poem, which he might be induced to publish later (but which he never did).

Jonathan Sewall joined with John Blair Linn in paying Washington the tribute of comparison with the mythical Ossian. Linn was so extravagant in his poem: "The Death of Washington. A Poem in Imitation of the manner of Ossian," that his sense of propriety was challenged by an unregenerate reviewer who thought it a doubtful compliment to compare Washington with one who lived in "a savage state of manners."¹³ But if the trend of Linn's poem was enthusiastic, Sewall's specific comparison was more extravagant still, concluding with this "Address to Ossian":

No ancient hero may with thee compare,
Greece, Carthage, Rome, to rival thee despair,
America, this honor's kept for thee!
Like Fingal one is thine, and Washington is he!¹⁴

This flood of discussion and imitation of Ossianic poetry seems to furnish secure basis for the common generalization concerning American taste. The Ossianic poems did become popular in America about forty years after their English popularity. But it is important to notice that the only literature of importance which these poems inspired in America was written during their first and immediate period of popularity, in 1775, and, more significantly, during the final period during which journalistic interest in them had largely subsided.

IV

During the nineteenth century the name of Ossian appeared in print in America chiefly through the pages of the major American authors. To be sure, many minor writers still read Ossian, and the poems usually were to be found on the shelves of most libraries,

¹² For a complete bibliography of versifications, imitations, and magazine articles published in America, see Mary Rives Bowman, *The Reception of Ossian in America*, pp. 17-20.

¹³ *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, II, 308 (1800).

¹⁴ *Miscellaneous Poems* (Portsmouth, 1801), p. 272.

along with other eighteenth century "classics."¹⁵ But the Ossianic controversy was no longer "news," and the poems no longer invited imitation. They had become of age, as it were, although their paternity was still dubious. And as might be expected, the characteristic qualities of the chief American authors are revealed by their divergent attitudes toward this problem child of English literature.

Emerson, perhaps, appears to best advantage. Although Ossian appears only once on his reading lists (in 1852), it is possible that he had read the poems earlier, and certain that he admired them. But he knew that they were not accepted as authentic by the best critics, and he did not praise them blindly. Yet he mentioned them in his essay on "Inspiration," in one of his oracular announcements, as follows:

You shall not read newspapers, nor politics, nor novels. . . . You may read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton,—and Milton's prose as his verse; read Collins and Gray; read Hafiz and the Trouveurs; nay, Welsh and British mythology of Arthur, and (in your ear) Ossian.

The parenthetical qualification is explained further by a more detailed criticism in his *Journals* for 1853:

For poetry, Ossian had superiorities over Dryden and Pope, but, though seizing the poetry of storms and of the rude British landscape and the sentiment as they had never seen it, yet wanting every other gift, wanting their knowledge of the world, their understanding, their wit, their literature, he made no figure but a ridiculous one in the hands of men of letters.

Thus Emerson qualified his expressions concerning Ossian, with due regard for reality. But we may guess from his enthusiasm over the various "translations of the Welsh Bards" (scarcely more authentic than Ossian) how high his opinion of Ossian might have been had he not been quick to recognize the probable facts. As it is, he read at least three books on the Welsh bards,¹⁶ and quoted them frequently, both in his *Journals* and in his *Essays*.

Thoreau, less shrewd than Emerson, accepted Ossian unreservedly, and appears in a less fortunate light. Eager to believe in

¹⁵ See V. L. Parrington, *Main Currents in American Thought*, II, 31, 111, 188.

¹⁶ Books by D. W. Nash, by Davies, and by Owen.

their authenticity, he found an opportunity in the publication of *The Genuine Remains of Ossian, literally translated . . . by Patrick Macpherson, M.A.* (London, 1841). Actually this book consists of a re-translation into English of the rough Gaelic "originals" which Macpherson left among his papers at the time of his death. He and his cousin had in all probability translated them from his first English text. Yet, although this new version never gained much acceptance among critics, Thoreau read it eagerly and took it for a vindication of Macpherson's honesty, with the result that he repeated all the old fallacies and primitivistic extravagances when he proclaimed his enthusiasm in a long passage near the end of his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*:

The genuine remains of Ossian, or those ancient poems which bear his name, though of less fame and extent, are, in many respects of the same stamp with the Iliad itself. . . .

Ossian reminds us of the most refined and rudest eras, of Homer, Pindar, Isaiah, and the American Indian. . . .

Compared with this simple, fibrous life, our civilized society appears the chronicle of debility, of fashion, and of the arts of luxury. . . .

The grandeur of the similes is another feature which characterizes great poetry. Ossian seems to speak a gigantic and universal language. . . .¹⁷

And these opinions are repeated and expanded in a second passage some pages further on.

The attitude which vitiates Thoreau's opinions, of course, is that of the convinced primitivist. There can be no doubt that here he appears at his worst, because here he leaves his proper field of the natural appreciation of literature and life, and attempts the rôle of an historical critic, for which he was ill fitted. But even here there appears a characteristic energy and an affirmative quality in his attitude which sets it off from the standard effusions of the earlier sentimentalists.

Thoreau's wrong-headed assertions stand in sharp contrast to the careful renunciation of the poems by Longfellow. The elder poet seems to have admired them hardly less than Thoreau, but resolutely to have put them aside as unauthentic. In his old age, however, he

¹⁷ *A Week*, ed. Odell Shepard (New York, 1921), pp. 254-258.

cast a backward glance o'er the untravelled road, and confided to his *Journal* in 1872:

It came into my head today to read Ossian, which I have not looked into for forty years or more,—the strange rhapsody, "Did Ossian hear a voice? Or was it the sound of the days that are no more?" It is full of the figures of the mist and rain that shroud the northern shores of Scotland and Ireland, and cannot be wholly a forgery.¹⁸

James Russell Lowell, the sound critic, had no such regrets. As always, he stood at the opposite pole from Thoreau, and in his essay on the Concord writer, pointed out the weak spot in his critical armor, while at the same time demonstrating his own keenness of literary perception:

He [Thoreau] somewhere cites a simile from Ossian, as an example of the superiority of the old poetry to the new, though, even were the historical evidence less convincing, the sentimental melancholy of those poems should be conclusive of their modernness."¹⁹

V

At the end of this series of American writers who came in contact with the poems of Ossian, and who were either attracted or repelled by them, stands Walt Whitman. Certainly he came under their influence more completely than did any of the others, and, fortunately for him, he had the examples of the others to guide him. He was naturally of the type of mind of Emerson and Thoreau, rather than of Lowell, but he largely avoided the pitfall into which Thoreau had fallen. At the same time he accepted the Ossianic poems as literature, because of their natural appeal to him; and we may be thankful that he did. It is probable that Macpherson's choice of a rhythmic prose for his "translations" had much to do with the genesis of Whitman's new type of free verse. Certainly Ossian ranked with the world's classics in its formative power over him; and, reënforcing the example of biblical poetry, it very possibly suggested to him the whole idea of his new poetic style.

Whitman himself freely acknowledged this indebtedness, both in his published works, and in his personal notes (later published by

¹⁸ Samuel Longfellow, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Final Memorials* (Boston, 1887), p. 196.

¹⁹ *Prose Works* (Boston, 1898), I, 369.

his literary executors). Attention has been called to it by his friend, H. B. Binns,²⁰ and by Professor Bliss Perry. Professor Perry's statement is especially suggestive:

There were at least two books, widely read in the fifties and on the shelves of many a family that did not own a Shakespeare, which seemed to prove that conventional poetic form was a negligible element in securing an emotional effect. One was Macpherson's *Poems of Ossian*, which Whitman had declaimed by the seashore in his youth, and which he read throughout his life. [The other was Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*.]²¹

In Whitman's "Notes and Memoranda from Reflections preparatory to writing *Leaves of Grass*," his attitude seems to vary between critical shrewdness and an unguarded acceptance of Ossian as primitive poetry; but always he is enthusiastic over the poems. In his first note he approaches the poems cautiously:

James Macpherson, 1737-1796. Ossian, the real Ossian, if ever there was one, is put down at 300 or 400 B.C. [*sic*]. Very likely a myth altogether. Ossian, bosky shield—wooden shield.

The Irish swear that Ossian belongs to them—that he was born, lived, and wrote in Ireland.²²

At the end of this entry he pasted in a clipping of Ossian's "Address to the Sun." And shortly after this he copied another "Ossianic paragraph" (not reprinted) with the following note of primitivistic enthusiasm, tempered by a certain shrewdness:

Ossian must not be despised—it means that kind of thought and character growing among a rude, combative, illiterate people, heroic, dreamy, poetical. . . .

How misty, how windy, how full of diffused, only half-meaning words! How curious a study! (Don't fall into the Ossianic, *by any chance*.)

Can it be a descendant of the Biblical poetry? Is it not Isaiah, Job, the Psalms and so forth, transferred to the Scotch highlands? (or to Ireland)?²³

²⁰ *Life of Walt Whitman* (London, 1905), pp. 58, 318.

²¹ *Walt Whitman* (Boston, 1906), p. 90.

²² *Writings of Walt Whitman* (Camden edition), IX, 94.

²³ *Ibid.*, IX, 94-95.

Towards the end of his life he recalled "some embryonic facts of *Leaves of Grass*," as follows:

Later [after my sixteenth year], at intervals, I used to go off, sometimes for a week at a stretch, down in the country or to Long Island's sea-shores—there, in the presence of outdoor influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, and absorb'd (probably to better advantage for me than in any library or indoor room . . .) Shakespere, Ossian, the best translated versions I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German "Nibelungen," the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them.²⁴

It is significant that Ossian is the only non-classic name on the list.

After writing the *Leaves of Grass* he continued to read Ossian, and one entry practically sums up his whole attitude:

Reading Ossian awhile this morning.

Ossian—?

For all their restorations—perhaps something worse—there is to me so much race (to use an old Scotch word) of the prehistoric, primitively Irish and Caledonian thought and personality in these poems,—notwithstanding their general mistiness and gossamer character . . . — I have had more or less good from what they give out.²⁵

A later note is interesting in that it suggests that Whitman was struck by Thoreau's enthusiasm for Ossian. It was obviously written down after reading the passage from Thoreau's *Week*:

Ossian—Thoreau.

Macpherson 1737-1796. Chaucer. . . Names of poets:—bards, scalds, minstrels, minne-sängers (love singers), and meister-sängers, troubadours, trouveurs. . .

Nibelungen. . . .²⁶

In Whitman's *November Boughs*, "A Thought on Shakespere" suggests that the author may have followed Thoreau's example in giving credence to the new "genuine Ossian":

The most distinctive poems— . . . the copious cycle of Arthurian legends, or the almost equally copious Charlemagne cycle . . . or Chaucer, or Spenser, or *bona fide* Ossian, or *Inferno*—probably all had their rise in the great historic perturbations. . . .²⁷

²⁴ *Ibid.*, III, 55.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, IX, 178.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, IX, 227.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, VI, 124.

But whether this is so or not makes little difference, for it was Macpherson's poetic prose which influenced Whitman far more than any primitivistic theory which he may partially have accepted. In *Specimen Days* one whole section, entitled "An Ossianic Night—Dearest Friends," and dated November, 1881, shows how Ossian recurred to his mind, even in old age, and fused itself with his daily experiences:

—Again back in Camden. As I cross the Delaware in long trips to-night, between 9 and 11, the scene overhead is a peculiar one—swift sheets of flitting vapor-gauze, follow'd by dense clouds throwing an inky pall over everything. . . . All silently, yet driven as if by the furies they sweep along, sometimes quite thin, sometimes thicker—a real Ossianic night—amid the whirl, absent or dead friends, the old, the past, somehow tenderly suggested—while the Gael-strains chant themselves from the mists— . . .

Several paragraphs of quotation follow, largely from the "Songs of Selma" of Ossian, and the passage concludes with a reminiscence of friends:

How or why I know not, just at that moment, but I too muse and think of my best friends in their distant homes—of William O'Connor, of Maurice Bucke, of John Burroughs, and of Mrs. Gilchrist—friends of my soul—stanchest friends of my other soul, my poems.

A letter from William O'Connor, in reference to this passage, reflects the opinion of a contemporary on the merits of Ossian:

I have just read *Specimen Days*, and seen the splendid compliment you pay me. To be remembered in connection with Ossian and on an Ossianic night, is the highest tribute possible.²⁸

All of this evidence is direct and clear. But many parallels could also be drawn between the phrasing of Ossian and of Whitman's poems. A careful comparison of the two should reveal much to the student of the processes of poetic inspiration. One parallel is sufficiently striking to warrant notice here, for the "Songs of Selma" (quoted in *Specimen Days*) beginning with the famous address to the evening star:

Star of descending night! Fair is thy light in the West!

²⁸ Quoted by Horace Traubel, *With Wal: Whitman in Camden*, III, 128.

strongly suggests the motif of the evening star in the great poem beginning:

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in
the night. . . .

Certainly Whitman did not "fall into the Ossianic, *by any chance*," but equally certainly he did "have more or less good" from what the poems gave out. Through Whitman, the poems influenced American literature profoundly. But probably Whitman would not have fallen so completely under their influence, had it not been for the example and enthusiasm of other American writers, and for the continuous popularity of the poems in America.

This American vogue of Ossian appears, then, as an interesting and an important phenomenon. It shows how, in the first stage of their popularity, the poems appealed quickly to a few American men of letters.—Then how, in their second period, the poems enjoyed a wide American notoriety and discussion, following the English vogue at an interval whose length was increased by the Revolution.—And finally, how, when the poems had become common property, various major American writers returned to them repeatedly; until Walt Whitman transmuted their dubious rhythms and phrases into the material of an authentic poetry of an utterly new and American type.

NOTES AND QUERIES

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCURACY AND "H. H."

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THE DETERMINING of the middle name of an author's father may be a matter of no great importance. A certain curious interest attaches to it, however, when the name is entered in standard biographical works in several different forms. Americans have not been overexact, in the past, when sketching the lives and genealogies of our literary notables. Researches like those undertaken of late years by various authors for the life of Poe, or by Dr. Napier Wilt for Ambrose Bierce, or by Dr. G. R. Stewart for Bret Harte are needed and timely. The careful establishment of fact should precede the literary portrait. Nevertheless many biographers tend to devote themselves to the portrait—sometimes to the point of sketching an imaginary one—and to neglect the facts.

Recently I had occasion to look up the life of Helen (Maria Fiske) Hunt Jackson, once a glamorous figure. Ralph Waldo Emerson in the preface to his anthology *Parnassus* (1874) called her the "greatest American woman poet," and her *Ramona* (1885) has become an American classic. Yet a disconcerting number of discrepancies and inaccuracies are to be encountered in biographical entries concerning her. Some were the result, no doubt, of her obsession for avoiding personal publicity. Others were due to the carelessness of those writing of her, or to careless repetition of the errors of others. *The National Cyclopædia of American Biography* (I, 433, 1893), which I consulted first, enters her as the daughter of "Professor Nathan Willy Fiske" of Amherst. "Willy" seemed a striking yet unconvincing professorial middle name. Her literary adviser and friend, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson—reprinting in his *Contemporaries* (p. 143, 1900) an article in *The Century Magazine* for December, 1885—terms her the daughter of "Professor Nathan Wiley Fiske." So do C. C. Davis and W. A. Alderson in their *The True Story of Ramona* (p. 2, 1914), following Higginson, no doubt. The life of Professor Fiske in a later volume (V, 310, 1894) of *The Cyclopædia of American Biography* supplied yet a

third middle name, entering him as "Nathan Welby Fiske." One sympathizes with authors like Professor F. L. Pattee when he writes in his *American Literature since 1870* (p. 254, 1917) of the daughter of Professor "Nathan W. Fiske," or Professor W. B. Cairns, *History of American Literature* (p. 452, 1912), when he terms Mrs. Jackson the "daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst." Mr. Robert S. Fletcher, the librarian of Amherst, testifies to "Welby" as the authentic name, citing authoritative local sources, and Welby is the form that should have a monopoly hereafter.

Many other inaccuracies are encountered by the student of "H. H.'s" biography. Various newspaper and magazine articles in obituary and other notices termed Helen the "only child" or "only daughter" of Professor Fiske. She had, however, two brothers who died in infancy and a sister Anne, later Mrs. Everett C. Banfield of Wolfboro, New Hampshire.

The date of the marriage of Helen Fiske to Lieutenant Edward Bissell Hunt, her first husband, who was killed by an accident, is entered usually as October 28, 1852. This is the date given by Colonel Higginson, whose information came from and was checked by "H. H.'s" sister, Mrs. Banfield. Josephine Pollitt in her recent *Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of her Poetry* (1930), a book that is not wholly dependable, says that the notice in *The Springfield Republican* and a copy of the marriage license that is in the Pension Bureau at Washington give the date as October 26. It is usually implied in the accounts of "H. H." that her second marriage, to Mr. William Sharpless Jackson, took place at Colorado Springs, and the date is given as October, 1875. No exact date is supplied. The marriage occurred, however, at the home of Mrs. Banfield in New Hampshire. The probable date, testifies a daughter of the latter, was October 22, though "late in October" is the only affirmation to be made with certainty. Mr. Jackson is sometimes described in accounts of the marriage as a "merchant" (as in *American Women*, by Frances Willard and Mary A. Livermore, 1897). By others he is termed a "banker," as in *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography*, or in *The Twentieth Century Dictionary of Notable Americans*. He is described by the Western writers, C. C. Davis and W. A. Alderson, in their book on *Ramona* (p. 4) as a financier, promoter, railroad manager, and man of affairs generally.

It is customary to say of Helen Fiske, following Colonel Higginson's account, that she attended the private school of John S. C. Abbott, the clergyman and historian, in New York City. To cite instances, this statement is made in the two biographical works cited in the preceding paragraph. The school was founded, however, by J. S. C. Abbott's brothers, Gordon Dummer and Jacob Abbott, the latter the author of the *Rollo* books. J. S. C. Abbott associated himself with the school later than its foundation, and he left it, after the elapse of some years, to return to preaching.

Two other minor inaccuracies may be mentioned. The sketch in *American Women* affirms that a copy of *Ramona* was given by its author at her own expense to every member of Congress. It was not *Ramona* (1885) but her *A Century of Dishonor* (1881) that was given to congressmen by Mrs. Jackson. Last, Colonel Higginson the author of the sketch in *The Warner Library of the World's Best Literature*, and others say that "Abbott Kinney" of Los Angeles was her colleague on the committee appointed by the government in 1882 to investigate and report on the condition and needs of the mission Indians in California. His name, however, was "Abbot," as given in their report when it appeared as an appendix in the reprint of *A Century of Dishonor* in 1885. The Librarian of the University of California at Los Angeles, John E. Goodman, testifies to the spelling of the name with one *t* in California historical works and in signatures of Mr. Kinney that have been preserved. Miss Pollitt in her work on Emily Dickinson gives the gentleman's name as "Coates Kinney," echoing apparently a short article in the Contributors' Club of *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1900. Coates Kinney was a minor Ohio poet who was never associated with Mrs. Jackson in her investigation of Indian conditions. *The Twentieth Century Biographical Dictionary of Notable Americans* (VI, 1905) enters the name of Mrs. Jackson's colleague as "Abbott Linney."

All these may be matters of no great moment. Yet it is disconcerting that there should be no exacter record of a writer that was once so important a figure in our literature, represented in all the leading magazines for a decade or more, and of whom Emily Dickinson said, at her death, "Helen of Troy will die, but Helen of Colorado, never." In large part the responsibility for this state of things must fall upon Mrs. Jackson herself, who seems to have enter-

tained many of the Victorian doubts concerning the "womanliness" of feminine publicity. She used for a long time the initials "H. H." in signing her work, and initials bring to the public mind no very definite personality. Farther, she loved always to conceal facts about herself and to mystify her public, as in the instance of the "Saxe Holm" stories that appeared in the early issues of *Scribner's Monthly*. Colonel Higginson, who was her literary adviser at the time, says that she was certainly the author of these, but until the end of her days she never admitted it. She allowed no complete account of herself or her writings to appear during her lifetime, and no adequate account has appeared since her death. Hamilton Mabie, who was to serve as her literary executor, did not or could not fulfil his task. The publication of an authoritative full-length life was vigorously opposed, too, when later opportunities arose, by her second husband, W. S. Jackson; and the same policy has been followed, up to the present time, by her surviving relatives. I am glad to learn that a complete account of her works, so far as the facts may be ascertained, has now been undertaken by a competent investigator, and that the possibility exists that her relatives may now coöperate in the making of a more valid and adequate biography.

In these days of the sublimation of publicity, the nineteenth-century preference for the woman that shuns the limelight seems outdated. If Helen Hunt Jackson lived in the twentieth century, doubtless she would cheerfully allow the essential details of her life to appear in one or more of the "Who's Who?" publications that flood our libraries. She might find it, too, less conspicuous, in the long run, to print such details than to withhold them.

THE AFFAIR OF THE "MERCURY" IN PROSE AND VERSE

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THE GENERAL Court of Massachusetts passed a law, June 23, 1785, prohibiting exportation of goods by way of the ports of that state in British vessels, providing the governors of various parts of the British dominions did not reverse their orders forbidding

trade in American ships. The law was to be effective on and after August 1.¹

Captain Henry Edwin Stanhope sailed the British frigate "Mercury" into Boston Harbor not quite three weeks after this law was passed.² The frigate was accompanied by several transports, which had come for a cargo of live stock and provisions. No sooner had the "Mercury" cast anchor than warnings began to appear in the Boston papers against allowing her to load. Had not a vessel returned from Halifax only the Saturday before with the report that she had not been permitted to unload even her perishable articles there? Let the citizens of the commonwealth bear in mind that their ships were sent back still laden, their fellow citizens abused, and then determine how to treat these "implacable enemies."³

Captain Stanhope may have read the Boston papers. Certain it is that within a few days after his arrival he took occasion while in conversation with Governor Bowdoin to say he had been informed that he was likely to meet with insult while in Boston, and that he should rely upon the governor's protection. It is possible Governor Bowdoin was aware of the rumor afloat to the effect that Captain Stanhope had broken parole, early in the Revolutionary War, while a prisoner at Boston. He may merely have sized up the man and the situation. He replied by pointing out to the captain that he was entitled to the protection of the laws during his stay. But at the same time he reminded him that disturbances were likely to occur in any populous seaport town, whether in England or America; that as Americans were disgusted with England's new trade regulations and had taken measures to counteract them, he need not be surprised if he had to listen to sentiments not wholly agreeable to his ears. The governor had no apprehension, however, that insult would be offered to either the captain or his men. He would give him such protection as he could, but he was confident the law was sufficient for the purpose.⁴

¹ *Acts and Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts* (Boston, 1785; reprint, n.d.), pp. 439-443.

² July 12, 1785.

³ *The Massachusetts Centinel*, July 13, 1785; and *The Albany Gazette*, July 28, 1785. See also *The Boston Gazette*, July 11, 18, for notice before the "Mercury's" arrival and warning after.

⁴ *Secret Journals of Congress* (Boston, 1821), III, 575-584.

They discussed the matter at length. Afterward, in turning the matter over in his own mind, Governor Bowdoin considered the advisability of issuing a proclamation, but came to the conclusion that the circumstances did not warrant such procedure.⁵

Saturday, July 30, *The Massachusetts Centinel* printed in the Boston news an item that may well have referred to the "Mercury's" transports:

In spite of that patriotism that we wished was yet alive in the breasts of the virtuous citizens of America, several *British bottoms*, have sailed from this port with live cattle and other provisions for Halifax.

The following day certain officers of the "Mercury," while walking in the Mall, were met by a seaman who had been ill-used on board the frigate. By way of expressing his resentment he brushed against one of the officers so hard "as to urge him out of his walk."⁶ Words followed, in the course of which the seaman accused Captain Stanhope of having flogged him and a number of American prisoners on board the "Mercury" for refusing to do the duty of seamen. There was a gathering of the curious, the captain became alarmed and he and his officers beat a retreat, followed by boys and some other bystanders. The British officers took refuge in the house of a friend on State Street until the hubbub subsided. On the next day Stanhope sent the following complaint to the governor:

Mercury, Boston Harbour, August 1, 1785.

Sir,

I am sorry to be obliged to represent to your excellency the continued insults and disgraceful indignities offered by hundreds in this town to me and my officers, which hitherto we have winked at, as well as the most illiberal and indecent language with which the newspapers have been filled; nor should I have troubled you now, had I not been pursued, and my life as well as that of one of my officers been endangered by the violent rage of a mob yesterday evening without provocation of any sort. I trust it needless to *recommend* to your excellency to adopt such meas-

⁵ *Ibid.*, III, 580.

⁶ *The Massachusetts Centinel*, Aug. 3, 1785, contains an account of the affair. See also a letter by Samuel Adams to John Adams, Aug. 16, 1785, a draft of which (dated 1784) is among the Samuel Adams Papers at the New York Public Library. The letter in full, taken from the Adams Papers, Quincy, is published in *Writings of Samuel Adams*, ed. Cushing (1908), IV, 316-318. For yet another account see the deposition of Samuel Breck, Sept. 13, 1785, in the State Archives, Boston.

ures as may discover the ringleaders of the party that assassinated me, and bring them to publick justice, as well as protect us from further insult.

I have the honour to be your excellency's obedient humble servant,

HENRY STANHOPE.

To His Excellency Governour Bowdoin, &c. &c. &c.⁷

Governor Bowdoin sent at once for Samuel Adams, the only member of the Council then in town, consulted with him, and the same day sent this reply:

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Boston, August 1, 1785.

Your letter of this date is now before me. It is a great misfortune that the subjects or citizens of different countries which have been at enmity, cannot easily recover that degree of good humour which should induce them to treat each other with proper decorum, when the governments to which they respectively belong have entered into a treaty of amity and sheathed the sword. But you must have observed that disturbances arising from this source too frequently happen, especially in populous seaport towns. If you have been insulted, and your life has been endangered in manner as you have represented to me, I must inform you, that our laws afford you ample satisfaction. Foreigners are entitled to the protection of the law as well as amenable to it, equally with any citizen of the United States, while they continue within the jurisdiction of this commonwealth. Any learned practitioner of the law, if applied to, will direct you to the mode of legal process in the obtaining a redress of injury, if you have been injured, and the judiciary courts will cause due inquiry to be made touching riotous and unlawful assemblies and their misdemeanours, and inflict legal punishment on such as by verdict of a jury may be found guilty.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES BOWDOIN.

That the captain was not pleased is apparent enough in his answer:

⁷This and the other letters of the Bowdoin-Stanhope correspondence are taken from *Secret Journals of Congress, loc. cit.* Copies of the letters in manuscript are in the State Archives, Boston, and in the Bowdoin Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society. See Isaac Schomberg, *The Naval Chronology; or, an Historical Summary of Naval and Maritime Events &c.* (London, 1802), II, 153-156, for a brief and inaccurate account of the episode with a reprint of the correspondence so censored as to make Captain Stanhope appear less ludicrous and untaught. Robert C. Winthrop called attention to the inaccuracy of the letters as printed by Schomberg. *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society* (Boston, 1873), XII, 427-428.

Mercury, Boston Harbour, August 2, 1785.

Sir,

When I had the honour of applying to your excellency to discountenance the disgraceful attacks made upon me and the officers of his Britannick majesty's ship Mercury under my command, and to afford us your protection, it was upon your positive assurance to that effect in their presence, I rested my hope. How much your conduct contradicts both that and my expectation, is too obvious either to satisfy me or even to do credit to yourself. For your excellency must excuse me when I remark, that I never received a letter so insulting to my senses, as your answer to my requisition of yesterday. I am however pleased in finding a much better disposition in the first class of inhabitants, whose assistance I am happy to acknowledge as the more acceptable after your apparent evasion from the substance of my letter; and however well informed your excellency may believe yourself upon the laws and customs of nations in similar cases, allow me to assure you, there is not one, no, not even the ally of these states, that would not most severely reprobate either the want of energy in government, or disinclination of the governour to correct such notorious insults to publick characters, in which light only we can desire to be received.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HENRY STANHOPE.

To His Excellency Governour Bowdoin.

The governor's response was prompt and brief:

Boston, August 3, 1785, 6 o'clock, P.M.

Captain Stanhope,

Your letter bearing date the second instant was delivered to me by your lieutenant, Mr. Nash, at four o'clock this afternoon. I hereby let you know, that as the letter is conceived in terms of insolence and abuse altogether unprovoked, I shall take such measures concerning it, as the dignity of my station and a just regard to the honour of this commonwealth, connected with the honour of the United States in general, shall require.

JAMES BOWDOIN.

But he was not to have the last word. Their correspondence came to an end with this parting shot from Captain Stanhope, who in the meantime had sailed his ship out of the harbor:

Mercury, Nantasket Road, August 3, [it should have been August 4, 1785] at half past 12, A.M.

Sir,

I am to acknowledge the honour of your excellency's letter this moment received; and have to assure you that I shall most cheerfully submit to the worst consequences that can arise from our correspondence, which I do not conceive on my part to have been couched in terms of either insolence or abuse, which is more than I can venture to say of yours. And however exalted your excellency's station is, I know not of any more respectable than that I have the honour to fill.

I have the honour to be, sir, your very humble servant,

HENRY STANHOPE,

To His Excellency Governour Bowdoin, &c. &c. &c.

Governor Bowdoin next wrote a full and dignified account of the affair to the Massachusetts delegates in Congress, enclosing copies of the letters that had passed between himself and Captain Stanhope.⁸ They in turn laid the matter before Congress, and in due time John Jay, secretary of foreign affairs, to whom it had been referred, made recommendations which Congress acted upon promptly. Although "no complaint or application for redress" was made to Great Britain, yet Jay's report together with the letters was forwarded to John Adams, minister of the United States at London, with instructions to communicate them to the British minister. Moreover, copies of the report and the letters were sent to the executive of each of the several states.⁹

In the meantime, Boston was buzzing with the affair. Report had it that the "Mercury" failed to salute the "Castle" as she passed down the harbor, but sailed past flying an old ragged ensign which she changed for a new one later.^{9a} Samuel Adams wrote to Richard Lee, president of Congress, calling attention to the governor's wisdom in treating the captain's insolent letters as common cause among the states, thereby encouraging a feeling of unity among them.¹⁰ He wrote to John Adams giving his account of the "fricas,"

⁸ Letter in rough draft and copy in full in State Archives. Printed in *Secret Journals of Congress*, loc. cit.

⁹ *Secret Journals of Congress* (Boston, 1821), III, 575-584.

^{9a} *The Massachusetts Centinel*, Aug. 3, 1785. Samuel Treat, first lieutenant of Castle William, says this happened July 12. See his testimony of Sept. 1, 1785, in State Archives.

¹⁰ *The Letters of Richard Henry Lee*, ed. Ballagh (1914), II, 395-397.

as he called it, and stating that the governor "had treated Captain Stanhope from the time of his arrival with the civility and respect due to a foreigner in his station without personal or national distinction." He wished to give the affair in detail, that the minister might have full information in case the matter were falsely represented to the British government by Stanhope.¹¹ He also wrote to Elbridge Gerry commenting on the resolutions of Congress on the Bowdoin-Stanhope affair. He thought he detected a hint in them to the effect that no application to Congress was necessary in the event of an affront offered to a commonwealth, as it had authority to take measures itself to meet the situation. He wished it made known to Congress that Captain Stanhope had written his insulting letter on board his ship lying in Nantasket Road, "beyond the reach of the Castle guns"; therefore no power could be used against him. He cited the opinion he had expressed in his letter to the president of Congress that the governor had acted wisely in considering it as a common cause.¹²

How much Samuel Adams had to do with the sarcastic comments in the newspapers concerning the "first class of inhabitants" whose assistance cheered Captain Stanhope when Governor Bowdoin had disappointed his expectations, I do not know;¹³ nor what wag was responsible for the news item that Captain Stanhope had left on Wednesday "for Port Runaway."¹⁴ A query relating to his resurrection from the assassination appeared.¹⁵ But the crowning touch came in *Homo's* versification of the affair, not to say his embellishment. Why versify if not to embellish? This is the poem:¹⁶

For the CENTINEL.

Messrs. Printers,

From what has transpired of the much talked of saucy letter from the Capt. of the ship Mercury, to our worthy chief Magistrate: the following

¹¹ See note 6. Governor Bowdoin wrote to John Adams Aug. 10, 1785 (Bowdoin Papers, Massachusetts Historical Society).

¹² Samuel Adams Papers, N. Y. P. L. Governor Bowdoin stated that there would have been "a difficulty in regard to the mode of process" had Captain Stanhope remained in Boston. Upon advice of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, the Attorney-General, and other gentlemen of the law, he asked the General Court for legislation covering such cases in the future. *Acts and Laws*, pp. 826-827.

¹³ *The Boston Gazette*, Aug. 8, 1785; and *The Massachusetts Centinel*, Aug. 6, 10, 1785.

¹⁴ *The Massachusetts Centinel*, Aug. 6, 1785.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, Aug. 10.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, Aug. 13.

cannot be far from a versification of it . . . I scribbled it off in haste, if you chuse you may insert it in your useful and impartial paper. Yours,

HOMO.

*On board the Mercury (jam'd of yore,
The patron of each son of w—e)
August the second, seventeen hundred
And eighty-five, if I've not blunder'd.*

By Neptune, Sir, I've been abus'd,
And satisfaction is refus'd!
I now, quite snug on board my ship,
Can dare insult, nor *fear the whip*.
You're fools to think this grand hey-day,
Was made, to carry off your *hay*,
Or buy an ox, a cheese, or swine,
Or with your *better folks* to dine!
No: Far from these, my potent thunder
Was aim'd to *knock* you *rebels* under,
T' insult your persons—wound each feeling,
And *fret* the wounds that just were healing.
To let your *sons of faction* know,
What homage they to Britain owe,
And make e'en you, Sir, know and feel,
Stanhope's superior *might* and *zeal*;
His *force* to make you tremble more,
Than you made him in times before.

For shame, shall *merit* meet neglect?
Shan't *genius* claim a due respect?
In Fame's bright page my deeds will shine,
When darkness shall attend on thine.

Though *once* I own I broke, 'tis true,
Parole's most sacred honour through,
And from your jurisdiction fled,
And drove a chaise at Marblehead;
Where, both as *servant* and as spy,
I long escap'd from justice eye;
Your seamen too I've whipt oft-times,
If not for *fun—for petty crimes*,
And to resent it have defy'd
Whole dozens—*after they were tie'd!*
But these are trifles—acts like these,

Britons can do whene'er they please.

But George shall know this shameful story,

This sully to your nation's glory.

On Sunday night, *a host of foes*,

Menaced me with thumps and blows,

To break my head, or tap my nose,

The furious mob with joy elated,

Rush'd on, and me *assassinated*

With *threats and shouts*—when this was done,

What could poor Stanhope do but run.

And shan't a murder'd man complain,

Nay, insult in the *loftiest* strain;

Yes—Faith I will—and now I'm here,

And have no Castle guns to fear,

I'll take revenge—you're rebels all—

Cowards who dare not face a ball,

An up-start crew of paltry elves,

Who cheat and plunder e'en yourselves,

Your race the sport of Britain's Court is

And far beneath *e'en* Stanhope's notice.

But the newspapers were not yet done with the affair. A year later this entertaining report appeared:

New York, July 27. The Mercury man of war, belonging to his Britannick Majesty, sailed from Halifax in May last, for England.—Mr. Stanhope, the commander having been recalled, it is said, to answer for his ungracious and indelicate address to Governor Bowdoin, of the commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay; on which, since his return from Boston, to that very fertile and polite Province, he and his *Petit Maitre* officers have constantly plumed themselves. Mr. Stanhope, sensible of his being in a situation where correction could not be dispensed, like the culprit in London, who, released from the hands of justice, and being one hundred miles distant from court, "damned the Lord Mayor," has frequently embellished and enriched his vociferations in Roubalet's Coffee-Room, in Halifax, with the very liberal and polite terms, "damn the Americans—their country—and the Congress."¹⁷

After this thumbing of the nose, it is interesting to learn what official action England took. John Jay in a letter to Governor Bow-

¹⁷ *The Hudson Weekly Gazette*, Aug. 3, 1786.

doin transmitted to him an extract from a letter he had received from John Adams. It was to the effect that the Lords of the Admiralty had called upon Captain Stanhope for an explanation of his behavior; that his explanation had been unsatisfactory, and that consequently they had expressed to him their disapproval of his conduct. The "Mercury" had been ordered home from the American station. Their Lordships would see to it that Captain Stanhope was no longer continued in that service.¹⁸

ARCTURUS AND KEATS

AN EARLY AMERICAN PUBLICATION OF KEATS'S "LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI"

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THERE ARE many ramifications to the study of bibliography. In particular, bibliographers usually concern themselves with first publications (even when these reach little or no public), with authorized publications during the lifetime of a writer, and with first separate publications in book form. Now the publication to be discussed here belongs to none of these categories, and is yet perhaps of considerable interest. It is the appearance in a New York magazine, *Arcturus*, for January, 1842,¹ of a text of Keats's poem "La Belle Dame sans Merci," with the following introduction:

AN UNEDITED POEM BY KEATS

The last edition of Keats in eighteenmo, published this very year by Smith of London, contains we believe, all of this poet that is accessible to the reader. Having met with another poem in the original edition of the Indicator, which is now very rare, we have thought it would be as great a pleasure to some of our friends as it is to ourself to be in possession of a few more of the delicate fancies and reveries of the poet; whose praises we are glad to find, by the voices and rejoicings of the press, we did not in our last sing too loudly. Not that we, for a moment, thought we were praising Keats too eagerly, or that we waited for a confirmation to our judgment from others, but in these matters of taste and feeling

¹⁸ *Acts and Laws* (Boston, 1786; reprint, 1893), pp. 944-945.

¹ *Arcturus*, III, 158 ff.

half of the pleasure is in sympathy, and besides, a magazine speaks for others as well as itself. It represents a kind of literary constituency. Again, we say welcome to the enthusiasm of the newspapers.

The poem of Keats to which we now come, is founded on the story of an unhappy wight who wandered disconsolate for the neglect of his lady-love. The title belongs to a poem attributed to Chaucer and translated from the French of Alaîn Chartier sometime in the fifteenth century, secretary to Kings Charles, Sixth and Seventh.

This is followed by a reprint of the text of the poem which had appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* of May 10, 1820, over the signature Caviar,² and the note about Chartier is apparently based on Hunt's introduction. The reference to earlier praise of Keats in *Arcturus* is to an unsigned article which appeared in the issue of December, 1841,³ called "The Sonnets of Keats," an article of enthusiastic praise, but otherwise not very noteworthy. Both the introduction to the "Unedited Poem" and the article on the sonnets were seemingly editorial, and hence almost certainly the work of one of the two editors, Evert A. Duyckinck and Cornelius Mathews. Both were well-known men of letters of the time in New York, and to judge from the style of each, Mathews seems the more probable author of our articles.

Arcturus was a rather dignified magazine, which ran for three years, with comparatively little popular success. The significance of the publication of "La Belle Dame" in its pages is not so much that it made the poem known to a large public six years before the collection of the poem in Lord Houghton's edition of Keats in 1848 (which really gave the poem to the world), but in the introduction of the poem, in 1842, to a "fit audience . . . though few." Among the contributors to *Arcturus* were Longfellow⁴ and Lowell.⁵ And because he quoted from its pages we know that Poe⁶ was a reader.

² Amy Lowell, *John Keats*, II, 219 ff.

³ *Arcturus*, III, 24 ff.

⁴ Longfellow contributed "Blind Bartimeus" in December, 1841 (III, 65).

⁵ Lowell contributed several sonnets in January, February, and May, 1842 (III, 141, 201, 407); among the first, one "To the Spirit of Keats." Hawthorne contributed three tales to *Arcturus* in January, February, and March, 1842.

⁶ Poe's quotation in his tale "The Landscape Garden" in *Snowden's Ladies' Companion* (Oct. 1842, etc.) about the two styles of landscape gardening comes from an anonymous review in *Arcturus* II, 36 (June, 1841) called "American Landscape Gardening." Professor Killis Campbell writes me he finds the quotation in *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 19, 1841, but other references by Poe suggest he read the issues of *Arcturus* as they appeared; compare *Graham's Magazine*, XX, 69 (January, 1842).

And since Mathews became a correspondent of Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, it is possible that copies of his magazine were sent her. Now, even in the later and inferior text of *The Indicator* (for I quite agree with those critics who think Keats's omission of the "kisses four" no improvement), "La Belle Dame sans Merci" is a poem likely to influence deeply the poets who read it. And we must now, in any study of sources (a dangerous but fascinating field), and even of the growth of the nineteenth-century movement known as Victorian, allow for the knowledge of this powerful poem on the part of Longfellow, Lowell, Poe—and possibly of the Brownings in 1842.

The publications of two letters and a poem by Keats in *The Western Literary Messenger* of Louisville,⁷ referred to by Professor Rusk in his *Literature of the Middle Western Frontier*, and in part by Amy Lowell in her uneven but often keen and illuminating biography (where the treatment of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" strikes me as rather fine) are of great interest intrinsically and bibliographically. But while the Keats publications in *The Western Literary Messenger* and later in *The Dial* show the interest of the Transcendental group, including Emerson,⁸ in Keats, the poems there published can hardly have inspired the readers. But the *Arc-turus* publication, bibliographically less interesting, was seminal, though I am not ready at the moment to point out any flower of it in the six years between 1842 and 1848.

⁷ See Prof. Rusk's article in *The North American Review*, March, 1924; his *Literature of the Middle Western Frontier*, I, 180-181; and Amy Lowell, *John Keats*, II, 20-25. While these publications were not known to the English students of Keats earlier, they came very near it. With the file of *The Western Messenger*, sold some ten years ago in New York, was a memorandum of James Freeman Clarke (son of one of the editors) which read:

"See Buxton Forman, Edit. of Keats 4 vols 8vo. London—If not then write to H. Buxton Forman Esq. C. B. General Post Office, Aldersgate, W. London E. C.—telling him you've come across item, 'Ode to Apollo' and give him particulars of place, item and publication."

But for some reason the good intention was never carried out. See the catalogue of the *Library of Walter Thomas Wallace*, American Art Association, New York, March 22-25, 1920, item 738. I have not seen the memorandum and suspect one or two misprints in the text.

⁸ Emerson contributed to *The Western Messenger*, as did Holmes, and their interest in *The Dial* needs no comment. The Keats publications there have principally personal interest. The "Ode to Apollo" (and even the "Sonnet to Sleep" in *The Dial*) can hardly compare poetically with "La Belle Dame sans Merci."

POE'S "NICÉAN BARKS"

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I

"TO HELEN" is perhaps the best known and liked of Poe's early poems. It has inspired much comment, mainly eulogistic, and has been the object of a considerable amount of conjecture. The poem appeared first in the altered "second edition" of his *Poems*, published by Elam Bliss (New York, 1831). Since textual criticism is easily accessible in a number of editions, I shall not burden this discussion with it, except to state that the poem (as would be expected from Poe's well-known literary habits) has undergone diligent revision and polishing to its present perfection. The first stanza, however, remains untouched since 1831.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

The poet's "Nicéan barks" have been tossed about on the seas of criticism for some time, and no one seems to be able to snag a very certain anchor for them. A number of explanations have been proposed. Professor Killis Campbell, in his excellent edition of Poe's poems,¹ makes the following comment on the "Nicéan" line:

Cf. Coleridge's *Youth and Age*, l. 12:

Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore—

which Poe perhaps had more or less vaguely in mind. *Youth and Age*, though first drafted in 1823, was not published until 1828, appearing then both in *The Bijou* and *The Literary Souvenir* (see the *Works of Coleridge*, Globe edition, pp. 639 f.). In *The Bijou* of 1828 appeared also Southey's lines, *Imitation from the Persian*, from which Poe quoted two verses as a motto for his minor poems in 1829; hence there is good reason for believing that Poe was acquainted with Coleridge's poem.

¹ Killis Campbell, *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* (1917), pp. 199-203

He further cites Professor W. P. Trent as suggesting that "the weary, wayworn wanderer" is Ulysses, and that the word "Nicéan" is Poe's substitution for "Phæacian." "Professor C. W. Kent," remarks Professor Campbell, "holds that the 'Nicéan barks' were 'the ships of Alexander the Great.' Professor F. V. N. Painter . . . suggests that the reference is to 'the ancient Ligurian town of Nicæa, now Nice, in France.'" The conjecture to which Professor Campbell gives most credence is that of W. M. Rossetti, who suggested that "Nicéan" is Poe's misspelling of Milton's "Nyseian" (*Paradise Lost*, IV, l. 275).

To these conjectured explanations I shall add one more, by Dr. T. O. Mabbott:²

The wanderer seems to be Dionysus, who returned from India over a sea perfumed with wine. He was accompanied by the nymph Nicæa, but Nicean may be simply victorious, from the Greek Νικῆ [sic].

Concerning this, Dr. Mabbott further informs me that:

The fact that the original editions show the work accented Nicéan makes me think that Poe attached a special significance to that vowel, as he would if it came from the long ē (Η, η) of the Greek word for victory. The regular transliteration of Νικῆ into Latin letters would be NICE—I have now found ancient instances (hardly accessible to Poe however)—and even without them Poe was capable of coining a word he wanted—e.g. "tintinnabulation" in *The Bells*. It is the only solution that fits all interpretations of the poem well, and the only one that really explains the accent.

The spelling "Nicéan" is the general one, though Woodberry and Stedman print "Nicæan."

II

Before commenting upon the stanza in question, I wish to bring up the matter of Poe's acquaintance with the Roman poet Catullus (87-54 B.C.), since the solution I desire to advance presupposes Poe's acquaintance with this author. There is abundant proof that Poe was an assiduous Latin scholar, and it is hardly likely that he would

² T. O. Mabbott, ed. *Selected Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* (Modern Readers' Series, 1928), p. 122.

have missed familiarity with Catullus. His language teacher at the University of Virginia was Professor George Long, then a young man, who later became distinguished as a scholar. In an article entitled "Poe's Reading,"³ Killis Campbell states:

Among Latin writers, Seneca, Virgil, and Horace receive most frequent mention. . . . Catullus is referred to twice, and is cited twice as the author of the phrase "Vox et praeterea nihil," but, as Dr. T. O. Mabbott has pointed out (*Poe's Politian*, p. 68), these words belong to Plutarch, not to Catullus.

Both these first two references to Catullus are to be found in "Bon Bon," which first appeared in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, 1835:

With him Sauterne was to Médoc what Catullus was to Homer. Then there were Lucilius, and Catullus, and Naso, and Quintus Flaccus, . . . dear Quinty! as I called him when he sung a *seculare* for my amusement, while I toasted him, in pure good humor, on a fork.

In the same article, Campbell refers to the reading done by the senior class at the University of Virginia for the year 1829 as a possible indication of that done by the class in 1826. He states:

How many of the Latin authors that he refers to he had actually read at any length, it is impossible to say. While at the University in 1826 he read (if a list of the reading done by the senior class for the year 1829 indicates also the reading done in 1826) something of Horace, and possibly also Cicero's epistles, Virgil's *Georgics*, the *Annals* of Tacitus, and something of Plautus, of Terence, and of Juvenal. While a student at Clarke's and Burke's school in Richmond in 1820-5 he is said to have been very apt at "capping" verses from the Latin authors, and to have been especially fond of Horace's *Odes*. One of the bills submitted to John Allan by Poe's Richmond teacher, Joseph R. Clarke, contains charges for copies of Horace and of Cicero's *De Officiis*. He reviewed for the *Southern Literary Messenger* in May, 1836, Anthon's *Sallust*; and at some time he also reviewed Brook's edition of Ovid.

As concerns the "reading done by the senior class for the year 1829," it is to be recalled that Professor Long left the University in 1828; so

³ *The University of Texas Bulletin*, October 8, 1925. *Studies in English*, No. 5 (Add. & Corr. No. 7), p. 191.

the course of study may have undergone change in some detail at the advent of a new instructor. At any rate, Mr. John C. Wyllie of the University of Virginia Library informs me that *A Catalogue of the Library of the University of Virginia* printed in 1828 gives the following entry (p. 4):

	Vols.	Size
Catullus Tibullus and Propertius, Lat. <i>Paris</i> , 1685,	1	4

III

To proceed. From a visit which Catullus made to Bithynia in 57 B. C., came a triad of little poems (Merrill's edition, Nos. 4, 31, 46) and the "*Frater Ave Atque Vale*." It is with the triad that we are concerned. Nicæa, an Asian city, was located in the province of Bithynia (a region noted for boat-building) on the Pontus Euxinus or Black Sea. Strabo⁴ gives the following description of it:

In the interior of Bithynia are, not only Bithynium, which is situated above Ticium and holds the territory round Salon, where is the best pasturage for cattle and whence comes the Salonian cheese, but also Nicaea, the metropolis of Bithynia, situated on the Ascanian Lake, which is surrounded by a plain that is large and very fertile but not at all healthful in summer. Nicaea was first founded by Antigonus, the son of Philip, who called it Antigonía, and then by Lysimachus, who changed its name to that of Nicaea his wife. She was the daughter of Antipater. . . .

To Nicæa, in order to forget his unfortunate love affair with the faithless Clodia (the Lesbia of his poetry), went Catullus, in the diplomatic corps of the governor C. Memmius. In addition to forgetting Clodia, he wished to visit the grave of his brother in the Troad, and, by his own admission, to dust the "cobwebs" from his purse. In the latter wish he failed, much to his whimsical disgust, as expressed in poem No. 10. These "Nicæan barks," then, find a description in poem No. 4 by Catullus, beginning "*Ille phasellus*":

This little boat which you see, my friends,
Says it was the swiftest of boats,
Nor could the push of any swimming craft
Outdistance it, whether by oars

⁴ See Loeb Classical Library, Strabo, Vol. V (Book XII), pp. 463-464.

It should have to fly, or with the linen.
 And it says it does not deny
 The shores of the stormy Adriatic
 And the Cyclades islands,
 Noble Rhodes, terrific Thrace,
 Propontida, and the rough bosom of Ponticus
 Where, afterward a boat, it was once
 A leafy tree, and on the Cytorian ridge
 Often gave forth a whistle from its whispering foliage.
 Pontican Amastris and Cytorus, bearer of boxwood,
 These things were then and still are known to you, says
 the little ship;
 In its first beginnings it stood on your summit, then
 Dipped its oar-blades in your billow,
 And thence through so many raging channels
 Bore its master, whether from either side
 Or following dead astern Jupiter sat in the sail;
 Nor does it say that it made any votive offerings
 To the shore gods while it was coming from the sea
 Most distant even thence to this clear lake.
 But these things have gone before: now put aside
 It ages quietly and dedicates itself to you,
 Twin brother Castor and twin brother of Castor.

Poem No. 46 expresses the joy of Catullus at the prospect of leaving Nicæa:

Now spring brings back the warm humors,
 Now the rage of the equinoctial sky
 Grows silent with the sweet airs of Zephyrus.
 The Phrygian plains will be left behind, Catullus!—
 And the fruitful field of summery Nicaea:
 We shall fly to the bright cities of Asia!
 Already the mind impatient longs to be off,
 Already the happy feet grow lively in anxiety.
 Farewell, O fair companies of companions,
 Whom now as well long since set out from home
 Ways far and wide apart are carrying back again.

The fact that Catullus made an extensive tour of Greece on his way home (described in poem No. 4) may possibly explain Poe's couplet in the second stanza of "To Helen":

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Finally, in poem No. 31, which is an unsurpassed outpouring of pure joy, the "weary, wayworn wanderer" finds explanation:

Sirmio, gem of islands and of almost-islands,
And whatsoever Neptune rules, whether in quiet lakes
Or in the vasty sea, how gladly and how happily I
greet you,
Scarce believing myself to have left Thynia and
The Bithynian plains, and to see you in safety!
O, what is happier than when, with cares dissolved,
The mind lays down its burden, and
Tired out with foreign labors we come to our own
household gods
And rest on the longed-for couch?
This is itself reward for all such labors!
Hail, O beloved Sirmio,—greet you your master;
Rejoice, you, O Lydian waters of the lake;
Laugh, whatever there is of laughter left at home!

This, then, is my attempt to bring Poe's ships to beach. I have no explanation for the "perfumed sea," and it should be pointed out that Catullus's "little boat" does not always bear him "gently." Nevertheless, I present this explanation as the most plausible that I have found for Poe's romantic and haunting but baffling "barks."

EMERSON'S VENTURE IN WESTERN LAND

HUBERT H. HOELTJE

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EMERSON records in his *Journals* an amusing story of a Concord carpenter who, when he had read of the sale of building lots in Chicago in the fifties, could "hardly believe that any lands can be worth so much money, so far off." Emerson's own interest in the increasing value of property in the West is revealed in a number of entries in the *Journals*.¹ Perhaps it is therefore not surprising that

¹ See especially *Journals*, IX, 76-80.

the essayist himself in 1856 acquired a small tract of land in what was then still virgin territory.

The property, which consisted of 120 acres, was situated on the shores of Bass Lake in Burnett County in northwestern Wisconsin.² It had been a government grant to Elias Plimpton, a soldier in the War of 1812. Emerson, however, and not Plimpton, located the grant in Wisconsin. Specifically why Emerson was interested in the purchase of such a grant or why he chose to locate it in so remote a district, the evidence does not reveal. It is doubtful whether he had any personal acquaintance with Plimpton or whether he ever saw his land. In the official records, moreover, the transfer includes no statement concerning financial consideration except the words "for value received." The transfer was made May 1, 1856. Emerson received a patent for the location on September 10, 1859.³

Apparently the investment was not only annoying but unprofitable as well. Through an error, a portion of the land was once sold for alleged non-payment of taxes. By 1878 Emerson had determined to dispose of his land if possible. He selected as his agent Cyrus Woodman. Woodman, a graduate of Bowdoin College, had had wide experience as agent in Western lands from 1840 to 1865, when he retired to Cambridge, Massachusetts. He felt under obligations to Emerson because of the latter's friendship for his brother, Horatio Woodman, founder of the Saturday Club; and he acted as agent for Emerson without charge. After considerable vexing correspondence which involved finding a resident of Burnett County who was capable of appraising Emerson's property, Woodman finally succeeded in disposing of somewhat more than twenty-five acres to a local settler, Olaf J. Ortendahl, for one hundred dollars, on March 9, 1882, shortly before Emerson's death. (Parenthetically, it is of interest to note that in the legal document the lecturer's signature appears as R. Waldo Emerson.)⁴

Woodman's letter to Dr. E. W. Emerson and William H. Forbes, executors of Emerson's estate, shows that the taxes on the 120 acres

² Lots 3, 4, and 5 and the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 17, T. 37, R. 18. Some of the original white pine trees still remain intact.

³ Papers filed under Warrant No. 58140, Act of 1855, Office of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.; Records of the Register of Deeds, Burnett County, Wisconsin; personal correspondence with G. E. Plimpton, Litchfield, Me.

⁴ M.S. *Letter-books of Cyrus Woodman*, in possession of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; Records of Register of Deeds, Burnett County, Wis.

for the three years preceding 1882, together with the charges involved in the sale of the plot of twenty-five acres, amounted to \$33.25. Emerson, of course, had been paying taxes for more than twenty years on land that was producing no income whatever. The transfer of the remaining acres was made by the heirs of Emerson on November 8, 1883, to Gustav Hultqvist, the consideration being \$254.36. Hence, though the original cost of the land may have been very small, the investment was not advantageous to Emerson. In this instance, at least, Lowell's description seems inept:

A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t' other the Exchange.

Webster Groves, Missouri.
December 14, 1930.

Editors of *AMERICAN LITERATURE*:

I am writing a biography of Josh Billings [Henry Wheeler Shaw]. Will any of your readers who have letters or other information regarding the American humorist, please communicate with me?

CYRIL CLEMENS.

RESEARCH IN PROGRESS

I. DISSERTATIONS ON INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS:

The Life and Works of William Wilfred Campbell. Carl F. Klinck (Columbia).

Helen Hunt Jackson. Ruth Odell (Columbia, not Nebraska).

Die Frauengestalten in den Werken von Henry James als Ausdruck seiner Welt- und Lebensauffassung. Gertrud Nassauer (Munich).

Thomas Buchanan Read. I. C. Keller (Pittsburgh).

Provost William Smith and his Circle. C. T. Hallenbeck (Columbia).

William Joseph Snelling. Allan Woodall (Pittsburgh).

The Life and Works of Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, 1784-1851. P. W. Turrentine (Harvard).

The Vocabulary of Mark Twain. Frances Emberson (Missouri).

II. DISSERTATIONS ON TOPICS OF A GENERAL NATURE:

American Prose Fiction, 1789-1800: A Study of Sources. E. D. Finch (Yale).

The History of the Philadelphia Theater, 1876-1890. Chas. R. Boothby (Pennsylvania). This subject has been given up by Robert Warnock, Jr.

The History of the Philadelphia Theater, 1890-1900. Edgar L. Potts (Pennsylvania).

The Sentimental Novel in America. Herbert R. Brown (Columbia).

III. DISSERTATIONS COMPLETED:

American Immigrant Autobiographies. H. C. Davidson (Chicago).
Bret Harte and the Western Short Story. Rodger Walterhouse (Chicago).

The Poetry of John Hay. Sister Ignatius Ward (Catholic University).
Privately printed. 1930.

Bill Nye's Place among American Humorists. Walter Blair (Chicago).

The Theater in New Orleans. Lucile Gafford (Chicago).

IV. OTHER RESEARCH IN PROGRESS:

Joseph Rodman Drake. T. O. Mabbott (Hunter) and F. L. Pleadwell.
Jonathan Edwards. Ola E. Winslow (Goucher).

Life and Works of Mrs. Elizabeth Graeme Fergusson. C. T. Hallenbeck (Columbia).

Richard W. Gilder. G. E. Jensen (Connecticut College).

Life of Henry Harland. Donald Roberts (New York University).

Family Papers of the Hopkinson Family. G. E. Hastings (Arkansas).

An Edition of the "Nothing to Wear" Series; Influence of Phrenology on American Authors. E. B. Hungerford (Northwestern).

ERNEST E. LEISY, *Bibliographer*.

Southern Methodist University.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE BEGINNINGS OF CRITICAL REALISM IN AMERICA, 1860-1920 (completed to 1900 only). By Vernon Louis Parrington. With an Introductory Essay by E. H. Eby. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.00.

It would be an easy thing to say, as has been said by others, that this is little more than the skeleton of a book, and an incomplete skeleton at that. It would be an easy thing to say further, as has also been said by others, that the materials dealt with in this book are infinitely harder to deal with than those with which its author dealt in the previous volumes of his "Main Currents in American Thought" series, of which this is the third and last. And finally, and in consequence, it would be an easy thing to leave it, as has been done by others, to be inferred that this volume is inferior to its predecessors. But the truth of the matter is that this volume, in spite of its having been left for the greater part uncompleted, and in spite of the difficulties inherent in the materials out of which it was made, is so much the superior of those to which it is the sequel that it is more likely to prove an enduring monument to Professor Parrington's profound consideration and understanding of his country's intellectual and cultural development than they.

For one thing, among a number of others pointing to such an outcome, Professor Parrington is more at home in the later phases of his inquiry than in the earlier. He was palpably bothered to get his initial study under way. Apparently he was undecided at what point to begin trusting only to the findings of original research and when to leave off depending upon secondary sources. Hence his questionable assertion that New England democracy derived from the influence of Luther.¹ In his preliminary chapters he was treating figures about whom he must have felt himself the voice of a minority and untraditional opinion. And he reveals the constraint he was under by often leaning over backward in his endeavor to be fair, when he would have assumed a more natural posture in speaking his mind freely and fully. A similar feeling impels him at other times to pursue an opposite course, as when he proceeds defiantly balancing a chip on his shoulder in anticipation of meeting someone prepared to challenge his basic assumption; namely, that a democrat is a good citizen, and its converse. In the present volume he goes so far towards tolerating an opposite point of view as to admit that, "If the mass—the raw materials of

¹ See Esther E. Burch, "The Sources of New England Democracy," *American Literature*, I, 115-130 (May, 1929).

democracy—never rises much above sex appeals and belly needs, surely it is poor stuff to try to work up into an excellent civilization, and the dreams of the social idealist who forecasts a glorious democratic future are about as substantial as moonshine.” Yet he never for a moment wavers in his faith in the ultimate rightness of the democratic theory of society. The weakness of over-simplification which he frequently evinced in his teaching, as disclosed in Mr. Eby’s introductory essay on him, appears again and again in his first two volumes. There is little of it observable in his third. A kindred fault, arising from the exercise of his uncanny gift for telling labels, evolves into a virtue as he approaches nearer and nearer his own times. In the sections of his work concerned with periods much removed from the modern his labels are stretched over areas so large as to make almost certain a wide margin of error. Upon the portions devoted to more recent occurrences and movements they fit aptly and snugly, and with all their intended light and helpfulness.

That his material proved increasingly difficult to handle there is no denying. But that, up to the limit to which he carried his work towards completion, he mastered those difficulties there is also no denying. The marks of the struggle are patent, it is true, but they indicate how thoroughly he subdued his resistant subject-matter to the ends he had in mind. There were even greater odds to overcome ahead, but no one who has considered the extent to which he triumphed over those he had already encountered could doubt that he would go on to conquer what remained. It might have taken him as long to complete this third volume as it took to write the first two, another twenty or more years, that is, but had his life been spared he assuredly would have completed it. For Parrington was that kind of man. Nor would he have fretted over the lapse of time involved. He knew from repeated experience that the farther the trying problems and issues upon which he had still to pass judgment receded into perspective, though not out of memory, the more readily they would yield to finality of treatment—as the ironic fantasies of Mr. Cabell, the “incomparable,” for instance, had obviously not yet done! Parrington was never in a hurry, and the fruits of his leisured contemplation are everywhere apparent in his latest work.

The central interest of this third volume of the “Main Currents” trilogy is perhaps brought most clearly into focus by a typical passage in the chapter titled “The Beginnings of Criticism.”

. . . The America of Fisk and Gould, of Boss Tweed and the *Crédit Mobilier* scandal, was far from satisfying the requirements of any rational civilization. After a hundred years to have come to such heroes, to have bogged down in such filth, was an outcome to the great experiment that one could not contemplate with pride. It was no time to be silent. No people was ever saved by dumb preachers. The present generation was answerable for

the new evils that were springing from the graves of the old, and intelligent Americans must not lose their heads in the thick of the common hurlyburly. So amidst the ruck and clamor of the times a tiny note of criticism was lifted up, timid and uncertain at first, but growing more confident and more strident as the decade grew older. It was not searching criticism. Sooner or later it was pretty certain to run into a blind alley of moral indignation, overlooking the major issues and leaving the vital factors of the problem unconsidered. Yet such as it was—shallow and feeble enough often to excite wonder in a later generation—it marks the rise of a spirit of skepticism towards the blowsy doctrine of manifest destiny that since the fifties had been blowing about the land.

The intention here implicit Parrington pursued throughout the greater part of his book by means of a consistent application of his belief that the economic interpretation of literature is the fundamental interpretation. Accordingly he presents the development of American letters during the latter half of the nineteenth century as a phenomenon integrated with, and emerging from, a background of agrarianism in a losing conflict with capitalism, of frontier freedoms being encroached upon by the standardized constraints of the city, of the dreams of the Enlightenment being damped out by the realities of the Industrial Revolution, of the ideals of a Jacksonian democracy being supplanted by those of a profiteering plutocracy. His adherence to the theory of economic determinism, however, is not so rigid as to exclude his utilizing other methods of interpreting the records of our culture which he surveys. The frequency with which he introduces doctrines from the fields of science, philosophy, and the fine arts into his discussion, and the recurrence of such names as those of Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Herbert Spencer, J. S. Mill, Hegel, Flaubert, Goethe, Rousseau, Tolstoi, Hegel, Locke, Emerson, Nietzsche, and Carlyle, throughout his pages should be proof enough of that. If more were needed the clue to it might be found in a sentence near the close of his second volume, to the effect that "beauty alone survives after emotion subsides."

Despite all the insistence to the contrary that greeted the publication of the first two volumes of this work, Parrington was anything but insensitive to the claims of beauty in the evaluation of his country's thought and its expression, or to the importance of the æsthetic approach to whatever literary, or other, achievement the New World has to offer. How anyone could suppose the opposite, when confronted with the almost uniform felicity of his style and the faultless taste with which he reveals the essential quality of an author through quotation, passes comprehension. The chapter on Walt Whitman in the present volume is a memorable example of the satisfaction his writing affords in both these respects. Equally convincing testimony to his concern for other aspects of life and art than those that can be accounted for by relating them to economic and

social factors declares itself in this passage from the section devoted to Henry Adams:

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres is a beautiful book, the more beautiful because of its wistfulness; and the theme that runs through its pages is a denial of the values that embodied for his countrymen the sum of all excellence. It is an account of certain happy generations—so few amongst the countless many—who worshiped in love, before fear had come to the western world and crept into the Christ of the Cross, and that in her shrine at Chartres would allow no hint of sorrow or suffering to appear, but represented her as looking out upon the world with a gracious and regal kindliness and mercy, quick to succor and to forgive—the spirit of love that suffices life in all its needs. *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* is rich and tender and wise, perhaps beyond anything else that his generation of Americans wrote, with a mellow scholarship that walks modestly because it has learned how little it knows. Yet in its every implication it is a sharp and searching criticism of Boston and America of the nineteenth century. It repudiates every ideal of a generation that had gambled away the savor of life—that does not comprehend “and never shall,” the greatness of that earlier time, “the appetite” for living, the “greed for novelty,” “the fun of life.”

By implication his attitude towards the same sort of values appears also at the end of the section on Mark Twain:

What an ending for a child of the Gilded Age! In his youth a complete frontiersman, with vast potential wealth within him, he hewed and hacked at his genius, working the easiest veins, exploiting the most accessible resources, wasting much to cash in on a little. And when in the end the fool's gold turned to ashes in his mouth, as a frontiersman still he pursued his way alone, a solitary pioneer exploring the universe, seeking a homestead in an ironical cosmos, until overwhelmed by the intolerable solitude he made mock at all the gods. . . .

Let those who assert that Parrington was blind to æsthetic appeal ponder carefully these words of his, and thereafter hold their peace. (Presumably the same advice to those who after having accepted his friendly collaboration in a literary venture turned around and insinuated that the Pulitzer Prize awards of 1928 exposed him as a mere professor of history who had smuggled himself into a chair of English, would be wasted.)

Penetrating and brilliant as is *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America*, the book is not without its occasional serious blunders. The inadequate conception of expressionism it betrays is one. A misunderstanding of what it means to be “Nietzschean” is another. And a third is the admission of the naturalists' pretension that their view of life is “scientific.” Of less import are such inconsistencies as that T. B. Aldrich, who is rightly described as in distress over the advances of realism, wished to keep the *Atlantic* “as Lowell wished it kept,” and that Lowell's influence as editor of the *Atlantic* “had been encouraging” to the development of the realistic short story; or that Walt Whitman “found life good in all of its manifestations,” and yet “saw with calm searching eyes” that America was “a somewhat shoddy *bourgeois* capitalistic society shot through with cant and hypocrisy and every meanness.” Minor blemishes of this sort,

however, would quite likely have been removed in a final revision, and in most cases the slight confusion they cause is cleared up in the course of the argument. The editors of the manuscript were therefore probably wise in sending it to press exactly as they found it, although one wonders if editorial reverence were not carried to extremes in allowing so meaningless a sentence as this to stand in the printed text: "After due consideration I see no cause to apologize for my treatment of Poe, for example, if indeed I have done so."

The introductory essay on Professor Parrington is an admirable account of his aims and methods in the class-room and of his intentions regarding the work upon which he was engaged when he died. It is also a gratifying recreation of him as a personality. There is one statement it contains, however, which I wish might be changed a little. The thought it offers is that he would desire to be held in memory as a "scholar, teacher, democrat, gentleman." It would be more relevant to what is happily the truth to say that he is so held in memory. This book makes certain his right to that tribute.

V. L. O. CHITTICK.

Reed College.

HAWTHORNE. By Newton Arvin. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1929. 303 pp.

Viewed as a biography, Mr. Arvin's *Hawthorne* can hardly be said to mark an advance over previous works. The author is content to use only published sources. Although the book, after the fashion of the current school of popular biography, is undocumented, the student of Hawthorne can identify without difficulty Mr. Arvin's sources in such well-known volumes as G. P. Lathrop's *A Study of Hawthorne*, Julian Hawthorne's *Hawthorne and His Wife*, Horatio Bridge's *Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, J. T. Fields's *Yesterdays With Authors*, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne*, and Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. There is no evidence that the author examined the manuscripts of Hawthorne's letters.

There are many unpublished letters and unpublished portions of letters which throw new light on Hawthorne. Only a few examples can be mentioned here. An unpublished letter to Horatio Bridge, dated Salem, February 8, 1838, reveals a crisis in Hawthorne's affairs of which Julian Hawthorne's story of a narrowly averted duel (*Hawthorne and His Wife*, I, 167-175) affords the only available explanation. This incident, which has been questioned by later biographers, is omitted altogether from the present volume. Again, Mr. Arvin's treatment of Hawthorne's political

activities is inadequate. Unpublished material in letters to Horatio Bridge and William B. Pike reveals a calculation and an adeptness hitherto unrecognized. In an unpublished letter to Bridge, dated Salem, March 1, 1846, after a detailed account of the devious activities of the local "junto," with which Hawthorne was associated, he concludes, "I have proven considerable of a politician by the experience of the last few months"—a conclusion which the reader of the letter is prepared to accept.

In relying wholly upon the published versions of Hawthorne's letters, Mr. Arvin has often missed passages which have an important bearing upon the subjects discussed. For example, the following sentences which Bridge omitted from the published version of the letter dated Concord, October 18, 1852 (*Personal Recollections*, pp. 130-134), show that in Hawthorne's attitude toward Franklin Pierce there was more clear-sightedness and less blind devotion than Mr. Arvin's account of the subject (pp. 177-179) would lead us to suppose:

And though the story [the biography of Pierce] is true, yet it took a romancer to do it . . . he [Pierce] could not do a better thing, either for me or the credit of his administration, than to make the appointment [to the consulship at Liverpool] . . . He certainly owes me something; for the biography has cost me hundreds of friends here at the north, who had a purer regard for me than Frank Pierce or any other politician ever gained, and who drop off from me like autumn leaves in consequence of what I say on the slavery question. But they were my real sentiments, and I do not now regret that they are on record.

And again, the quotation from the letter to Longfellow, dated Salem, June 5, 1849 (p. 155, *Life of Longfellow*, II, 141-142), concerning political enemies who were responsible for Hawthorne's loss of the surveyorship is followed in the manuscript by an unpublished passage which is marked by a vitriolic power unapproached elsewhere in his writings. Similarly, other letters to Longfellow and the letters to Fields contain many vigorous and revealing sentences which were omitted from the published versions but which are indispensable in a comprehensive study of the man and writer.

Although no one perhaps is disposed to question the view that the central fact of Hawthorne's life as well as the dominant theme of his fiction is isolation from the world, nevertheless Mr. Arvin, it seems to the present reviewer, has stressed Hawthorne's aloofness to the point of exaggeration. One easily recalls a large amount of evidence on the other side of the question. When one thinks of Hawthorne riding in the driver's seat of the stage coach, talking with the driver, as he liked to do on his annual summer excursions, or participating sympathetically in the village life at North Adams in the summer of 1838, or climbing Monument Mountain with Dr. Holmes, Melville, and other *literati*, or walking with Emerson to visit a community of Shakers—an occasion when Hawthorne

took the lead in conversation, the record of which can be found in Emerson's Journals—or smoking and drinking with his political friends at Parker's Saloon—to mention only a few representative experiences—one is aware of a man who was not without capacities for friendliness and conviviality. Almost nothing is said in these pages of Hawthorne's associations with his college friends, Cilley and Bridge, or his political allies, O'Sullivan, Pike, and Burchmore, or his publishers, Ticknor and Fields. Furthermore, a careful study of his relations with Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, and Melville¹ reveals a greater intimacy and a heartier reciprocity on Hawthorne's part than Mr. Arvin and other recent biographers have recognized.

If the reader of this book is dissatisfied with the sketchy and distorted treatment of Hawthorne's life, he is compensated by the author's acute and discriminating analysis of the tales and novels. Hawthorne's fiction, Mr. Arvin points out, is concerned very largely with the question, "What are the forces that abet, what are the forces that impede, a rich personal development" (p. 202)? Among the impeding forces, Mr. Arvin finds estrangement from one's fellows to be the most formidable: "The wages of estrangement is death' might be printed as a legend on the threshold of all of the tales and novels" (p. 185). One may be able to think of stories which are not illustrative of this moral—"Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe," for example—but the generalization is true in the main and in the process of demonstrating this "thematic unity" in Hawthorne's fiction, Mr. Arvin has written some literary criticism of lasting value.

RANDALL STEWART.

Yale University.

EMERSON AND ASIA. By Frederic Ives Carpenter. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 1930. xiii, 282 pp. \$3.00.

In discussing Emerson's indebtedness to Oriental literature and philosophy Mr. F. I. Carpenter has followed in the footsteps of J. S. Harrison, whose volume entitled *The Teachers of Emerson* contains many of the ideas developed in *Emerson and Asia*. In fact, two of the most significant chapters in the latter book are devoted to a study of the Neoplatonic aspects of Emerson's thought, a subject which, it may be remembered, Harrison has treated at considerable length. In justification of his procedure, Mr. Carpenter has expressed his opinion that Emerson's mind was pre-

¹ Mr. Arvin accepts Mr. Lewis Mumford's interpretation of the character of Ethan Brand as a portrayal of Melville (p. 169, *Herman Melville*, p. 145). I have suggested reasons against such an identification in a communication to *The Saturday Review of Literature* for April 27, 1929.

pared for a reading of Oriental translations by his acquaintance with the writings of the Neoplatonists (p. 100). Moreover, he has assumed that the chief influence acting upon the thought of Emerson was Neoplatonism. As a consequence, very rarely does his book exaggerate the importance of the particular strand of influences with which it is primarily concerned.

According to Mr. Carpenter, Emerson owed more to the literature of India than to that of any other Oriental country, although he was more immediately attracted by the Persian poets (p. 161), and "gave much attention" to Arabian literature (p. 195). The extent of his acquaintance with Zoroastrian thought cannot be determined with exactness, for it is doubtful whether his interpretation of the subject is "authentically Zoroastrian" (p. 230). Although he had never read Lao-tse (p. 235), he was familiar enough with other Chinese writers to borrow illustrations from them, but he never "actually incorporated their thought into his own writing," and felt "a lack of religious enthusiasm in Confucian precepts" (pp. 234-235).

With such conclusions there will hardly be any argument. But certainly Emerson was not the founder of the modern school of comparative religion in America, nor was he responsible for a tradition of Orientalism which includes Carl Sandburg and Eugene O'Neill, as Mr. Carpenter indicates in his unfortunate final chapter. When we read that there is something of Buddhist quietism in "the final verdict" of *Strange Interlude*: "God bless dear old Charlie, . . . who, passed beyond desire, has all the luck at last" (p. 253), we are as unimpressed as we are by the statement that Emerson "initiated a new scholarship, and a new type of thinking" (p. 254).

Emerson and Asia contains a number of minor inaccuracies, such as the statement that Holmes was Emerson's "first biographer" (p. 50), the designation of Alcott and Emerson as "the most intellectual members of the Transcendental group" (p. 95), and the conclusion that in Emerson's *Works* Kant is mentioned only twice (p. 95).¹ The belief that evil is merely the absence of good is not typically Neoplatonic or Oriental, as Mr. Carpenter assumes, (p. 42), but is inherent in most expressions of mysticism.² The present writer, for one, does not believe that since the verses entitled "Days" contain a reference to dervishes and since Hafiz once wrote about gifts—that, accordingly, "the high poetic quality of the poem, its moral and basic idea, are Oriental" (pp. 187-188). Nor does he believe

¹ See the index to the Centenary Edition of Emerson's *Works*.

² See the first chapter of Bertrand Russell's *Mysticism and Logic*.

that the Neoplatonists can be treated as "Oriental writers" (pp. 48 and 161).

The lists of Asiatic writings perused by Emerson which Mr. Carpenter has collected chiefly from the *Journals* ought to have been supplemented by the records of the numerous Oriental volumes which Emerson drew from the Boston Athenæum and the Harvard library, since "the *Journals* seem not to give the earliest mention of Emerson's reading of certain books" (p. 107).

Enough has been suggested to indicate the nature of the chief criticism which the present writer would make of *Emerson and Asia*. The book has suffered because of its author's attempt to popularize his material. The failure to give adequate consideration to the general interest in Oriental literature manifested by many of Emerson's contemporaries is probably due to the necessary limitations of such a book as Mr. Carpenter wished to write. That the volume is eminently readable and, despite an occasional strain upon the reader's sense of logic, capable of being understood by one not versed in the perplexing problems of Oriental scholarship argues the great skill with which it has been composed. It is assuredly not languid with scrupulous hesitations.

CLARENCE GOHDES.

Duke University.

THE AMERICAN STAGE. By Oral Sumner Coad and Edwin Mims, Jr. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 1929.

This volume in the series, "The Pageant of America," undertakes a difficult task and performs it well. To present adequately in a short work of one volume the history of the American stage requires economy, mature judgment of values, and entire command of the subject. It involves the consideration not only of the institution of the theater, its development and complicated management, but also of the playwrights who have infused life into it, the actors who have interpreted its ideas with power, and the artists who have visualized its motifs in the concrete terms of the scene. The American development in each of these fields is presented to the reader of this volume, illustrated by a wealth of pictures which perhaps are the most delightful part of the book.

It would be impossible to achieve completeness in a work of this size, either in the topics treated or in the development of individual subjects. The book fulfils its expressed intention to present a pageant—in a rapid succession of sketches to delineate the central movements, moments, dramatists, and actors of our theater. It is not a work for the edification of the scholar, yet the more the reader knows of the subject the more he

will delight in these pages, crowded with provocative memories and illustrations of the rich past of a great American tradition. It is a book for browsing in, either for the scholar or for the general reader; and for the latter it should afford a valuable cross-section.

The thirteen chapters of the book are a well-organized panorama. The infant American stage is described, with its Colonial beginnings in the work of strolling pioneer actors who played in barns or warehouses or wherever a place could be found to house an audience, in Virginia, in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, intrepidly meeting the prejudice and opposition of puritanism with high devotion to the ancient art which they followed. These Johnny Appleseeds of the drama kept alive the art of acting and prepared the way for their greater successors. The Hallams and the first and second "American Company," the early developments of the New York, Boston, and Philadelphia stage, and the gradual invasion of our theater by foreign stars are briefly sketched. The transition from the classical repertoires of the foreign stars to the productions of a group of native playwrights was difficult. Here are sketched the many forces, emanating from popular preferences, business exigencies, and the tastes of the actors, which directed the evolution of this native drama. Native playwriting, in its gradual unfolding reflecting these tendencies, is developed from Thomas Godfrey's *The Prince of Parthia* to the work of Bird and Boker. Then the influence of the frontier and the Far West is evaluated, and later great names emerge—those of Daly, Herne, Belasco, Bronson Howard, and their contemporaries. Upon the foundation of their creation the authors are able to erect the superstructure of the modern drama, extending down to the present time.

The book is necessarily sketchy, as has been said, and continuity is broken by the manner of presenting the material in a series of brief biographical articles. But the chronology is regarded as strictly as possible for a work of this character. All in all, the book serves its purpose admirably. It does not attempt to further the ends of investigation or to present new materials. It is an admirable summary of what has been known, put into a form which should be acceptable to all lovers of our native theater. One returns to the charm of the illustrations. Admirably chosen and well balanced, they make this a fascinating book to page through. It must have taken many hours of patient work to seek them out and assemble them. They alone would justify high praise of the volume.

EDWARD S. BRADLEY.

The University of Pennsylvania.

THE ADAMS FAMILY. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1930. vi, 364 pp.

By what standards this book is to be judged, it would be difficult to say. The reader discovers in the author's preface that the book is intended to be something new in kind—not a history, yet not “merely a series of biographies.”

It is essentially the biography of a family, thrown against the changing background of its times for a hundred and fifty years.

It is hard to find other attempts of this sort, though one could imagine a biography of the Mather family or of the Lowell family or of the Byrd family. The author further defines his aim in the Prologue (p. 8) as descriptive rather than explanatory. That is, he views the sudden leap to eminence of the Adams family in the person of John Adams as essentially inexplicable like the marvelously constant intellectual energy of the succeeding Adamsses.

In spite of Mr. J. T. Adams's biographic intention, he clearly and naturally enough (considering his previous training) acts the part of historian as much as that of biographer. This might not necessarily be looked upon as a fault, but it must be so viewed when we note that the first and second generations (John Adams and John Quincy Adams) monopolize almost two-thirds of the book, whereas the fourth generation (John Quincy, Charles Francis the Second, Henry, and Brooks) are spared only forty-six pages in a book of three hundred and fifty. The author can evidently not resist political eminence and activity as a clue to genuine importance in an Adams. On what other ground could two such original and gifted men as Henry Adams and Brooks Adams have been given such comparatively summary treatment? Judging by the writings which have been offered to the world lavishly by almost every Adams, Henry and Brooks might well be rated as the finest intellectual fruit of their family. Such a book as Brooks Adams's *The Law of Civilization and Decay* (a book which should win him the name of the New England Spengler!) or such another as Henry Adams's *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres* might be quite credibly beyond the mental reach of a John Adams or a John Quincy Adams. At the same time, of course, it is easy to agree with the author of this book, that those first two Adamsses possessed their own superiorities to their descendants. In fact, the author calls attention to the growing divorce between the later Adamsses and the public and political forces of their day. This does not excuse, however, a skimping of the latter group at the hands of a biographer—even though he has been an historian in the past. No reader wishes the admirable ac-

counts of John Adams and John Quincy Adams curtailed by a single page; for where else shall we find such concise, judicious depiction of these two, either as public figures or as private individuals! Certainly there is no other sketch of John Quincy Adams to be mentioned for brevity and point beside this, except that very different one in Brooks Adams's characteristic introduction to those posthumous essays of Henry, entitled *The Degradation of Democratic Dogma*. (This very important introduction seems, by the way, to be unappreciated by the author of *The Adams Family*.) In fact, this author makes claim that the Adams family reached its apogee in John Quincy and his essay seems to make good the claim. Almost as much may be said for the section of the book devoted to John Adams, though a reader may occasionally wonder why Adams's political and economic views have little or no place in his biography. The student of John Adams will need at least to read a chapter in Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought*, if he hopes to understand how Adams's ideas grew out of his experiences as well as his reading, how his theory of government is integrated with his life.

The truth is that no student of any particular Adams is likely to be satisfied with the report of that Adams in this book and perhaps that shortcoming inheres in the nature of the new type of approach attempted. Let us hope that some future has in store a different estimate of the family resulting in a different proportioning of space for each member. Then Henry and Brooks as the fine flower of the family—Adamses who become remarkably articulate in their books—may receive half the volume as their proper share; Charles Francis I may occupy perhaps one-fifth of the volume; and the remainder may be equally divided between John and John Quincy. Such a volume for a counter-balance to this one—though no truer, probably. Mr. J. T. Adams was, of course, writing a popular story of the Adams Family, not for students, and his book is full of information and interest, a tale well told.

For the first time the outstanding traits of the Adams line are so distinctly indicated that they cannot be forgotten by an attentive reader. From John Adams to Brooks Adams, they bent their minds to seek our universal laws whether of politics, history, or physics; and found engrossment in material facts and isolated cases impossible: this is the Adams passion or, better, the Adams genius for generalizing, a capacity rare enough in the human species, and particularly rare among American political leaders. Of this trait Brooks is probably an outstanding example, little as J. T. Adams is inclined to emphasize him. Another trait as prominent is the reckless individualism which prevented the Adamses not only from modifying their ideas or expressions to fit the mood of the public but even

from making perfectly blameless efforts to attain any public office. An Adams would not strive for place; it came without strife or not at all. The later Adamses become actually contemptuous of elective office though ready to serve if required. This late attitude may be due to an over-consciousness of the great political positions which fell to the lot of earlier Adamses. Brooks Adams himself seems aware of this in his introduction to *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. And J. T. Adams repeats several times that each succeeding generation was less in harmony with the ways of the times in which each found itself, especially with the political ways. A real Adams trusted, nevertheless, quite recklessly to his own judgment against that of the rest of his world. Unpopularity was naturally an Adams heritage which vexed and hampered them but never shook one of them a jot from his own course, even though—as in John Quincy's administration as president—the American people and God sometimes seemed to have utterly forsaken and turned against one of them. Their extreme individual independence was habitually extended into the relations of members of their own family; father and son, brother and brother, on occasion would not hesitate to oppose one another politically. Brooks Adams carefully located his law office in a building at some distance from that where two of his brothers had offices. Clearly the Adams men first and last did not associate long or often with each other after they once achieved maturity; yet every sign of esteem of sons for fathers, grandfathers, and brothers is there. With filial piety an Adams writes biographies of his father or grandfather, or perhaps edits a father's or brother's literary remains. At the same time a son, specifically Charles Francis II, gives an astonishingly cold and critical account of the defects of Charles Francis I as a father. Each Adams might be said to maintain a half-hostile concern over the others of his breed.

The Adams attitude toward the rest of the world (*i.e.*, the people who were not Adamses) was caustic in the early generations, becoming skeptical or pessimistic as well as caustic in the fourth generation. But they remained curious and patiently inquisitive to unravel somehow this extraordinarily unsatisfactory (as it seemed to them) modern world. Only Henry could be possibly indicated as an Adams partly paralyzed by his world. That would, however, be a misleading view of the man who wrote three such unparalleled books as *The History of the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*, *Mont Saint Michel and Chartres*, and *The Education of Henry Adams*, books that evince a mental vigor not exceeded by that of J. T. Adams's favorite, John Quincy.

In conclusion, then, *The Adams Family* is an excellent introduction to the group, though the presidents bulk too large comparatively. And

the ideas of each member of the family might be more explicitly set forth. The historic background none knows better than J. T. Adams. The method of dove-tailing the story of one generation with that of another is not so expertly managed as it might have been if J. T. Adams had had some experience as a novelist. That is too much to ask; and we must applaud him for adventuring upon a new sort of book. May he write other and even better biographies of American families.

JOHN BROOKS MOORE.

The University of Washington.

EMILY DICKINSON: *The Human Background of Her Poetry*. By Josephine Pollitt. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1930. 350 pp.

THE LIFE AND MIND OF EMILY DICKINSON. By Genevieve Taggard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. 378 pp.

EMILY DICKINSON: *Friend and Neighbor*. By Macgregor Jenkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1930. 150 pp.

EMILY DICKINSON: *A Bibliography*. Compiled by Alfred Leete Hampson. Northampton, Mass.: The Hampshire Bookshop. 1930. 36 pp.

The life of Emily Dickinson is a tempting subject for a modern biographer for at least two reasons. Her poems place her among the people about whose private lives the literate world is curious, and her life contains a mystery. No satisfactory biography had been offered before 1930, the hundred pages devoted to her story in Martha Dickinson Bianchi's *Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson* being obviously inadequate and also, as Mrs. Taggard and Miss Pollitt (Mrs. F. J. Pohl) have pointed out, in some respects inaccurate. We should be grateful for a good biography. But there are serious obstacles to the possibility of writing a good biography of this poet, and one of them is the very mystery which challenges curiosity. The technique of the mystery story does not lend itself readily to biography. Moreover, very little happened to Emily Dickinson. She lived in Amherst and wrote poetry; in those two lines we have almost her whole biography. In the foreword to her *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* Genevieve Taggard, regretting that "some dependable life of Emily Dickinson" was not written thirty-five years ago, says: "As for a detailed life, there seemed to be no life to write, in the professional manner of the nineties, and so none was written." As far as incident goes, there is still practically "no life to write," and what there is, is obscured by legend, contradictory testimony, and the evident unwillingness of Emily Dickinson's surviving relatives to share the details of her private life with the world.

The authors of the two 1930 biographies have met these obstacles in different ways, which are implied in the titles. I speak of only two biographies, for Macgregor Jenkins in his small volume has attempted nothing more than a sketch of his childhood memories of Miss Dickinson, then a middle-aged recluse. He tells one or two charming anecdotes, but he does not contribute anything to our knowledge of the poet. Both Mrs. Taggard and Miss Pollitt include a good deal of conjecture in their accounts. Their books nevertheless embody careful and thorough research. Mrs. Taggard's has, according to her own account, extended over a much longer period than Miss Pollitt's, and it is made available to the reader in a more convenient form. Both books contain bibliographies, but Miss Pollitt's is listed in fragments in an appendix which comments on each chapter individually, while Mrs. Taggard's is listed complete at the beginning of her appendix. *Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of Her Poetry* lacks a sorely needed index. Mrs. Taggard adds further a very valuable set of notes on books about Emily Dickinson, including a list of eleven errors or questionable statements in Mrs. Bianchi's *Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*, with evidence from other sources concerning the same points quoted or summarized briefly. She adds a note on *Further Poems of Emily Dickinson* that helps to clear Miss Lavinia Dickinson of the unfair implication of the subtitle "Withheld from publication by her sister Lavinia."¹

The appendices of both volumes contain also material in support of the two completely different identifications of Miss Dickinson's mysterious lover. This real or imaginary person had an undoubted importance in Emily's life, and no biographer could be expected to let him alone, but the passionate participation of reviewers and students in the argument as to his identity, the claims and counterclaims bandied back and forth about him, do much to justify the family's annoying reticence.

Miss Pollitt says that he was Major Edward Hunt, husband of Miss Dickinson's intimate friend, Helen Hunt Jackson. She bases her belief almost entirely on a letter from Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson to his wife, now in the collection of the Boston Public Library. In it he said: "Major Hunt interested her more than any man she ever saw." From this as a beginning she builds up a case, evidently convincing to herself, on very tenuous evidence, including Helen Hunt Jackson's story "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," and various coincidences such as Miss Dickinson's serious illness the year after Major Hunt died.

¹ *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson*, Appendix II, p. 354. Miss Pollitt makes the same point by implication on p. 24 of her Appendix, when she states that the Galatea Collection in the Boston Public Library contains forty-four poems, four of which are in *Further Poems of Emily Dickinson*, and seven of which have not yet been published.

Mrs. Taggard identifies the man as George Gould, an Amherst student ineligible ostensibly because of his poverty. Her assertion is backed by two sworn statements which unfortunately lose much of their force through their anonymity. Both of them are at second hand; they quote Lavinia Dickinson as authority. George Gould was unmarried at the time of his supposed flirtation with Emily Dickinson, and later married, living and preaching within an easy day's journey from Amherst. This sequence of events does not fit into the popular legend, and Mrs. Taggard finds her explanation for it in the character of Edward Dickinson, the poet's father. She represents him as a dominating man whose affection for his daughter bordered on the pathological, and who effectively blocked the normal outlet for her emotions in love and marriage. This is as good a guess as anyone's, but when Mrs. Taggard describes Emily Dickinson's mental processes for us, and goes so far as to assert that her fondness for Samuel Bowles was due partially to his resemblance to George Gould² we are moved to question.

It is an interesting commentary on the poetry of Emily Dickinson that both Mrs. Taggard and Miss Pollitt find corroboration in her vocabulary. Mrs. Taggard lists (pp. 278-280) a great many legal terms which show the influence of the lawyer, Edward Dickinson, and Miss Pollitt (p. 209) comments on the evident influence of Major Hunt in the choice of military words and figures of speech.

Valuable information about the Dickinson family, Emily's school life, her relations with the tutor, Leonard Humphrey, who died in early youth, her year at Mount Holyoke, her social pleasures in youth, is included in both of these books. I think neither can be called a definitive biography; none can be written while so much remains conjecture. As I have already indicated, Mrs. Taggard's book is in several respects more complete than Miss Pollitt's. As an account of Emily Dickinson's life I find the latter more satisfactory because it is more straightforward narrative and does not fail to discriminate carefully between fact and imagination. Mrs. Taggard's chronology is sometimes confusing to me, and her style flamboyant.

The most needed work on Emily Dickinson at present is, I think, an accurate and complete bibliography. The one compiled by Mr. Hampson was "designed for the pleasure and information of lovers of Emily Dickinson's work" but lays no claim to being exhaustive, according to its Foreword. It promises for the fall of 1930 a new volume by Mrs. Bianchi on Emily Dickinson and her family, which has not yet appeared, to my knowledge. A bibliography which should include a catalogue of unpublished material, such as that in the possession of the Boston Public Library,

² Genevieve Taggard, *op. cit.*, p. 215.

and of such collections as that of the Jones Library in Amherst, would be invaluable. Louis Untermeyer has already spoken of the desirability of a really "Complete Poems" and an edition of the letters without omissions. Failing this, a reprint of the two volumes of letters issued in 1894 with Mrs. Todd as editor would be welcome. These volumes are now exceedingly difficult to secure, and Mrs. Bianchi's *Life and Letters* omits many letters and parts of letters of great biographical interest. There is much left for the future student of Emily Dickinson to discover.

ANNA MARY WELLS.

New York University.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: *An Early Knickerbocker Wit and Poet*. By Nelson Frederick Adkins. New Haven, Connecticut: The Yale University Press. 1930. xii, 461 pp. \$5.00.

The basis of Professor Adkins's significant and attractive life of Fitz-Greene Halleck—a basis which predestined a special handling with copious footnotes and all the machinery of the formal thesis—was the author's doctoral dissertation at Yale in 1925. The present volume is an enlargement and a minute revision of the earlier text. In the Preface the author thus states the purpose of the work:

No apology has been thought necessary for presenting thus minutely the personal and literary career of an American man of letters who can claim but a minor place in the development of our literature. Believing with Longfellow that "a life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely," the author, from a careful and, as he believes, adequate examination of the sources of Halleck's life, has sought to re-create the picture of one of the most brilliant and charming literary amateurs that America has produced. The work may further be regarded as a study in early Knickerbocker letters.

Both of these promises have been fulfilled in scholarly, careful fashion.

As a biography of Halleck, the work is full and complete. Beginning with James Grant Wilson's voluminous and sketchy memoir of Halleck, published soon after the poet's death, and with such contemporary memorials as those of William Cullen Bryant, Frederic S. Cozzens, and Evert A. Duyckinck, Professor Adkins adds the accumulation of his careful, painstaking research in the contemporary newspapers and magazines and in the letters and recollections of Halleck's time. The body of information and data from which he has drawn is surprisingly large; it reminds us that for the research student the Knickerbocker period is still a fallow field. And certainly Professor Adkins has left no ground unturned in his search for significant and illuminating material.

The author shakes hands with the rapidly-passing psychological method of biography by continuing the thesis of previous biographers that Halleck's life was a struggle between the two diverse strains of his blood,

one Cavalier and the other Puritan; his was a romantic fancy thwarted and inhibited by a conscientious acceptance of the duties of a very practical existence. It was thus inevitable that Halleck should be a satirist, whose satire would exhibit a Byronic incongruity of sense and facetious nonsense. In one of the best chapters of the book the author untangles the maze which surrounds the identity of the authorship of the Croaker Papers, showing the close, intimate connection of Halleck's work with that of Joseph Rodman Drake. Halleck's *Fanny* is discussed at length to show the poet's obsession with the satires of Byron, while special chapters deal with the other—perhaps better-known—poems. Likewise a most interesting chapter explains that long arid period spent in the employ of John Jacob Astor—when a jesting editor of the time referred to him as a "Poetaster." Professor Adkins's thesis is that Halleck had not grown either mercenary or careless of his fame, but that he had lived on into a more subtle, more scientific literary period for which he had no sympathy and of which he was not a part. This explanation is sympathetic and entirely reasonable. The volume closes with a collection of unpublished letters and of unpublished poems of Halleck.

Thus this biography comes to be indeed "a study of early Knickerbocker letters." Halleck's work, in its limited vein, was typical of what the author calls the besetting sin of the earlier Knickerbockers, their adherence to the pattern set by the *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, an adherence strengthened by their devotion to Byron, that satire is the chief kind of writing. Halleck was typical of that group of sensitive, self-conscious earlier *literati*, with all of whom he was intimate, as his biography shows. With them he lagged behind his time in isolated pride until the group around Bryant, Irving, Paulding, Halleck, and Drake seems to us like marooned islanders in a literary period where new interests sailed on and forgot them. It is time that a book like this should be written to remind us of their special flavor and their intrinsic—if limited—value. It is also pleasant to be reminded of a time with a social life which busied itself so largely with literature, even if it took itself so seriously.

The biography is published on the Foundation established in memory of Oliver Baty Cunningham of the Class of 1917, Yale College. Issued in the delightful format marking the publications of the Yale University Press, the volume is a notable one. The book will remain the definitive biography of Fitz-Greene Halleck, for certainly, in so far as factual biography is concerned, no other life of this poet need be written.

M. M. HOOVER.

Columbia University.

THOREAU, PHILOSOPHER OF FREEDOM: *Writings on Liberty*. By Henry David Thoreau. Selected, with an Introduction, by James Mackaye. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1930. xvi, 288 pp. \$3.00.

The reinterpretation of Henry Thoreau as a social philosopher instead of as a poet-naturalist has been a long process. It is a process, however, with which the reputation of Thoreau in the world of letters has kept pace. While Channing's and Lowell's partial portrait remained the authentic picture of the man, Thoreau had a small following of sentimental nature-lovers. When, in 1890, Mr. Henry S. Salt published a new life of Thoreau, a more complete portrait took the place of the earlier one, and steadily thereafter the full stature of Thoreau has become known and he has come to be regarded as one of the three or four great American writers of the nineteenth century. Europe discovered Thoreau's philosophy of freedom. In America the reinterpretation has been going on only since 1917. The present collection follows in the European tradition and presents some well-known and some little known passages from the books of the American author who, as Professor Mackaye points out, insisted upon freedom from coercion from either society's demands or his own needs. Professor Mackaye's introduction constitutes an advance in American Thoreau criticism and crystallizes much that has been nebular in our recent literature about the man. The selections themselves have a freshness and a modern application that make them interesting for their own sakes as well as a good foundation for the editor's criticism.

RAYMOND ADAMS.

The University of North Carolina.

MADAME DE STAËL AND THE UNITED STATES. By R. L. Hawkins. Cambridge, Mass.: The Harvard University Press. 1930. \$2.00.

It is an experience in repatriation for a Romance student to read the monograph of Professor Hawkins on *Madame de Staël and the United States*. One returns across the water (mentally speaking) and discovers with curious surprise that the feminine doctrinaire of Romanticism thought well enough of the American wilderness to invest large sums of money in real estate there. We are, of course, not astonished to find her son forced to take a certain loss on this same real estate upon succeeding to his inheritance. The wonder is that he came out with anything like the original investment.

The extent of Mme. de Staël's financial operations in this country, as revealed by the unpublished documents Professor Hawkins has made available, gives rise to some wonder as to whether the daughter was not

strongly motivated by *intérêt* in cultivating the friendship of Gouverneur Morris and other Americans. Several letters show that she was shrewd enough to perceive the dangers of investment here as well as the possibilities. Did not her *enthousiasme* for America and Americans spring largely from a desire to protect her investments and to arrange for herself a haven of refuge to which she might escape if ever polite Europe completely lost its temper with her meddling? Whatever flattering things she may have said in 1799, her aversion to taking the fatal step of coming to America hardly bears out a true admiration for this country and, more than her hostility to Napoleon, proves that her heart was a *foyer* of Republican idealism.

We do not wish to quarrel with her aversion. Professor Hawkins's work would indicate, however, that the interest of Mme. de Staël was largely a material one, with an occasional admixture of praise for the rising Republic by way of rebuking her arch-enemy Napoleon and keeping the sympathy of influential Americans for a variety of reasons. Professor Hawkins has thrown valuable light upon the mixed motives of that eminent *précieuse* and has further clarified her relation with America.

LORING B. WALTON.

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BUILDERS OF THE BAY COLONY. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. 355 pp. Forty illustrations. \$5.00.

Professor Morison has set about the task of counteracting the popular misconception of life in the Massachusetts Bay colony in New England in the seventeenth century by publishing a series of sketches of the men and women of that period under the title of *Builders of the Bay Colony*. The book appeared on the occasion of the celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of the colony.

After reading through the sketches, one wonders whether the intellectual decline of New England was successfully thwarted by the Great Awakening, or whether the style and vocabulary were intended for those of us who speak American only. It seems that Professor Morison has attempted to interpret life in the Bay colony in racy twentieth-century English; and if this is his purpose, it is hardly to be expected that the reader's conception would be the less inaccurate. For instance, the humanizing process appears to be carried to the extreme when we learn that Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard college, "was told that the President's office would be only to instruct; but he soon found himself forced to become the college Pooh-Bah" (p. 193).

On p. 135 Professor Morison tells us that

Hawthorne, more than any man, was responsible for the sombre picture of early New England dear to popular illustrators, and already embalmed in tradition. A brooding sense of gloom; a village of log houses, pierced only by a few square-paned windows; a stalwart puritan dressed in black except for a broad white collar; on his arm a woman in mouse-colored gray, wearing a white coif. As a matter of fact, the Puritans normally dressed in bright colors, they never built a log house, and the moral and Sabbatarian atmosphere, which doubtless would prove depressing to us, was what they came to America to enjoy.

No proof is offered to strengthen the case against Hawthorne. How Professor Morison got this picture from Hawthorne is scarcely less than miraculous. The "brooding sense of gloom" is admitted in the words "moral and Sabbatarian atmosphere"; none of Hawthorne's Puritans dwelt in log cabins; Hawthorne's Puritans wore black at times, but also appeared in "velvet garments, sombre but rich, stiffly plaited ruffs and bands, embroidered gloves, and venerable beards";¹ and most certainly the Puritan women of Hawthorne hardly hung on the arms of their consorts, but rather they "stood within" less than half a century of the period when the man-like Elizabeth had been the not altogether unsuitable representative of the sex. They were her countrywomen; and the beef and ale of their native land, with a moral diet not a whit more refined, entered largely into their composition,"² as Hawthorne states in *The Scarlet Letter*. To be accurate, Hawthorne gives a much more genuine picture of early New England life than does Professor Morison if we can view his works as a whole rather than base our ideas on a few of his *Twice Told Tales*.

Professor Morison wrote his book for the popular mind. He has taken up such characters as Thomas Morton, John White, John Winthrop, John Hull, Henry Dunster, John Eliot, and Mistress Anne Bradstreet, and interpreted their lives in present-day concepts. Puritanism and life in Puritan New England can hardly be understood in this relationship.

One is forced to conclude that Professor Morison omitted John Endicott from this series of sketches not because he was a figure of little importance in colonial New England but because he did not fit into this reinterpretation.

In the appendix Professor Morison attempts to refute the economic interpretation of the colonization of New England offered by James Truslow Adams in *The Founding of New England*.

My opinion, one arrived at by considerable reading of what the puritans wrote, is that religion, not economics nor politics, was the center and focus of the puritan migration to New England.

Considering "what the puritans wrote," Professor Morison's opinion is neither startling nor conclusive.

¹ Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The House of the Seven Gables*, chapter I.

² Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Scarlet Letter*, chapter II.

In fairness to Professor Morison and the scope of *Builders of the Bay Colony*, it must be said that there are several valuable contributions to a better understanding of the cultural aspects of life in the Bay colony in this book and it certainly is entertaining reading.

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LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG: *What He Intended To Say; What He Said; What He Was Reported To Have Said; What He Wished He Had Said.* By William E. Barton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1930. \$4.00.

Mr. Barton presents in this volume a large portion of the material concerning the circumstances of the composition and delivery of the "Gettysburg Address," which he has collected from newspaper accounts, reminiscences by persons present at the dedication ceremony, and recollections by men in contact with President Lincoln at the time. From these conflicting and inaccurate sources he sifts what is probably an accurate account, which elaborates and confirms the story of John G. Nicolay. Mr. Barton's analysis of the several manuscripts of the "Address" is also an elaboration of Nicolay's account. The lengthy oration of Edward Everett is printed in full. Mr. Barton's story is woefully inflated; the significant part of the book is matter for a few pages.

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